YACHTING

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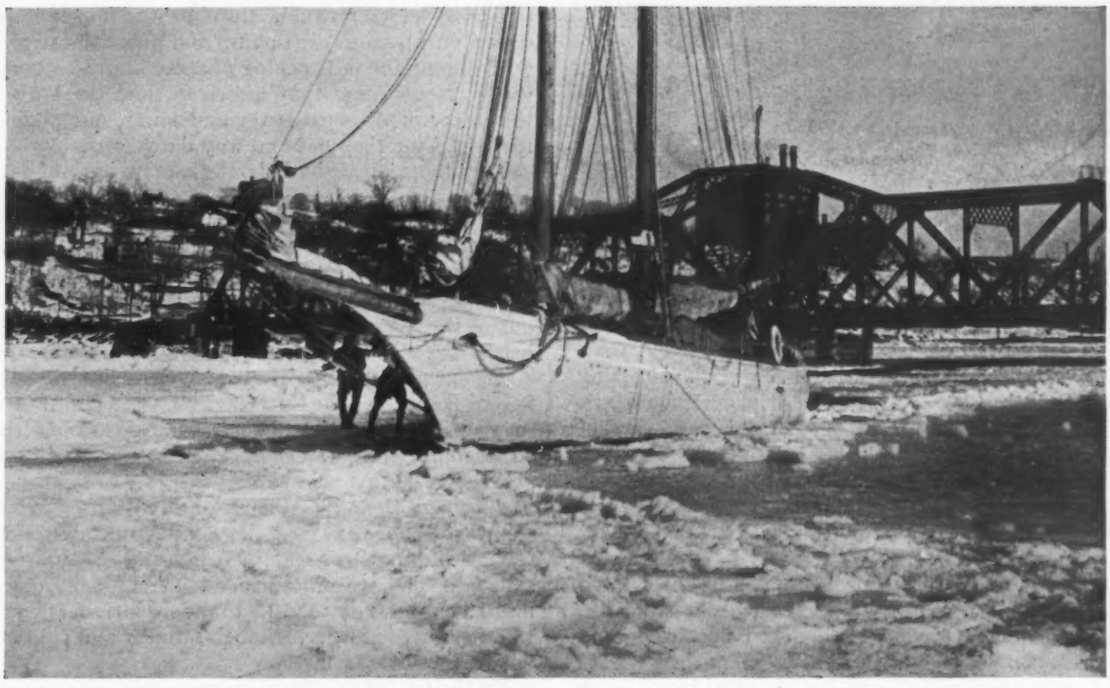


Off Spuyten Duyvil we climbed down on the solid ice and pushed the huge cakes out from under the schooner and clear astern

"Carlsark" Goes Treasure Hunting

By RUFUS G. SMITH

IT WAS partly the lure and magic of the word "treasure" which led a little group headed by Carl Weagant to Newfoundland last winter to bring the schooner *Marit* to New York. The story of that passage has already been told. It was soon followed by new and more varied adventures directly bound up with a search for sunken treasure in the West Indies.

On a cold blustery Saturday late last February *Marit*, renamed *Carlsark*, pushed out into the ice floes of the Harlem River in New York and headed for the Hudson. During the two previous months she had been the scene of much activity and had undergone a complete transformation below decks. Of the rather cut-up and perplexing system of bulkheads, lockers, and cubbyholes which we had found in her in Newfoundland not a thing remained; in fact, with the exception of "Red-Hot Jenny," the stove, which had continued to be the most essential part of the ship, she had been stripped down to the inside skin and completely refitted.

A new 100-hp Hall-Scott power plant, which was also used to operate the generator for a 110-volt electric system, a large capacity electric refrigerator, electric bilge pumps and pressure water system and an electric windlass were the principal features of her mechanical equipment. The galley boasted a fine range, burning either coal or pyrofax gas, and the main cabin had been transformed into a veritable dormitory with eight bunks, two tiers of two each on each side. Then came a double stateroom, a camera room, locker space, the engine room and a large cargo hold which included most of the after house and the space beneath it and was used as stowage space for diving gear and the tons of miscellaneous equipment which a salvage expedition, operating many miles from a real base of supplies, seems to require.

The expedition had been organized by Carl Weagant and A. Hyatt Verrill for the purpose of investigating and photographing a wreck believed to be that of a Spanish galleon, one of a fleet of sixteen treasure laden vessels lost in a hurricane in 1637 on the Silver Bank, north of Haiti. Mr. Verrill had headed an expedition last year which had located a wreck, apparently very old, in about forty feet of water and overgrown with a hard coral growth. Being equipped with nothing more than crowbars and pick and shovel with which to penetrate the coral, little had been accomplished in the way of investigation. With this in mind the *Carlsark* expedition had been outfitted with both dynamite and pneumatic tools to penetrate and break up the coral. Extensive preparations for the taking of under-water movies had also been made.

Among our crew of nine as we left New York were Arthur Davis and "Al" Sears, divers, and Clarence Cushman, who had been members of the previous expedition. In addition, there were Carl Weagant, captain, Dennis Puleston and myself, who had already made the Newfoundland passage on *Carlsark;* and Irving Sartorius and Carl Baas, engineer.

An easterly set against the Trades rolled up tremendous seas

Emil Okstoft was steward. Mr. Verrill was to meet us at Nassau.

The terribly cold weather of the last few weeks of fitting out had caused countless delays and multiplied difficulties a thousand times. So it was with a feeling of considerable relief that we finally cast off the dock lines and headed for what we thought was the best route to the open sea and the West Indies, with the certainty of sunshine, blue skies, and gentle trade winds overhead, and the possibility of gold and silver a few feet below the warm, clear waters.

Before even reaching the Hudson from the Consolidated Shipyard, it was apparent that our difficulties were not over, for the northwest wind had packed floe ice solidly against the east bank of the river. Recalling that the *Carlsark* had been built for Arctic work and that her planking of tough birch was no less than three inches thick, we decided to break a passage through to the loose ice about a quarter mile out. At first we made fine progress; going ahead with good way on we managed to carry through for several boat lengths, breaking the ice as we gradually lost headway. Then, backing off, we would come up again, but each time accomplishing a little less. Finally, the ice ahead became so thick and our channel astern was so blocked by cakes already broken off and others which appeared from under the main body of ice, that we could make no progress in any direction. It was then that we climbed out over the side onto solid ice from eight to ten inches thick and, using boathooks, oars, etc. as poles, managed to push the huge ice cakes out from under the schooner and clear astern.

Outwardly we had the appearance of an Arctic expedition ice-bound far from civilization; actually, we were almost in the shadow of the George Washington bridge. After poling and pushing ice cakes about for an hour, we managed to clear enough of a passage to proceed with our ice breaking, foot by foot, and finally broke through into what had been comparatively clear water and loose ice. But just then the tide turned and we were hemmed in by gigantic floes, each several acres in extent. It was impossible to push them aside and the prospect of breaking through was hopeless; so we resigned ourselves to drifting up and down the river with the tide, hoping for the opening of some kind of a lane to clear water. None came that afternoon and, as both sun and thermometer dropped lower and lower, our plight became more irksome though in no way dangerous.

Next morning we had about given up hope of getting free before a thaw when a big Coast Guard cutter came down river and, realizing our situation, broke a path down stream for us. Even then we got through only with considerable difficulty for the saw-like edges of the ice closed in on us as we followed the big cutter and chewed great splinters of wood out of the planking at the water line and scraped paint off below it.

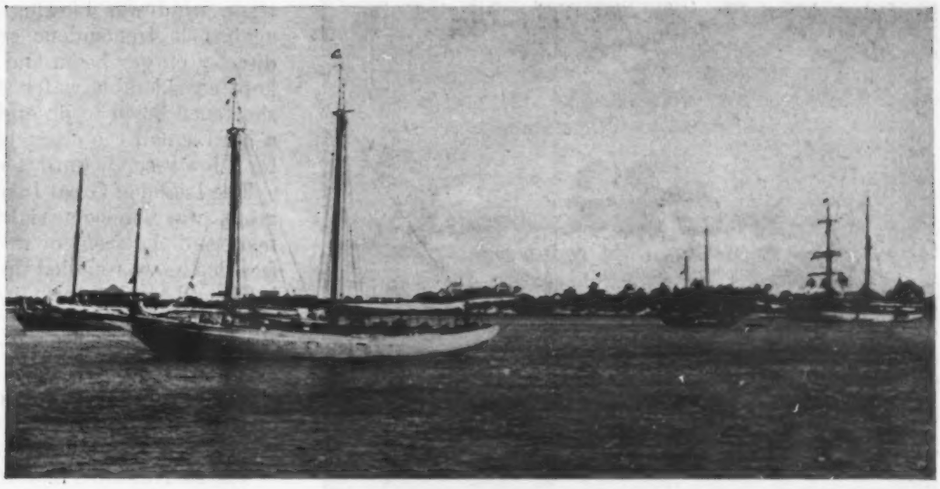
At last we were free and seemed headed for the sea, but before we had passed the Narrows winter reached after us with a rising northeast gale and snowstorm. It was no time to go out through Ambrose Channel in a small boat and promised, besides, to be a bad night at sea, so we returned to the Battery and tied up at Pier A to await better weather. And well we did, for the storm developed into the worst blizzard of the winter with a gale of wind and the year's heaviest snowfall. The storm continued all the next day and we limited our activity to visits to the Aquarium and the nearby weather bureau for Dr. Kimball's kindly and valuable advice on weather conditions.

By the following morning a cold, crisp nor'wester had hit in, and as it piped up to about thirty miles we cast off, picked up our dynamite from a lighter in the bay and, still dodging great masses of floe ice, passed Scotland Lightvessel soon after noon, bound south for Nassau.

Jumbo, foresail and main trysail were set and we slid along at over eight knots. It was biting cold on deck and even though the wind was on our quarter we took a bit of spray aboard, which immediately froze. Below, "Jenny" continued to perform and rapidly thawed out icy fingers and toes. The new bulkheads set up a terrific creaking and groaning as the schooner rolled but it was a welcome sound, for at last we were headed south.

The nor'wester petered out early the next morning and was followed by a day of light northerly during which we motored most of the time, heading directly for the Gulf Stream. Then followed four days of sou'wester, a foul wind

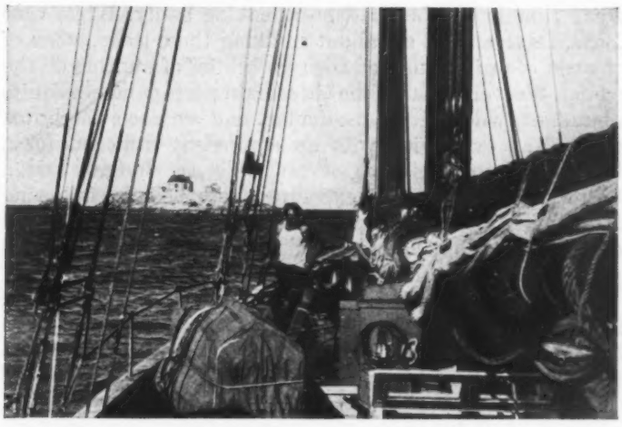
We finally slid past the stern and formal looking fort into the harbor of Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, where we went through involved inspections and took on a full supply of provisions



"Carlsark" at anchor in the harbor of Nassau, which was reached shortly before dusk on a quiet Sunday twelve and a half days out of New York

for a shallow draft, gaff-headed schooner attempting to make good a sou'west course. We entered the Stream about 80 miles northeast of Hatteras and held the starboard tack for three days to get as much easting as possible. We found ourselves about 300 miles southwest of Bermuda when the wind hauled and we were finally able to hold up on a straight course for Nassau.

Entering the "horse latitudes" we had four days of calms and light easterly breezes, barely enough to give steerage way. We soon used up the remainder of our fuel supply, but the breeze grew lighter and lighter. The sun was warm and



Fortunately the wind was light as we negotiated Ship Channel on the Bahama Bank

bright, however, and we took advantage of our first opportunity to thaw out and dry out. Hatches were opened and everything below spread out on deck to bake in the sun.

During this spell of fine weather reading and games of questions and answers occupied much of the time and faithful old "Jenny" was given an honorable discharge and consigned to the deep with elaborate ceremony. Everybody was happy and enjoying the excellent weather to the fullest extent though the slow progress was irksome, especially to several members of the crew who had never before made a passage in a sailing vessel. For these, who were dubbed "motor boat boys," there could never be enough fair winds to make up for the calms and head winds we were experiencing; nothing but a tremendous deck load of gasoline would ever induce them to travel on a sailing vessel again.

Their threats resulted in two days of fine sailing; first a bit of the Trades, which came in from the southeast, and the next day a "norther" which worked across the Gulf Stream with a cold drizzle of rain giving us a fast slide into Nassau, once we had made our landfall on Bridge Point, Eleuthera Island.

It was shortly before dusk on a quiet Sunday evening when we dropped anchor in Nassau Harbor just twelve and a quarter days out of New York — a slow but easy passage.

The next morning dawned beautifully bright and clear with the crisp nor'wester still blowing. It was the same wind which had so often delayed our business of fitting out back in New York but here, tempered by the warm waters between, it added zest to our activity. The attractions of Nassau were many, and everyone slipped away for a few hours, but there was much to be done aboard and all were anxious to push on to the real objective of the expedition which was still some 500 miles away.

After storing our dynamite in the Government powder magazine we immediately made arrangements to have *Carlsark* hauled out for repairs. Close inspection in clear water had revealed that most of the paint had been scraped from her bottom by the ice in the Hudson and that there were several bad gashes in her pine planking just above the water line, necessitating replacing a plank on each side and completely repainting the bottom. Her hard birch planking below the water line had withstood the ravages of the ice very well.

The hauling and repair work were done efficiently at Symonette's yard on Hog Island, while our crew continued to work about the decks. After three days on the ways we were again overboard and immediately took aboard the 1700 lb. air compressor which had been shipped down from New York and made preparations for a trial trip to one of the nearby coral reefs.

This trip was made the following day with about a dozen guests aboard all of whom were quite envious of our chances for adventure and profit. The divers climbed into their outfits and were soon at the bottom, thirty feet below us, walking about among the myriad formations of coral and various other undersea growths. Carl tried out his new underwater camera equipment, while the more inexperienced dropped down and surveyed the bottom with nothing more than a bathing suit and a shoal water diving helmet.

While in Nassau we met the crew of the *Tai-Mo-Shan* (Chinese for high-top-hat), a very interesting Marconi rigged ketch about 58′ over all, beautifully built in China of teak. She was being sailed from Hong Kong to England by way of Japan, the Aleutian Islands and Panama Canal, by five British naval officers on leave. One of their number was then in the hospital recovering from the effects of a bad time they had all had when a sudden change of wind had put their vessel ashore on Crooked Island. They had suffered terribly from insects, coral and exposure while refloating her.

We heard that there was a chance of game on Great Inagua so we organized a hunting expedition

After a few more days of preparation we slipped out of Nassau early one morning, having been joined there by Gilbert Dunham, Louis Stuyvesant, and Mr. Verrill who was to be leader of the expedition and was the only one knowing the exact latitude and longitude of our projected location.

The services of a negro pilot were engaged to take us out through Ship Channel and Exuma Sound, the shortest route to the Island of Great Inagua where our diving boat, a 30′ launch, had been shipped from New York. We proceeded under power through Ship Channel, which passes over the northern end of the Bahama Bank and is totally unmarked for its whole length of 30 miles. Fortunately, the trade wind was very light that day and there was no sea to break over the coral heads which cropped up on all sides of our course. I say fortunately, for it was bad enough as it was to see the great green heads growing up to within a few feet of the surface; it would have been infinitely more upsetting to our peace of mind if they had been breaking on all sides as they do with any sea running.

Our pilot was typical of the many Bahama negroes who make their living in inter-island commerce. This fellow was part owner of a 28-foot water line schooner, a large craft in those waters, and made one round trip about every eight or ten days from his home on Long Island (Bahamas) to Nassau. He knew absolutely nothing of navigation and could not comprehend a chart or read more than the cardinal points of the compass. His sole navigating aid was a booklet for which he had paid two shillings which gave about a score of compass courses between various points in the Islands, information that could be obtained from a chart in a few minutes' time. All his knowledge has been gained from the experience of countless trips, and with no fogs and few storms to cut off his vision he gets along very well. How he gets through the unmarked channel week after week without mishap is a mystery, but he manages it and in spite of his ignorance inspires a feeling of confidence.

The breeze strengthened from ESE as we made sail in Exuma Sound and held south, close-hauled on the port tack. We were glad to find that the heavy compressor rode well on deck in the bit of sea that made up. Wind and sea increased and gradually faired around to NE. We beat on down Exuma Sound and reached out along the eastern side of Long Island where we left our pilot and then continued through the Crooked Island passage to the open sea. Here, between Crooked Island and Great Inagua, a fine, hard trade wind was blowing and with a strong easterly set against it tremendous seas were rolling in. They were directly on our beam and gave us quite a shaking up and kept considerable water sloshing about the deck. We had shortened down to jib and mainsail only when suddenly in a hard squall the chain jib sheet parted and flailed about for a few seconds until it was secured and replaced.

The Island of Great Inagua, southernmost of the Bahama group, was a welcome sight when we picked it up that afternoon and the scent of the land after a slight rain was refreshing as we rounded up into Mathewtown roads. Inagua is flat and Mathewtown, its only settlement, is an old, rather desolate looking place, but we found it extremely interesting. It was formerly the site of a considerable salt works, but has crumbled away to a mere shell of its former self. The dwellings are very old, bare, and primitive, many of them dating back a hundred years to the time preceding the abolition of slavery in the British colonies.

The natives are a mixture of blacks, whites and mulattoes. A few are employed in the salt works at a few cents a day but most of them have no income at all. They see and hear practically nothing of the outside world as the island is visited regularly by only the inter-island mail boat and, once every three months, by a little Dutch steamer.

Our greatest difficulty in Great Inagua was to pay for anything. Not that they had completely escaped the lure of the dollar, but there was no currency on the island with which to make change. Finally, on the last day of our stay there, the total resources of the island were pooled and debts settled up.

Our diving boat had arrived safely on the Dutch steamer some time before but had been leaking badly. While Carl Baas, Dave and Al set about caulking these leaks, some of the rest of us investigated the possibilities of hunting on the island. We were assured that in certain parts game was quite abundant, wild pigs in particular, and we accordingly organized an expedition with an equipment sufficient for a big game hunt including several rifles, a shotgun and a battery of cameras. The expedition returned the following afternoon with several tall stories but a bag consisting only of an osprey. They had searched vainly throughout the wild pig territory without finding so much as a grunt.

Efforts to caulk the diving boat from the inside proved futile so with the aid of a score of negro boys she was hauled bodily up the beach and another whole day spent on the job of making her tight.

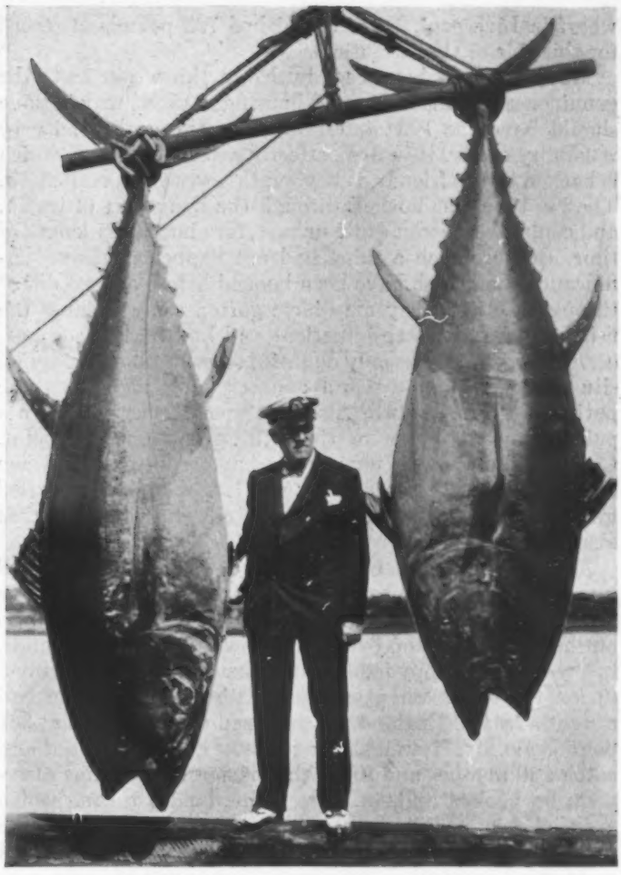
(*Continued on page 86*)

Nest and chicks of the pink flamingo, now almost extinct except in the Bahamas

Those Record Tuna

One of Them Battled with Its Captors for 62 Hours

By PHIL. H. MOORE

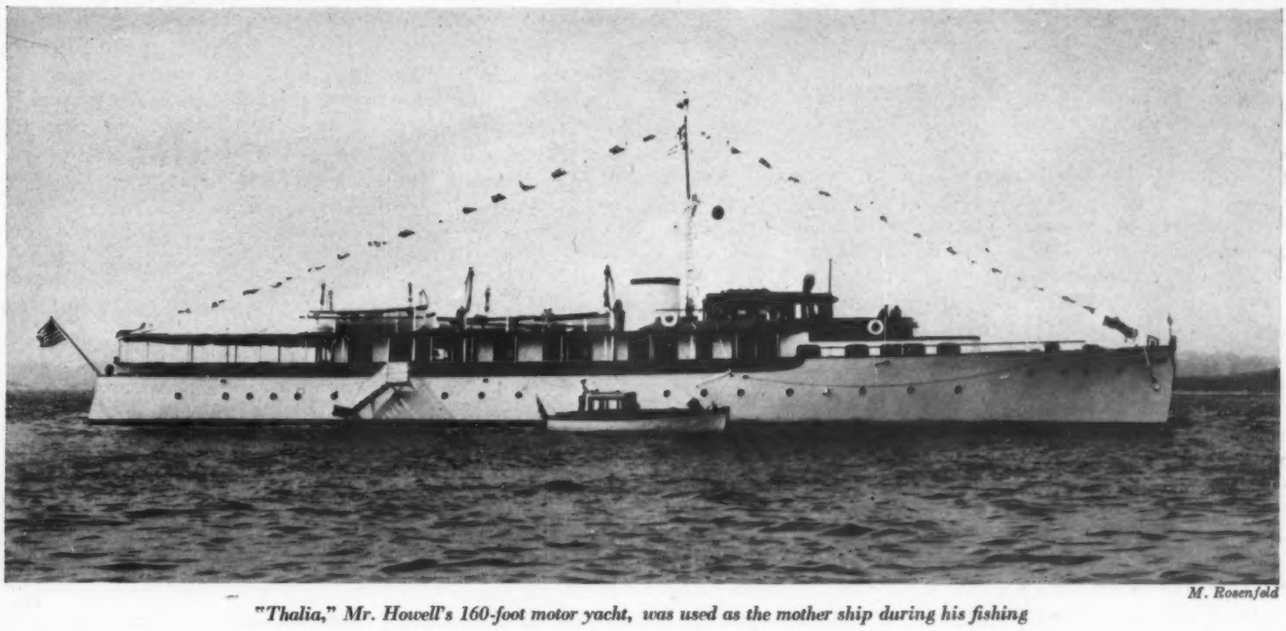


Thomas M. Howell with two record tuna, 956 and 830 pounds

THE BIG game fishing fraternity was recently electrified by a news flash from Halifax announcing that the Zane Grey record for large tuna caught with rod and reel had been smashed by Thomas M. Howell of Chicago, fishing off the coast of Nova Scotia, from his yacht *Thalia*. Mr. Howell's fish weighed 792 pounds, bettering Grey's record by some 20 pounds.

To us who live among the swordfish and tuna this did not seem anything to get excited over, even though a visiting fisherman had a perfect right to feel elated over setting a new record for the old horse mackerel, caught with rod and reel. But —

When we heard about Mr. Howell hooking his fish and then hanging on to it for 62 hours, which he did, we began to realize that here was something new in tuna adventures. It seems that he and his captain Thompson, and a Mr. Cordova, and another man, had been seeking tuna from the ship's launch. Finally, they hooked the big fish, using the "drift and bait" method, and the fight was on. Night and day, for 62 hours they hung to the fish; they could not drown it, so they just bored it to death. Meanwhile the *Thalia*, as a mother ship, stood by and played the searchlight on the launch. The crew took turns holding the rod. It was a tiresome business. The sea became rough, and it was necessary to bail the boat quite frequently. At any time, ten dollars worth of line could have been cut, and the party could have stepped aboard a palatial yacht, Mr. Howell's floating palace, his home, in fact, for he lives aboard, the year around. But Howell stuck to the job, or at least persuaded the others to stick with the big fish. To make a long story short, the tuna was finally killed and weighed on Nickerson's



M. Rosenfeld

"Thalia," Mr. Howell's 160-foot motor yacht, was used as the mother ship during his fishing

wharf in Liverpool, N. S. It weighed 792 pounds, a record for this side of the Atlantic.

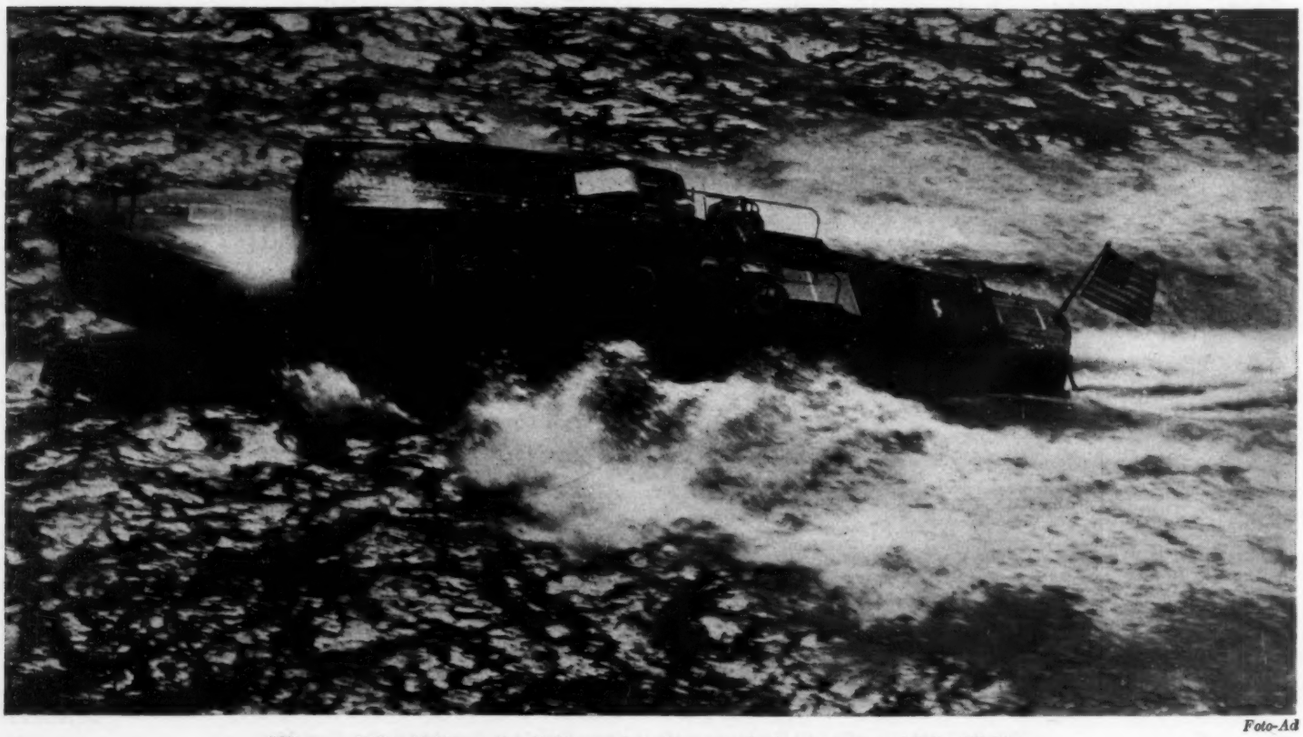
Many inquiries have been hurled at this writer as to the genuineness of this famous 62-hour fight. Now, why anyone should have the least question as to the authenticity or reliability of Mr. Howell's perfectly reasonable story, which is backed by his friends, is beyond this writer's imagination. The big tuna was hooked through the bony part of its lip, and could swim about quite unhurt, for almost any length of time. Because such a thing had not happened has no significance. Large fish have been hooked before and no doubt through the lip. They may have gotten away because the fisherman had become impatient and had broken the line, or, maybe, cut it. The only doubtful element about a parallel situation would be to find another sportsman with the patience of Mr. Howell. Also, not many fishermen have a palatial yacht to mother them through a long sea fight. Captain Thompson is reported to have reported that when the tuna was finally brought to gaff, launch, yacht, tuna and men were seventy miles offshore. And we guess that that also is approximately correct.

After a brief moment of elation over his catch Mr. Howell was informed by someone that his tuna was not a world's record, it having been beaten by an English fisherman. So out he went again and bettered his own catch by 38 pounds, in a short but snappy fight. Hardly had this fish been hauled up on the scales when word came that another man had caught a fish off England which tipped the steelyards at 851 pounds. So Mr. Howell allowed as how he must run out and catch still another and settle this business. The same afternoon he hooked and, in three hours, landed a tuna which weighed 956 pounds, beating the world's record by 105 pounds. All these fish were properly fished for and hooked and landed in true sporting style; no monkey business with harpoons or tuna traps, or other sly devices were employed, or so we have been informed by those who were on the spot.

The amazing factor in this remarkable picture is the patience and luck of Mr. Howell. Exactly like bidding and making a doubled and redoubled grand slam in contract! It does not often happen. If it does happen, one need not be suspicious of anyone's good faith. I have been watching the tuna and swordfish game as played with rod and reel since Mr. Wharton-Smith of Chester, N. S., caught a 670 pound tuna with a rod and reel which would make a horse (-mackerel) laugh. And from a little row boat at that! This was in 1915. Before that time, the late Larry Mitchell caught a tuna which weighed 728 pounds in Medway Bay, N. S., with tackle very much inferior to anything sold for such purposes today. In 1919, I caught a good sized tuna with a fourteen-foot salmon rod in Chester Bay, and fought the good fight from a sixteen-foot canvas canoe. So about anything may happen on the ocean. But a few days after Mr. Howell made his amazing records, Mr. Ned Schafer of New York hooked and landed a tuna weighing 780 pounds. This would have been a world's record if Mr. Schafer had caught his fish a few weeks earlier in the season.

There are much larger tuna right in the Nova Scotia waters than those hooked by Mr. Howell. Also in other waters. It is doubtful, however, if we live to see any other man go out and smash three world's records in a couple of days or fight any fish for 62 hours. It took only three hours to land that 956 pounds of fighting tuna. It was hooked through the tongue or down its gullet. The mouth was held open and when this happens the fish will soon drown. I have no doubt that several tuna of a thousand pounds or more will be caught off Chester within the year. The limit in weight of these fish seems to be about sixteen hundred pounds. Swordfish have been taken even larger than this but, so far, not on rod and reel. Still and all, a six hundred pound swordfish will give twice as much battle as a thousand pound tuna, and will jump like a salmon, continuously until dead.

Mr. Howell will be going after that broadbill record next year if he plays true to form. Here's luck to him and God help the fish!



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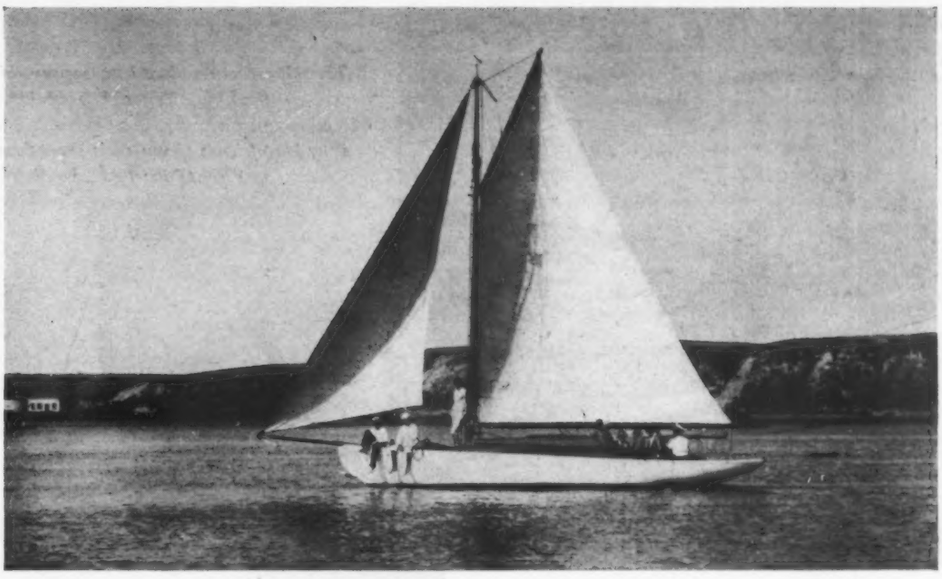
"Florence II," a Robinson Sea Gull, stepping along over the lumpy waters of Lake Michigan



"Peggy" started life in 1901 as a racing sloop 30 feet over all

To the South Seas in a Thirty-Foot Yawl

By FRED B. HUNIE

ON JULY 4th, 1930, when most American citizens, in their respective ways, were engaged in celebrating the Anniversary of Independence, a little white yawl two thousand miles out on the Pacific was being feted by no less than the Monarch of the Deep himself.

To survive his particular brand of fireworks, the *Peggy* had been hove to under well-shortened sail. Rearing seas, curling high above the deck of the little yawl, would frequently burst into white surging avalanches; tons of destructive power, launched, it seemed at times, with malicious cunning from unexpected angles. Despite the din of roaring seas and howling winds there was the illusion of silence. Perhaps the explanation involves a question of proportion. Certainly the profound manifestation of power in those gray seas was inadequately dramatized by noise.

Down in the cabin of the *Peggy*, however, no such inadequacy existed. Effect followed cause with disturbing directness. Each smashing impact of breaking sea with its accompanying deluge of water on the deck and cabin roof sounded as though a Mack truck had backed into our little craft and was dumping a load of bricks on top of her. Water rushing against the skylight coaming found its way under the lid and down into the cabin in copious volume. Water drooled from the portholes; bilge water spurted up between the floor boards. Clothes, bedding and stores were soaked. Needless to say, the pump was manned at frequent intervals.

It was the Fourth of July, however, so six shells were slipped into a 45-caliber revolver and six jarring thuds from the *Peggy's* armament added a new note to the general tumult of wind, sea and bilge water. You see, there were but two of us on the *Peggy* — Swain and myself. We had started twenty days before from San Diego, outward bound for the Marquesas Islands, a great circle distance of about 3000 nautical miles, mostly to leeward.

A brief outline of events leading up to our present situation may be of interest.

On Saturday, June 14th of that year, the *Peggy*, a staunch little yawl, of 30 ft. over all length, with thirty years experience back of her, was getting her final grooming for a 5,500-mile cruise to the South Seas, on the first leg of which, the run to the Island of Hiva Oa, we now were. A glance at the chart will show that no land lies between or near the route connecting these two points. Furthermore, there is no shipping between Southern California and the South Sea Islands. It can be understood, therefore, that the *Peggy* and her crew could not expect or hope for aid from other ships, when once committed to the undertaking. Our preparations were accordingly rather thorough. We had left Balboa, California, a week before, thinking that a day or two in San Diego would see us ready for the start. But six days of constant hard work were necessary to complete our preparations.

Everything was at last in readiness, that is, "approximately speaking." We had accumulated a fair assortment of medical stores. My mate, whose great uncle had been a physician, inherited a knack for physiological trouble-shooting. One of his most effective prescriptions consisted of an aspirin tablet dissolved in a glass of brandy, to be administered until the patient fell asleep, or under the table. We had pounds of aspirin!

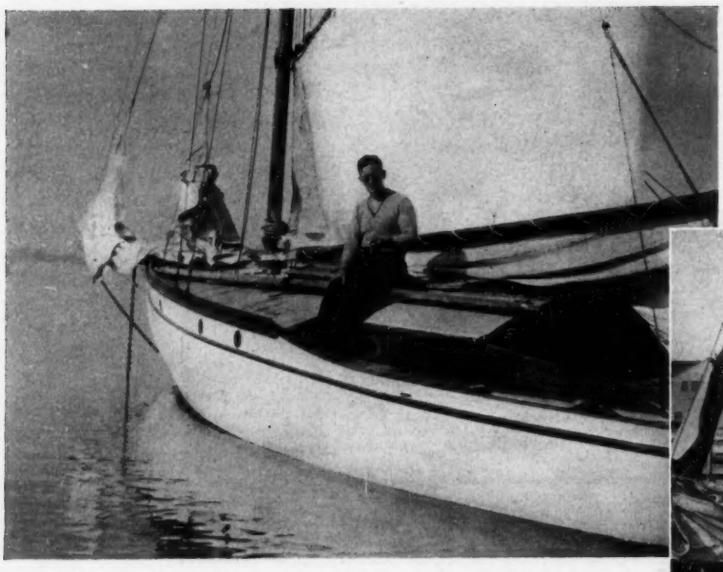
Before leaving, we paid the port doctor a visit to obtain a bill of health and to have him authorize our allowance of medicinal brandy, which we explained was a necessary vehicle for the aspirin. My mate, affecting a pose of professional parity, stated our case in a dignified enough manner, but employed, perhaps, too many trade names to be strictly professional. The doctor, though not a practical yachtsman, was a good mathematician. After ascertaining the poundage of aspirin we had, he made a quick calculation on a piece of paper.

"Are you going to take along any water?" — his manner was almost sarcastic.

"We had thought of that," I answered, matching his satire, but missing his point.

"Well, where in hell are you going to carry two hogsheads of brandy?" he shot back. I wondered myself.

"Now, you boys, listen to me," he continued, "I'd advise



The skipper muses about long voyages while "Peggy's" sails are drying in the sun and air

Why have friends if you can't press them into service when preparing for the start?

you not to take a single drop of liquor. You're entitled to a little, for medical purposes, of course, but two men caged in as you're going to be, will have to exercise a lot of restraint. A release of inhibitions induced by alcohol may lead to serious consequences. If you're wise you'll take my advice."

We took it — I mean the advice — but not without some misgivings.

We returned to the *Peggy*. After working over the engine for an hour, we sculled over to the dock, where our water tanks were filled. Forty-five gallons of gasoline, five gallons of lubricating oil and five gallons of storm oil were taken aboard. We were now down five inches below the normal load water line, leaving us less than twenty inches minimum freeboard.

Casting off from the dock, after finally getting the engine to run, we stood down channel against a stiff head wind.

A few words about the *Peggy* might be of interest at this point in the story. Designed originally as a racing sloop, she was built in 1901 by Joe Fellows of Wilmington, California. Her frames are of bent white oak, two inches square in section and 12″ on centers. The planking is of white cedar ¾″ thick. All standing rigging is of phosphor bronze and has never been renewed since the boat was built. The hull dimensions are: l.o.a., 30′; l.w.l., 23′ 6″; beam, 8′ 6″; draft, 3′ 6″. The ballast is 3,000 lbs. of iron, all outside; the keel is of the long rocker type. We had changed the *Peggy's* sloop rig to that of a yawl and the old trunk cabin was cut in two and a semi-raised deck built. A roller reefing gear of original design was used on the mains'l. I wouldn't start on another long cruise without one.

An electric generator was installed so that the propeller shaft drove it when the engine was in neutral and the propeller consequently allowed to spin. This arrangement kept our two storage batteries charged so that we had electric lights in the cabin and binnacle. The binnacle light was seldom used, however, except to check our course when steering by stars. We found it was hard on the eyes.

The long after overhang of the *Peggy* was a potential source of weakness but, as it happened, we were only once or twice made conscious of its vulnerability. On the other hand, the advantages of this reserve buoyancy, at a point where its leverage is great, did much to keep the little craft dry. Quartering seas were the only ones we feared, and they piled aboard only when the going got really hard.

In common with many good boats, the *Peggy* has the knack of keeping out of trouble and, when hove to, her defense against hard charging seas is uncanny.

We swung into the San Diego Yacht Club's Roseville dock to get an official timing of our departure. Frank Benham, past commodore, gave us our timing together with a few timely hints, one of which was to place the dinghy on deck over the skylight. We had planned to carry it on the boomkin, but well inboard. We undoubtedly would have lost it in this position.

We cast off at 3:00 p.m., coast time. Several boats recognized us as we stood out across the bar, and wished us "bon voyage" by sounding prolonged blasts from their whistles.

As we cleared the kelp, the engine stopped suddenly of its own accord. Due to the southerly wind at the start, we were unable to weather the Coronados. The night was spent in their lee, but at sunrise we had drifted through the calm and a WSW breeze was filling our sails. By nightfall the breeze had strengthened considerably but, due to the load we were carrying, our little craft was quite stiff and carried full canvas with only a slight angle of heel. We really did some stepping that night. The weather was rather thick, and the night quite dark, but the phosphorescence stirred up by our bow wash and the flashing crests of waves, cast a glow of light about our little white ship as she plunged onward. The radio was turned on, and we did not seem as isolated as the ever widening stretch of water between us and the coast would indicate.

In planning our voyage, we had decided to get into the trade winds as soon as possible. So the initial course was SSW. Due to the direction of the wind at the time, however, we had been able to do no better than S by W. Sailing thus close-hauled, we made considerable leeway. I mention these circumstances to explain an unexpected occurrence which rather startled us on the morning of June 17th.

The weather had been thick, as usual, but on this particular morning it showed signs of clearing. As the clouds lifted, we saw land on the port bow, bearing four points forward of the beam. We had not expected to sight land for thirty days or more, yet, here we were, 270 miles from San Diego, by

dead reckoning, and making a landfall already. The large scale chart was hurriedly consulted, and it was discovered that the southing which we had been forced to make had brought us quite close to Guadelupe Island.

When on the wind the *Peggy* could be made to sail herself, a fact which was taken advantage of during the first few days of the trip. My mate had been sick and I had little relief at the helm. With the sails properly trimmed and the tiller lashed, one could turn in and let the little packet take care of herself.

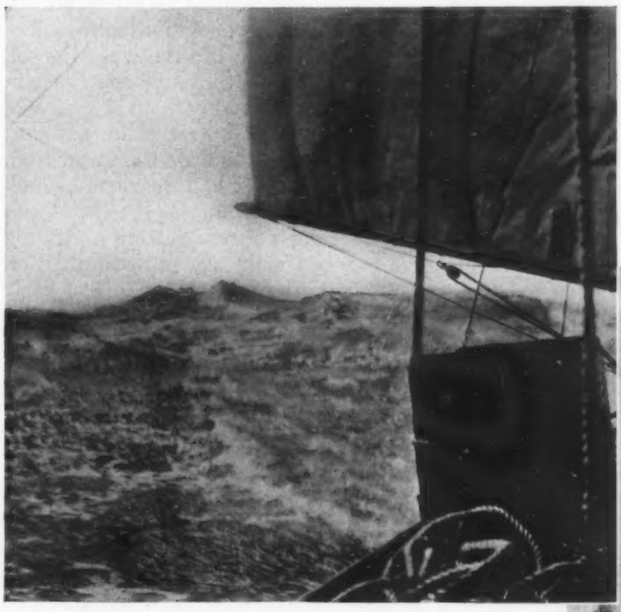
Sleep was an elusive thing for the first couple of weeks. The racket and din down in the cabin, caused by the impact of seas, the racing of the bow wave along our sides, the creak of straining rigging and the booming of the water in our tanks was hard to get accustomed to.

Our radio, upon which we had depended for entertainment, as well as a means for checking the rate of the chronometer, ceased to function after the fourth day out. At the time, we greatly missed the link which it formed with the outside world. Later on, as we approached the vicinity of our objective, we missed it even more keenly, for the lack of an accurate time check handicapped us greatly and caused me many uneasy hours.

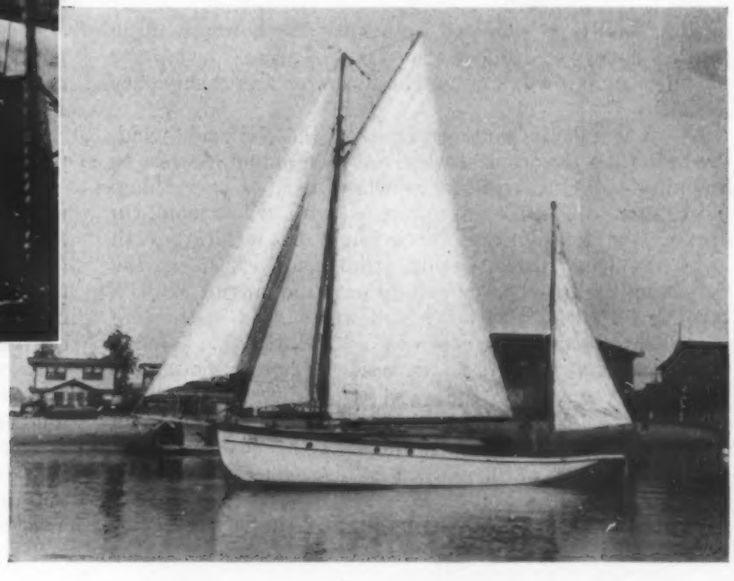
We divided the night into two-hour watches, as a rule. One might think this a short period for work and sleep. It was found by experiment to be the best, however. One must realize that a 30 ft. boat, running before a hard wind and heavy seas, requires constant vigilance. After two hours of steering in these conditions one is ready to take a rest. In the day time we would generally lengthen the watches to four hours.

At the start, our galley stores were abundant and diversified, but during the first few weeks we naturally partook of the more delicate and appetizing foods. We had done little cooking. Our stove was good, but the problem of starting a fire for baking was a difficult one. Our kindling was damp; the charcoal had absorbed a great deal of moisture also. We therefore contented ourselves with dishes which merely required warming — Spanish stew, for instance, made from canned beef, tomato sauce and onions. Coffee, of which we had ten pounds, was rarely ever made — it required too much fire. Cocoa was our standard beverage. We had taken along only two pounds, but we made it last for a surprising length of time. The fuel we used for preparing these foods was a piece of waste dipped in kerosene. This was dropped in a saucer in the fire-box of the stove and would burn for about a five minute period. Except for the fact that it deposited soot on our pans, it worked like a charm. When we ran out of kerosene we used gasoline as a substitute — in a similar way, but we were careful not to keep large quantities of it in the cabin. The day arrived when we had to resort to beans twice a day. To our surprise, when prepared with four or five slices of bacon, it made an appetizing and tasty meal, and one, luckily, of which we never tired. Most yachtsmen will realize that cooking, in a boat as small as the *Peggy*, is at best extremely difficult, on account of the motion.

Before starting the trip I had had a squaresail made. It measured 15 ft. square, and was cut with a moderate amount of belly. Considerable thought had been spent on the method of rigging it, and I was anxious to try it out. The wind had been blowing quite hard and the conditions seemed ideal for its use. After about an hour's work, under very difficult conditions, the sail was hoisted. It worked excellently, but our little craft rolled considerably under this rig. For seven days the wind fairly blew us out of the water and no more ideal sail could have been carried under these conditions. The wind lost some of its weight after the seventh day and we began to slow down. On the tenth day we decided to take in the squaresail because we were not making the speed we could have made under our mainsail. It was discovered in lowering the sail that much of the gear calculated to facilitate this operation was of no value. The sail was hung by iron rings from a spruce yard, the rings being attached to the head of the sail by snaps or hanks. In setting the sail the yard was hoisted by a halliard. An outhaul, leading through sheaves at the extremities of the yard, was used to spread the sail along that spar. To take in the sail an inhaul was provided, by which the rings could be gathered in close to the mast and the sail, thus relieved of wind, could be lowered with the yard. The moment had arrived to try this out. The outhaul was cast loose and I hove on the inhaul. Nothing happened! Try as I would, the rings wouldn't budge.



Roaring down the northeast Trades with a reserve supply of fuel stowed in cans on deck

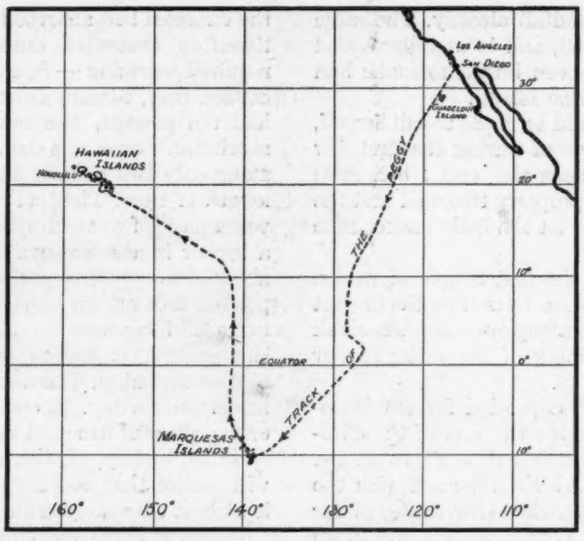


We built a raised deck forward and rigged her as a yawl

It was therefore necessary to lower the yard with the sail drawing. As a matter of fact, this was not difficult and the squaresail was dismantled without any great trouble. The reason for the failure of the inhaul was apparent when the yard was on deck. The metal rings had worn grooves in the soft spruce. This had effectively prevented their sliding along the yard.

This was the only occasion the squaresail was used. The change-over consumes a great deal of time when only one man can work on it and, due to the precarious footing on a raised deck which continually lurches, entails difficulties.

Considerable difficulty with the head lacing on the mainsail had been encountered. The sail was a new one and the grommets no doubt had burrs which chafed the lacing. After several replacements, we made an individual seizing at each grommet. In this way, the failure of a single lashing did not release the entire head of the sail from the gaff.



"Peggy's" track across the Pacific. The first leg took her to the island of Hiva Oa in the Marquesas

One morning I noticed the bowsprit was unusually flexible, bending up and down like a springboard. An inspection disclosed the fact that the bobstay had completely vanished. It had broken at the stem fitting and had been released by the turnbuckle hook on the bowsprit end. We were plunging, at the time, into a heavy sea. The problem was to find something stout enough to take the place of a 5/8" phosphor bronze cable, of which the bobstay was made. I got out a spare turnbuckle and, after taking a measurement between dives, cut off a piece of anchor chain. The difficult thing now was to shackle the chain to the stem fitting, which, when we soused into it, was about four feet under water. There was nothing to stand on, so I hung by my knees from a bowsprit shroud and attempted to draw the shackle in the chain up to the stem fitting. This took longer than I expected, and, before the pin could be started in the shackle, the bow raised high in the air. A deep trough yawned under the *Peggy's* bow, and into it she plunged, skipper and all! . . . It seemed an age before I emerged into the daylight and air again. I had been slammed up against the bowsprit in no gentle manner and dropped a good pair of pliers. The job was finally accomplished, however, and we were a taut ship once again.

As we neared the southern limits of the NE trade wind, the heat from the tropical waters and a gradual increase in humidity caused a surprising growth of mold on everything. Articles made of leather were covered with yellow mold. On opening my binocular case, it was found that a thick growth had developed inside. Swain, who had withstood the "cracking" process pretty well up until the present, made a bee line for his typewriter, which was stowed in the fore peak. The outside of the case was covered with mold. When he opened it and gazed at the inside in horror, he almost wept! I became the recipient of an outburst of scathing denunciations and belligerent looks. The climax came when he discovered that his camera (one of the box type) had completely parted at the joints. I let his anger have free rein, so that he'd get it all off his chest.

The above incident illustrates the effect that trying conditions, and irritating limitations of space on so small a boat as the *Peggy*, will produce. However, we both were extremely careful not to lose our tempers at the same time, and in this way avoided any serious consequences.

On the afternoon of July 3rd, a large "booby" bird circled our little craft three times, and then deliberately alighted on board, almost at my elbow. Swinging his long beak in my direction, as a gesture of fraternal understanding, he surveyed the rigging critically, and at last, after glancing at the compass to see if we were going his way, adjusted himself to the wind, leaned against a case of gasoline and simulated sleep. At this moment, Swain, white-faced and hair dishevelled, made his appearance in the companionway.

"Barometer's dropping to beat hell!", he announced. I had noticed a heavy swell making up. White scud had appeared against a dark grey background in the southwest. I glanced at the bird. ! ! !

Our position at the time was approximately 6° 30′ N and 132° W. We had just emerged from the doldrums, having been carried across this dreaded area without a single day's calm, by a wind out of the North. The wind had left us now and the sea was calm and oily.

We were not becalmed for long, however. A breeze from the southwest rippled the surface, rapidly freshening. The *Peggy's* bow was pointed now S by E, as close as we could hold her to the wind, and we turned a deep reef in the main's'l; but the jib we were carrying was without reef points. Things were secured above and below decks for bad weather.

By 6:00 p.m. the wind was howling and the seas were tall and frothy. The next morning, July 4th, found the *Peggy* in the midst of seething, crashing seas, and lying to in a wind of increasing violence. Down in the cabin everything was wet. We had to pump almost continually to keep the water from rising above the floor boards. A leak had developed somewhere, and I was worried for fear a butt might have been sprung by the terrific pounding we were getting under the long overhang aft. We pumped with dogged determination and cursed the pump and its designer. Why in hell can't pumps be made that don't get clogged up?! Did I hear some rocking chair oracle say: "Keep your bilges clean!?." Well, I hope I never see him — murder is a nasty business.

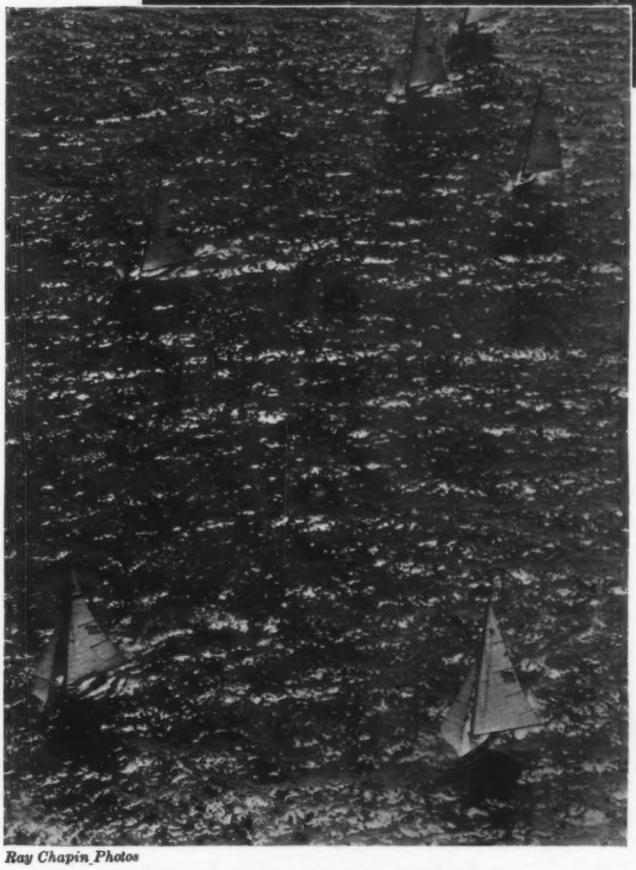
Crash! ! ! ! "Holy cripes, there go all of our home-made preserves!"

A box in which a dozen glass jars of preserved peaches were stowed had been hurled to the floor. Three jars had broken and we hurriedly made desperate efforts to salvage the contents. A saucepan was procured and the precious fruit and its juice safely transferred thereto. Now, I haven't lived in a prohibition country in vain — beverage alcohol can be recognized by other means than mere labels. "The nose knows." So it was that the value of our canned peaches was discovered. I poured a little of the mildly effervescing fluid into a cup, and took a sip.

"Skoal!" — It had a kick!

We thereupon drank a rousing toast to the Fourth of July and to all the American heroes, from Daniel Boone down to Volstead. By this time, we were obliged to pump again, but

(Continued on page 88)



Ray Chapin Photos

(Top) Fog. The Six-Metre "Caprice" racing in thick weather off Los Angeles

(Center) Sunshine. Star Class boats off Long Beach, California

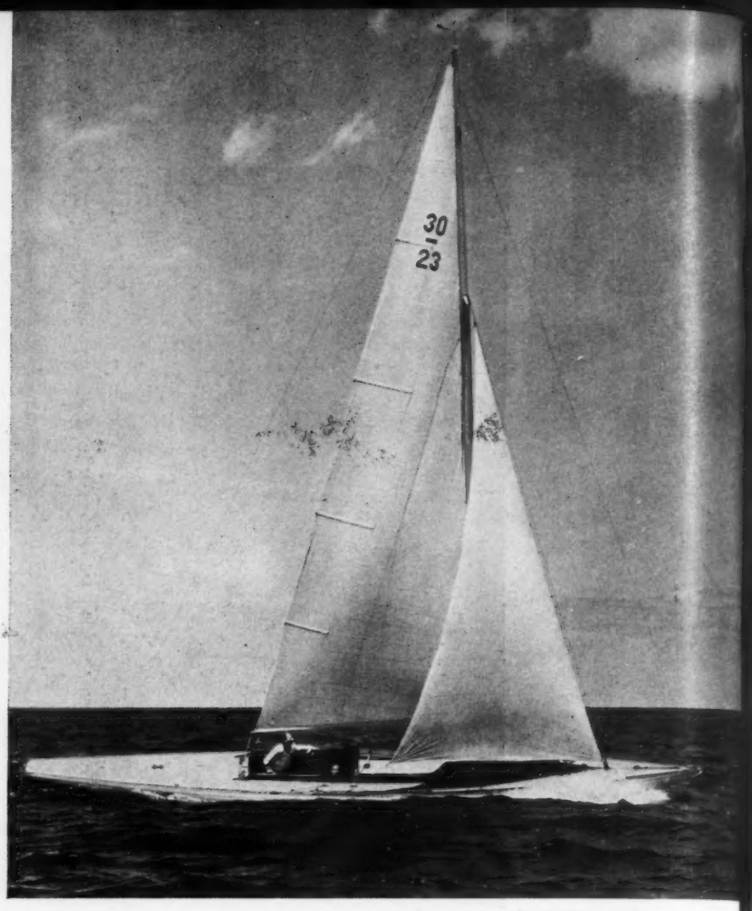
(Right) Wind. Walter Barnum's schooner "Brilliant" strapped down in a 35-mile breeze on a passage to Maine

The Sea in Varying Moods

Frederick Bradley

Marblehead's Active Season

By LEONARD M. FOWLE, JR.



"Starling," owned by Lincoln Davis, captured the championship in the Thirty-Square-Metre Class and annexed the new President Roosevelt Cup at Marion

THE YACHTSMEN of Marblehead, the only port east of Cape Cod where open class racing is found, put in another active racing season in 1934. Although everyone in this historic harbor was naturally interested in the doings at Newport, for once a Cup year had no ill effect on the local racing, and bigger fleets turned out this season than at any time since 1929.

Of course, the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay missed the big cutter racing and it also missed the grand old *Vanitie*, which had come to be looked upon as a fixture in the harbor, along with *Weetamoe*, at certain seasons of the year. However, the yachtsmen consoled themselves with the thought of the part being played in the America's Cup picture by graduates of Marblehead's yachting school aboard *Yankee*, *Weetamoe*, and *Vanitie*.

All in all it was a good year throughout, with Marblehead's Annual Race Week providing the exceptional angle with its record-breaking fleets of over 300 boats turning out on four of the seven days. The new record high for a single race was 309 yachts on August 9th in a Corinthian event, which Marblehead claims for a new world's record.

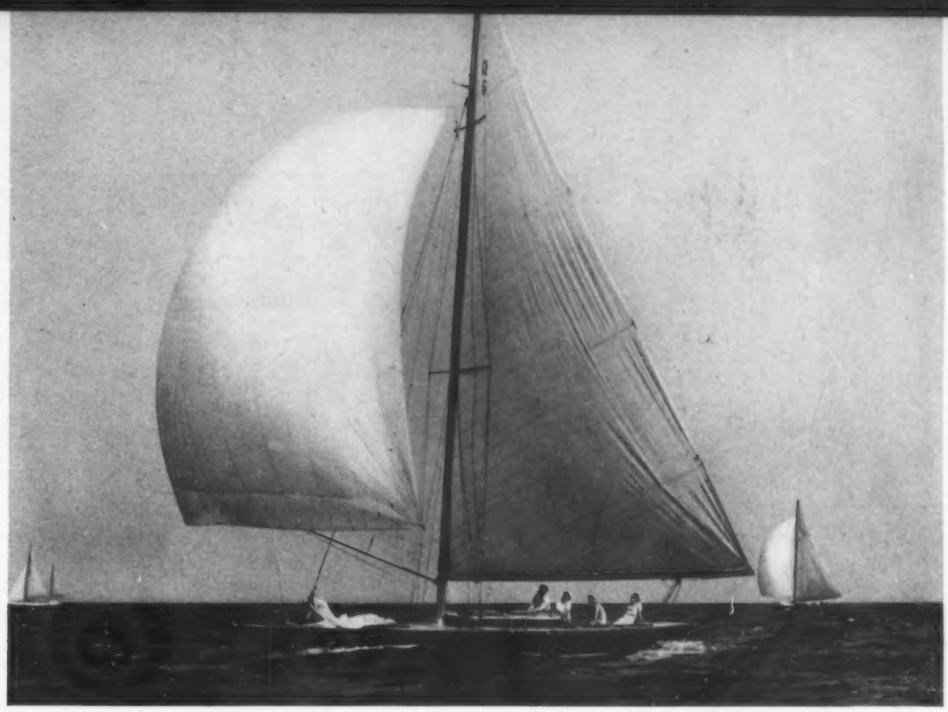
However, that was Race Week, with its vast assemblage from all over Massachusetts Bay; but during the ordinary course of the season things were at a more normal tempo and no regular race records for numbers were ever in danger. All in all, there were 110 boats taking part in the season's championship racing off the old rockbound port.

The championship racing in all classes was keen throughout the long season of 22 contests, from early June to Septemper 15th. These contests included the seven races of Marblehead Race Week, and they were divided among the three important clubs on the shores of the harbor with Corinthian holding eleven, Eastern ten, and the Boston Yacht Club staging the odd event.

Two classes divided the headline honors on the North Shore this season. They were the fighting class of 25-raters and the increasingly popular Thirty-Square-Metres. Twice during the season this latter class was augmented by visiting boats from Buzzards Bay and the local craft made a trip to Marion to repay the visit and take away the brand new President Roosevelt Cup. Lincoln Davis, Jr.'s, *Starling* being the offender to Beverly's hospitality.

The 25-raters of Class Q also went on a raiding party after valuable and famous silverware. In mid-August, C. Raymond Hunt's *Hornet* and Malcolm Greenough's *Lively Lady* visited Long Island Sound in quest of the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup. Hunt, sailing under the colors of the Eastern Yacht Club, succeeded in lifting this trophy from the lockers of the Stamford Yacht Club. The members of the class hope strongly that the result of this series will be a revival of Class Q racing on the Sound and that New York boats will soon come after the trophy, thus bringing back the heated but friendly warfare that prevailed when the Sound sailors were seeking the trophy with Class R boats.

H. E. Noyes' "Gypsy" swept everything before her among the "Eights"



At right, "Hornet," C. Raymond Hunt's "Q," not only cleaned up her class but visited the Sound and helped bring the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup to Marblehead. Below, the "Thirties" supplied a lot of fine racing

Photos by W. B. Jackson

In their regular racing, the "Qs" had one less boat than a year ago as Charles Francis Adams did not put *Bat* in commission and Charles H. W. Foster confined his activities to his experiments with the new rig on *Oceana*, leaving *Questa* laid up. However, Albert W. Finlay had *Venturer* out for the first time in three years and, despite his big part in the *Yankee's* Cup campaign, Chandler Hovey and his sons managed to get in quite a few races with the *Robin*.

The boat that has ruled the class since 1930 did not, however, sail in enough races to qualify for the championship again, so her laurels pass on to C. Raymond Hunt's *Hornet*. This young skipper found a hard fight on his hands to gain this honor, for Harold S. Wheelock's *Cara Mia* got an early season jump and it was not until the final race of the season that *Hornet* overhauled the Wheelock sloop.

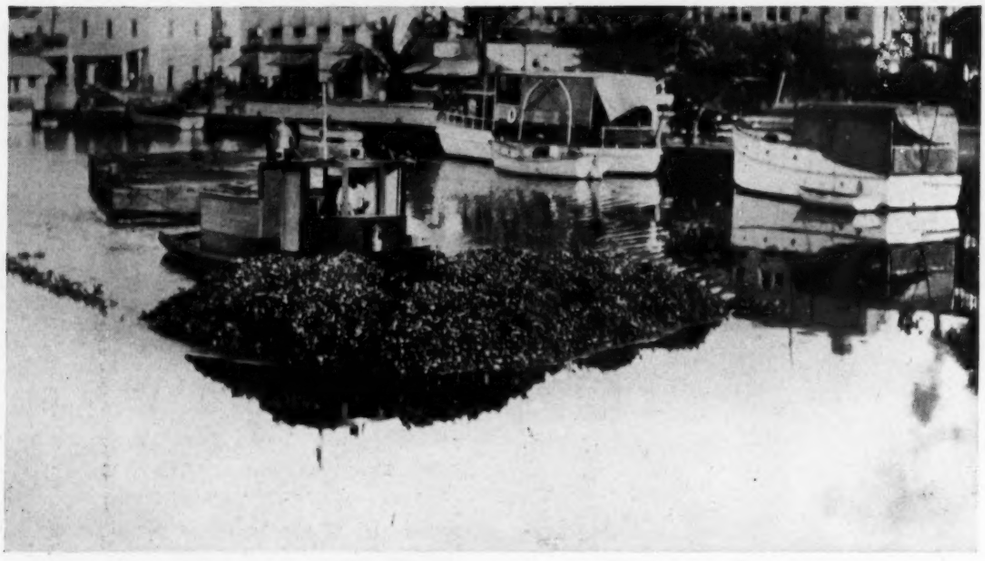
These two boats dominated the racing of the class all season, but there was spirited racing right through until the end with no boat outclassed. The other seven sloops racing in the class were in the running for third place honors right up to the finish. The Genoa jib and the parachute spinnaker were legalized by the "Q" Class Association for the first time this season and this apparently helped some of the older boats, notably Joseph V. Santry's *Taygeta* which finished third in the championship standing. *Venturer* was not entered in the racing until the season was well along yet she did well, but *Lively Lady* failed to perform as well as in 1933, when she was in the running for the championship.

The Eight-Metre racing saw Harry E. Noyes' *Gypsy* sweeping about everything, although at times three of her competitors were capable of making her step to win. Charles P. Curtis' *Ellen* and Commodore Aldrich's *Armida* provided most of the competition although John Lawrence could be depended upon to give trouble in a breeze with *Decima*, which he had under charter.

Lincoln Davis with the *Starling* succeeded Alfred Chase's *Michl V* as the championship winner in the "Thirties," leading in all three series. Harry Bloomfield's *Brilliant* was runner-up right along and she annexed the Ladies' Plate in a special series, and the Corinthian championship which is a club affair. *Michl V* had to be content with third place. George Poor, last year's Class S champion, imported *Skjold VII*, the European 1933 champion, but she arrived too late to figure seriously in the running although she showed fine promise for the future.

The one-design class racing was very keen, and all the classes showed increased entries over a year ago. In Class S, Mrs. George Patton's *Venture* carried off the championship with George Proctor's *Curlew* giving her the closest competition. Likewise the *Teaser IV*, sailed by Russell Smith, was supreme in the "Triangles" with Mrs. F. P. Copeland's *Periwinkle* her closest rival.

(*Continued on page 88*)



Water hyacinth, which seems to spread like magic, has been a curse to the sailor in southern waterways. Here is a river tug pushing a mass of it out of the channel

Fernandina to Miami—Inside

A Recent Survey of Florida's Intra-Coastal Waterway, Now Practically Completed

By CAPTAIN GEORGE E. ANDREWS

THERE is cause for rejoicing along the East Coast of Florida and good reason for a quiet celebration. For thirty years owners of motor boats, sailing craft, auxiliaries, have worried over Florida's part of the inside waterway, guessing whether it was possible to get through at all; they have worried as to possible damage to struts, propellers, shafts and rudders and the prospects of being hung up indefinitely on some unmarked shoal far from any town. Now their worries are over. And the regular visitors from northern waters, who have in the past spent many an unprofitable hour hung up on shoal spots, will also rejoice with us. They tasted a few of the blessings of a good channel last winter, and this year they will find conditions even better. The occasional visitor, who knows little of the old time worries, will sail on happily through the new channels.

Florida's portion of the intra-coastal waterway is very near completion. There are only a few places where the channels are not yet dredged to their designed dimensions, and work on these is progressing rapidly. From time to time I have written about the progress of the work, as have others, but there has been no opportunity to paint the picture as it is, or will be in a few weeks. I made the trip from the St. John's River to Miami just the other day and sounded and checked and double checked. Ordinarily the run from Great Marsh Island in the St. John's River, where the first reach of the waterway is entered, to Miami, more than 300 miles, could be made in my boat *Saucy Too* in not over three days. That I took eleven days for the job, busy days in hunting for the truth, should be evidence that my part of the job was thoroughly done. My own observations were all checked as to widths and depths through the local headquarters of the Army Engineer Corps.

Years ago we had a lighted channel. It was poorly lighted,

The "Saucy Too," in which the author made the trip from St. Mary's River to Biscayne Bay

to be sure, but still many old-fashioned oil lamps smoked and blinked for the few of us who had the nerve to try to navigate at night channels which were almost impossible to negotiate even in broad daylight. Now I have just learned that the lighthouse tender *Althea* is locating fifty flashing buoys in the stretch between Mosquito Lagoon and Gilbert's Bar. Most of these lighted buoys will be placed at turning points of the channel. With the establishment of these fifty lights, and additional ones along the way, Florida's part of the waterway may be called first class. And, as these are government marks, we may be assured that they will be maintained in good condition.

Late in August Captain Andrews sent us the manuscript of this story describing a trip he had just completed through the new intra-coastal waterway of Florida so that yachtsmen might have the latest information on a subject which was close to his heart. It was, we believe, the last trip that he made before his death.

Most of the canals are plain sailing, especially as all obstructions such as trees, snags, bars, etc., have been cleared out. There are a number of places where the channels have been entirely changed, with consequent change in the marks, and in most cases the route has been shortened materially. Most of the route is through tidal water and there are many bridges. Some of them work fast; some of them so slowly that your cussing vocabulary will be entirely exhausted. But play safe and never approach any bridge too close when you have the tide under you. If you find that any particular bridge tender has the hookworm, turn head to current and keep command of your boat until the bridge is clear open.

All right, let's get away. After leaving Fernandina, the St. John's river is entered from the north from Sister's Creek, which has a controlling depth of 7 feet and new markers. It's only a few minutes across the river diagonally, course about S × E. Ahead will be plainly seen two lights, one on Great Marsh Island, the other on a small island just east of it. Go between them and, the moment the end of the island is cleared, a plainly marked channel is entered which is the beginning of the canal to St. Augustine.

The distance from the St. John's River to St. Augustine is 39 miles and I found a width of 100 feet with only one small spot of less depth than 8 feet. That was just south of the St. John's River. It will be gone this winter. Should it not be, the tidal range at this spot is 4 feet and there will be no trouble.

From St. Augustine to the south side of Matanzas Inlet, a distance of 18 miles, the controlling depth is 8 feet and the width 100 feet. This reach has been completed to project dimensions.

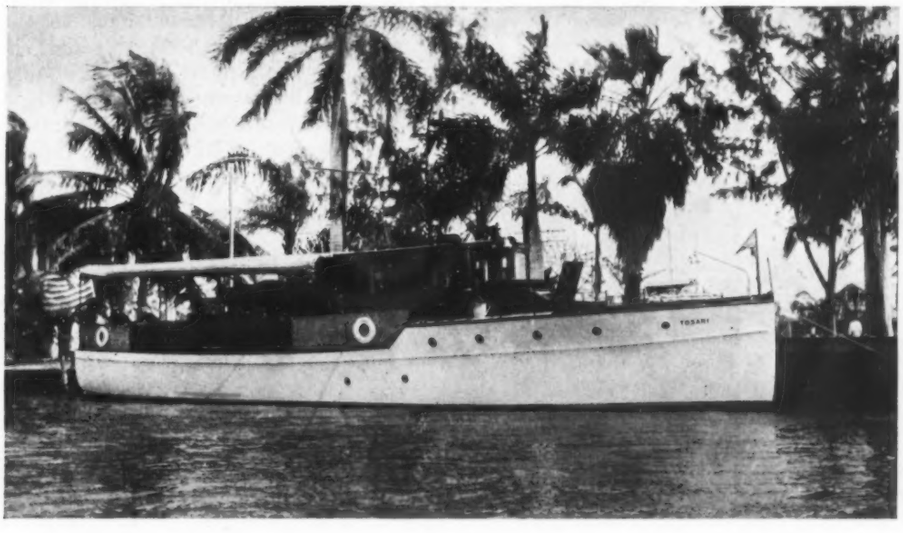
In the 24-mile section from Matanzas Inlet to Halifax River, dredging was started nearly a year ago. Two dredges are now at work and should meet in October of this year. When they do, this stretch will be completed and ready for use this winter.

From Matanzas Inlet to a short distance north of Fox Cut, in Flagler County, the controlling depth is 8 feet and the width 100 feet. There is a tidal range of 4 feet at Matanzas and of 1.5 at Fox Cut. The relocation channel west of Fox Cut is being cut by two large dredges. When completed this fall, the old channel to the east will be abandoned. From the southerly end of Fox Cut to the Flagler Beach bridge, or rather to a point 2.5 miles south of the bridge, the controlling depth is 5 feet and the canal is 50 feet wide. Thence to Halifax river, it is 8 feet deep and 100 feet wide.

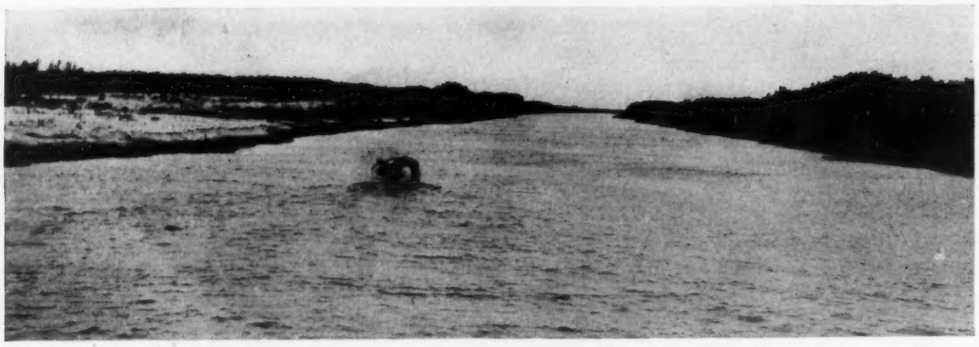
Through a long stretch of 177 miles, from the north end of the Halifax River to the Olympia bridge (26 miles north of Palm Beach), the route is up to the projected dimensions of 8 feet deep and 100 feet wide. From the Halifax River to Ormond bridge the channel has been relocated. Several shoal places have developed in the completed channel resulting in a least depth of 7 feet. The same must be said about the stretch from Daytona Beach to Ponce de Leon Inlet (formerly called Mosquito Inlet) in which the controlling depth is reduced to about 6.5 feet. The by-pass (3.8 miles long) at Ponce de Leon Inlet carries 8 feet depth and is 100 feet wide.

A quiet reach on New River, where the water is so deep that improvement has been found unnecessary

From New Smyrna to the Haulover, 28 miles, the depth in the eastern or old channel is 5 feet through to the Hillsboro River. This route, however, has been abandoned. The new channel, called the Oak Hill cut-off, is 13 miles long. It runs along the west shore of the Hillsboro River and connects New Smyrna with Mosquito Lagoon and is marked. It is two miles shorter than the now abandoned east channel. In Mosquito Lagoon, shoals were found reducing the depth to 6.5 feet.



There are a number of places where yachts using the intra-coastal waterway may tie up to the bank in comfort



The old channels have been widened and deepened and, in some cases, relocated. This portion of the canal was but 40 feet wide a short year ago

The Haulover canal, connecting Mosquito Lagoon with Indian River, has 8 feet depth and a width of 100 feet. Both the widening and deepening of this canal have been completed, but its length has been increased from about 2,500 feet to over a mile by the construction of dikes extending equal distances into the Indian River and the Lagoon. The wind current velocity in the canal has been reduced nearly by one half. The permissible speed through the Haulover canal is not to exceed 10 miles an hour.

Extensive shoaling between the Haulover and Titusville has reduced the controlling depth to 6.5 feet. However, maintenance dredging of these spots is proposed.

From Titusville south to St. Lucie Inlet the project is completed to 8 feet depth and 100 feet width and those dimensions now exist with the exception of a few shoal spots which are scheduled for early removal. Those south of Vero Beach bridge and St. Lucie Inlet have already been removed.

Now we approach one of the few spots which are being torn apart, viz., the stretch from St. Lucie Inlet to Lake Worth. The distance is 28 miles, and eleven miles of it has been whipped. Work began on this nearly a year ago at this writing and a powerful dredge is finishing it. However, a controlling depth of 5 feet still exists through this reach. The dredging through Lake Worth was completed a year ago and is now finely marked with red and black can buoys.

The channel from the south end of Lake Worth to New River Inlet is the scene of active operations but now has a controlling depth of 5 feet with 60 feet width. It will be about the last of the entire project to be completed. The 15 miles from the Palm Beach-Broward County line to New River Inlet was scheduled for completion in May of this year. All the spot shoals have been removed.

The stretch from New River Inlet to Miami, a distance of 25 miles, has been completed except for a short distance in the Dania by-pass canal, which will be completed by fall.

I am informed from headquarters that the entire route of 360 miles has been cleared of all snags, overhanging trees and boulders — and that's a lot! And in addition to this reliable information, I saw none of these old time Jonahs during my entire trip.

Last spring there remained only 30 miles of the entire route unfinished. Six powerful dredges are now hard at it and, from my own observations, I believe that January, 1935, will see the end of the work.

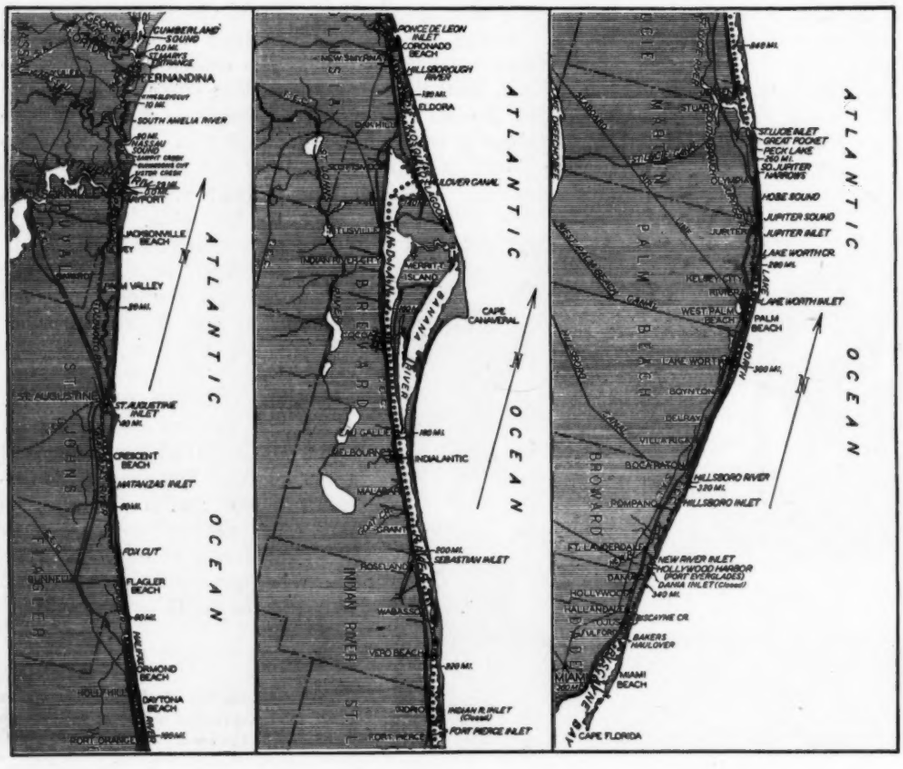
The newly completed channel through Biscayne Bay I found marked with pile beacons, set close together and showing a straight course from the head of the bay to the westerly draws in all of the causeways. There is better than 8 feet in the new channel. All the crookedness at Arch Creek has disappeared. From beacon No. 23, at the head of the bay, all beacons are black and all left to port clear to the Municipal basin.

I confess it was with huge satisfaction that I stuck my light sounding pole overboard literally thousands of times, and saw registered 8 feet, 8 feet, instead of the bottom ramming the rod up in my face at 3 feet.

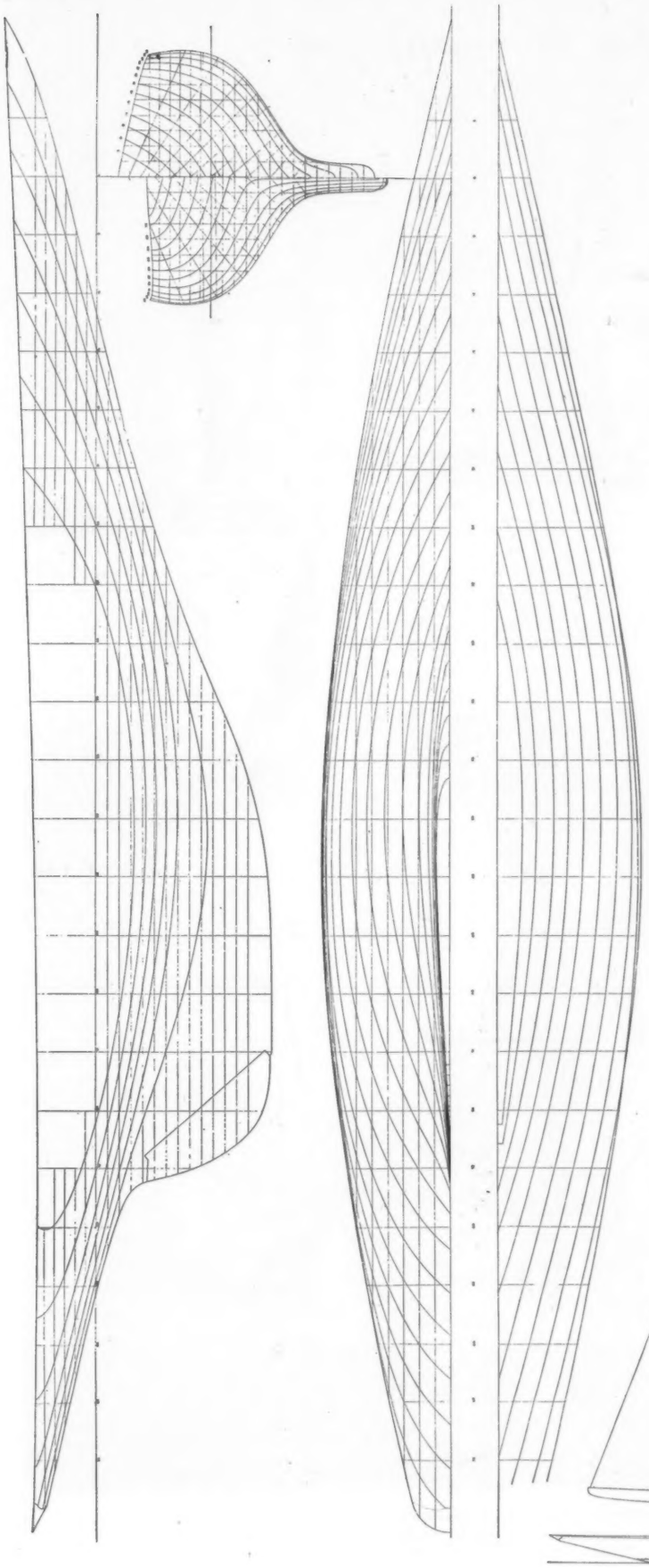
As an extra bit of information, the bar at the entrance to the Okechobee-Lake Worth canal, entering Lake Worth five miles south of Palm Beach, has been dredged to 4.5 feet depth and the entire distance to the lake has been cleared of water hyacinths so that it is possible to go to the interior by this route. The first barge drawing 4.5 feet passed through the lock the morning I left on my trip.

Now to hark back a little. I presume I have been over this

(*Continued on page 86*)



The dotted line shows the course of the waterway as it is at present. Taken from a map prepared by the U. S. Engineer Office, Jacksonville. The scale is about 28½ miles to the inch



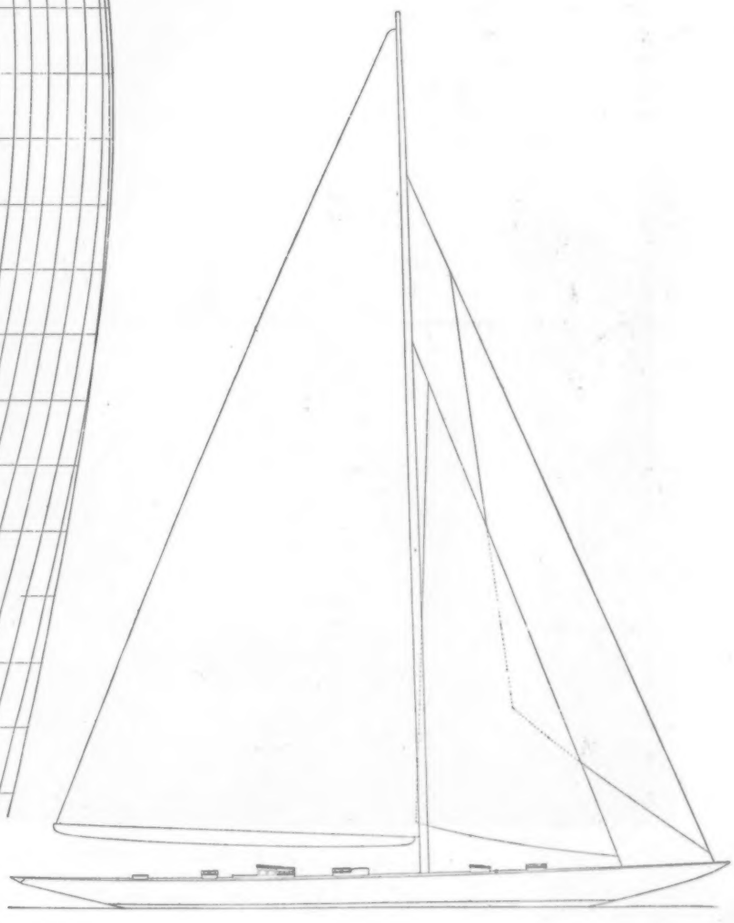
"Endeavour"

Fifteenth Challenger
for the
America's Cup
1934

Owned by T. O. M. Sopwith
Designed by Charles E. Nicholson
Built by Camper & Nicholsons,
Gosport, England

Approximate Dimensions

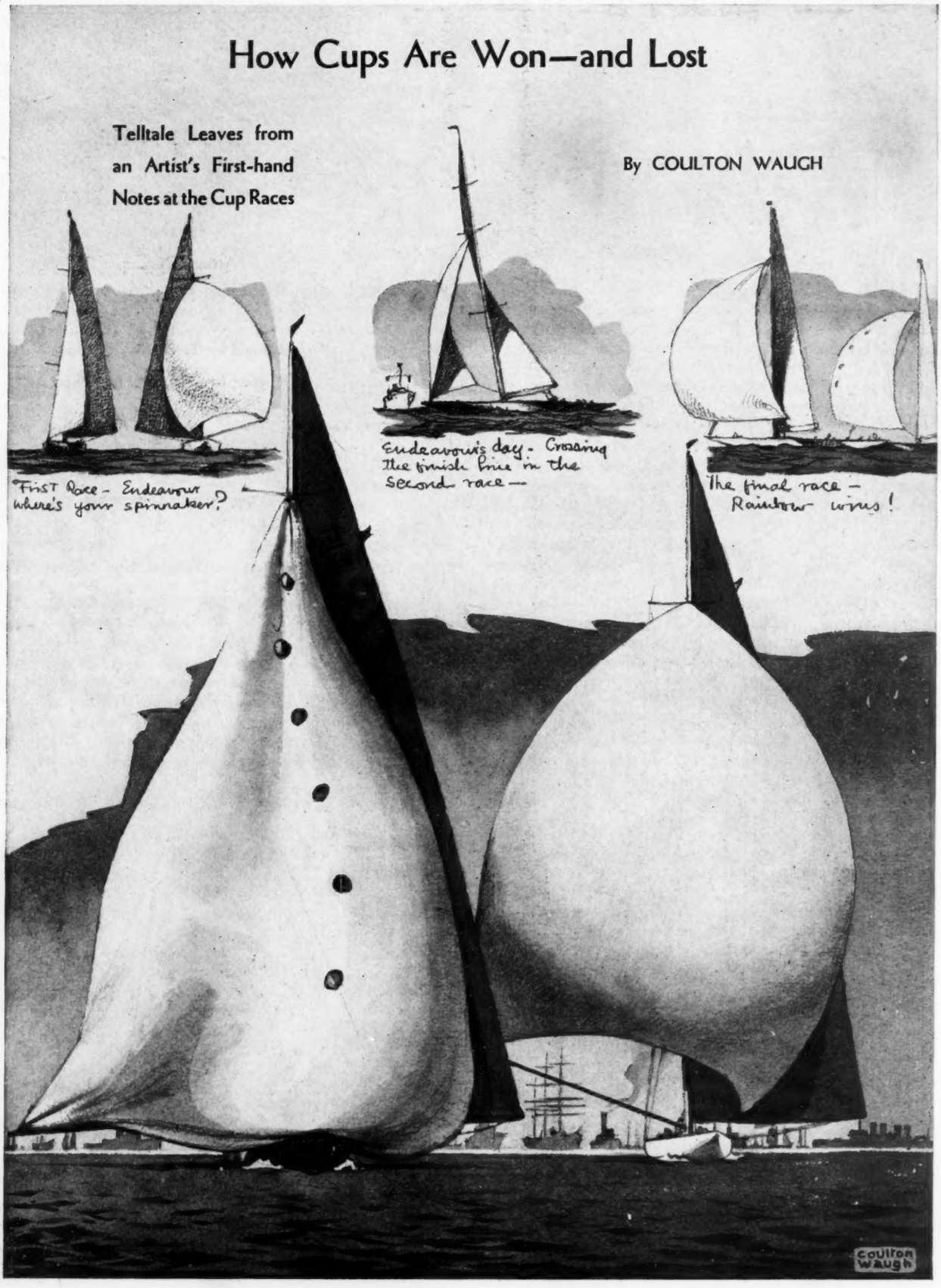
Length over all	*130 feet*
Length on l.w.l.	*83 feet*
Beam	*22 feet*
Displacement	*148 tons*



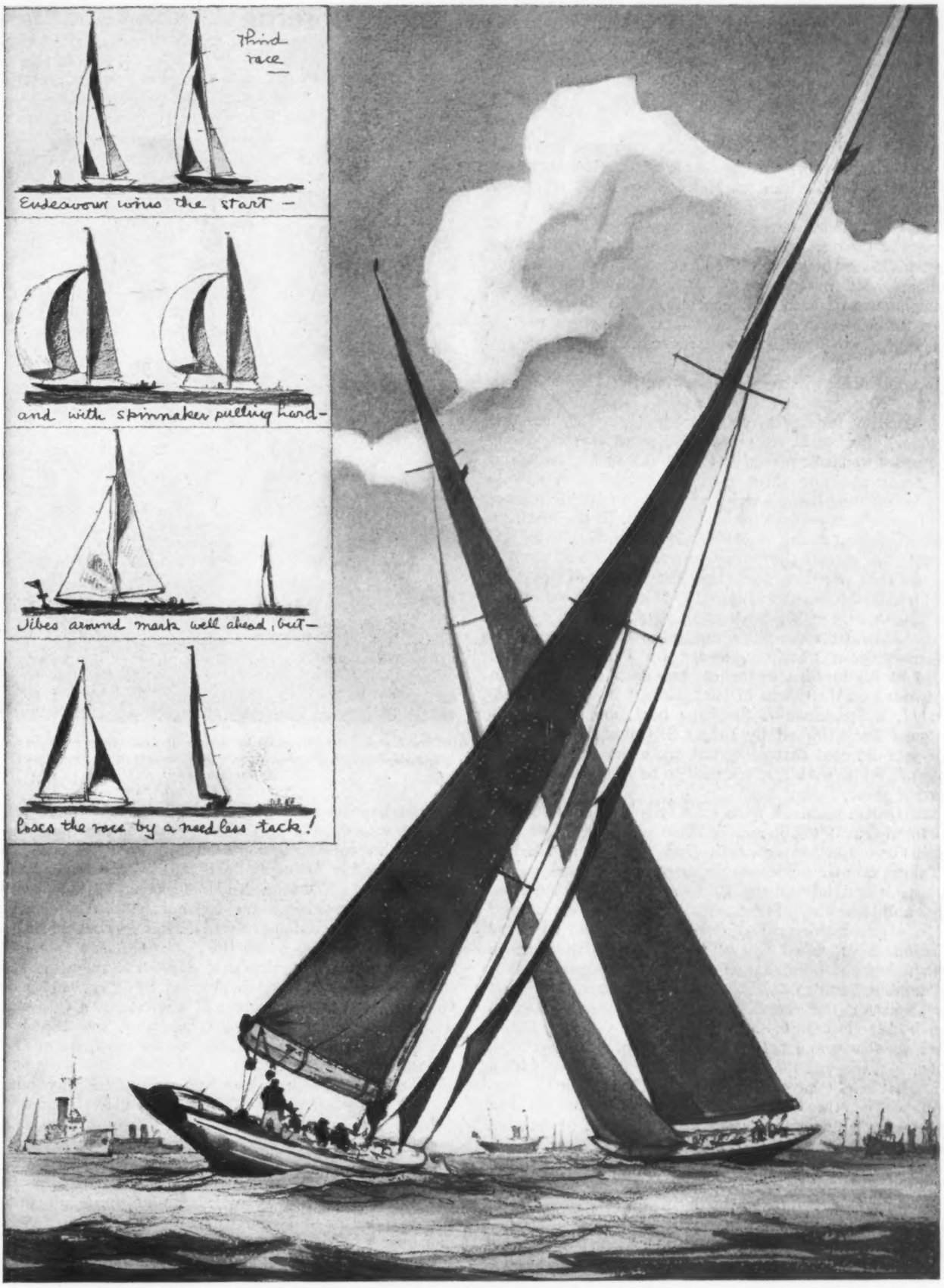
How Cups Are Won—and Lost

Telltale Leaves from an Artist's First-hand Notes at the Cup Races

By COULTON WAUGH


First Race - Endeavour where's your spinnaker?
Endeavour's day - Crossing the finish line in the second race —
The final race — Rainbow wins!
Coulton Waugh

An oft repeated scene, agonizing to "Endeavour's" well wishers — "Endeavour," ahead, unable to make her "Annie Oakley" fill properly


Third race
Endeavour wins the start —
and with spinnaker pulling hard —
Jibes around mark well ahead, but —
loses the race by a needless tack!

Where Sopwith lost the Cup. Leading in the final race, "Endeavour," still hanging on to her Genoa while "Rainbow" carries working headsails, lets the latter split tacks and go off by herself

American "Sixes" Still Supreme

By

EVERETT B. MORRIS

IF ANYTHING can be certain in the very uncertain sport of yachting, this much can be recorded as incontrovertible fact — American Six-Metres have it all over their British classmates.

The idea that we were definitely on our way in the development of these smart little racing machines began to take form in 1930 when the United States "Sixes" won four straight races from Great Britain's team in the British-American Cup match at Oyster Bay. It gained strength when the American quartet took another four in a row on the Solent two years later and retired the cup from circulation.

In September, in the week following the America's Cup series at Newport, the "Sixes" had it out again off Oyster Bay, this time for a new trophy — a handsome scale model, in silver, of a Six-Metre yacht. The result was the same. The series was sailed on a best three out of five basis and the Americans won three races in succession in a wide variety of conditions — light weather, moderate breezes and fresh winds, smooth water and rough. In the first race the Long Island Sound "Sixes" finished one, two, three and four. In the second they were one, two, four and five. In the last they were one, two, three and six. Out of a possible 78¾ points, the Americans scored 74¾ in the three contests. No British boat ever got above third place.

The American team was composed of one new boat, the Luders-designed *Challenge*, owned by Paul Shields and sailed by his brother, Cornelius; two units of the quartet that sailed on the Solent in 1932, Robert B. Meyer's *Bob-Kat II*, a Sparkman & Stephens boat, and the Crane-designed *Lucie*, owned by Briggs S. Cunningham; and a four-year-old boat that could not make the team in 1930, Clarence Smith's *Anis*, which used to be Billy Luders' light weather ghost, *Totem*.

The British team, all from the Clyde fleet of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, included one old boat, the snub-nosed *Vorsa*, and three new craft, *Kyla*, *Saskia II* and *Melita*.

Taking into consideration the exigencies of team racing, perhaps it is significant that *Bob-Kat* won two of the three races and *Anis* the other. *Challenge*, which showed herself to be a grand all-round performer, was second on every occasion. *Kyla*, sailed by William Russell with Kenneth Trimingham, of Bermuda, as chief sheet trimmer, was the outstanding Scottish boat. She had a fifth place in the first race, a sixth in the second (in which *Vorsa* was third) and a fourth in the last start. She appeared to be generally faster, more weatherly and better handled than her teammates. Then, too, she was the only boat in the fleet fitted with a bar. That might have had something to do with her performance. Whether the idea of fitting this accessory between her steering and forward cockpits was that of Mylne, her designer, or of Russell, her owner, does not matter. The fact remains that it was the one thing in which the Scottish craft were superior to our own.

Actually five starts were made in the series off Oyster Bay, but two races were not completed because of the absence of breeze. In the first one, the Americans had the edge when the race was called off before half the 12-mile windward and leeward course had been sailed. In the resail of this event, the Americans finished in the top four places in an easterly breeze that was ten knots at the start and half of that at the finish.

"Bob-Kat II" not only made the high score in the team races for the British-American Trophy, but won three straight in the contest for the Seawanhaka Cup

Anis, improved this year by added lead and a lower rig, went to windward like a witch on both the three-mile beats of the twice around course and led the procession throughout. The three other American boats finished in a bunch within a minute and a half of the leader. *Kyla*, the best of the Britons, was nearly two minutes astern of the last United States entry. *Vorsa*, the tail-ender, was ten minutes behind *Anis*.

The next race was by far the closest and most interesting of the series. Team tactics were stressed to the utmost and the big spectator fleet, shepherded by Navy and Coast Guard vessels in the manner of an America's Cup show, witnessed some keen sailing. The course was triangular, twice around, and the wind was a true southerly of about fourteen miles' strength.

Bob-Kat and *Challenge* paced the fleet all the way, but all manner of duels developed for the lesser places. *Vorsa*, well sailed by J. H. Hume, Jr., saved third place by less than a length from *Anis; Lucie* barely staved off *Kyla's* attempt to get through her on the last leg, and *Melita* and *Saskia* were seventh and eighth, respectively. *Melita* had been fifth once but threw that place away by luffing *Lucie* 'way out on the reaching leg in a vain attempt to let *Kyla* and *Saskia* move up.

There was only five minutes between the winner and the last boat and the impression grew that with another five-knot breeze the Scottish team would be dangerous indeed. This, however, proved to be a fallacy. After another abandoned race, due to a calm in which the Britishers outdrifted

the Americans surprisingly, the third race was sailed in a dripping wet southerly of well over twenty miles' velocity that kicked up a nasty jump of sea in Long Island Sound.

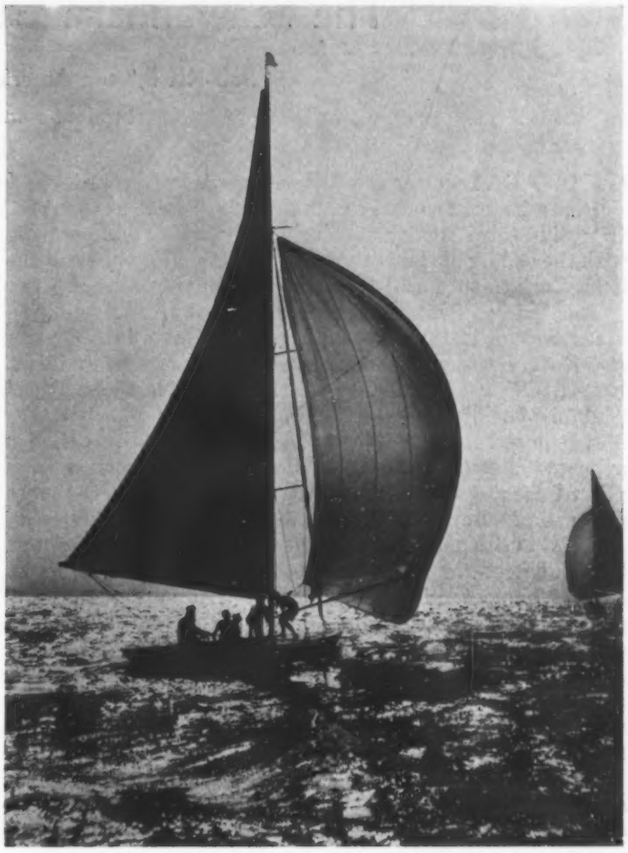
The course was three miles to leeward and return, twice around, and the down-wind start precipitated some fantastic and spectacular maneuvers. Booms and spinnaker poles alternately dipped into the seas and shot skyward. Avoiding unpremeditated jibes was something of a trick, a trick which not everyone was able to perform. Fortunately, though, no masts or spreaders were carried away and the boats were still intact, if somewhat shaken, by the time they completed the breakneck run to the first mark.

Bob-Kat, on which the sail handling evoked no end of superlatives from the watchers, flattened on the wind first. *Vorsa* and *Saskia* got to the mark before *Challenge* and *Lucie*, but got into difficulties from which they did not extricate themselves until the American boats had established themselves in second and third places. *Kyla* and *Melita* came next, and *Anis*, which had made a poor start and then gone all to pieces near the end of the run, was last.

In a breeze of wind and lop of sea, it was expected that the Scottish boats would begin to "walk," but only *Kyla* showed any disposition to do as well on the wind as the Americans. Consequently, at the end of the first round *Bob-Kat*, *Challenge* and *Lucie* were still leading, with *Kyla*, *Saskia*, *Vorsa*, *Melita* and *Anis* strung out astern. *Bob-Kat* had carried a small Genoa up-wind and *Challenge* and *Lucie* had done well with larger headsails.

The wind lightened to about 16 miles for the second round. No changes of importance took place, however. The leaders remained leaders, although *Kyla* might have caught *Lucie* had she not parted a jib halliard and then badly overstood the finish on the last leg. *Anis* passed *Melita*, which was carrying a reef, and *Vorsa*, and thus partially redeemed her earlier dismal showing. *Bob-Kat* sailed the first six miles in less than fifty minutes — marvelous speed for a Six-Metre — and covered the whole course in an hour and thirty-seven minutes. *Challenge* was a minute slower, *Lucie* more than two minutes astern and *Kyla* just under three minutes out of first place.

(Continued on page 87)



"Kyla," the best of the Scottish Six-Metre team that raced off Oyster Bay, was defeated by "Bob-Kat II" in the Seawanhaka Cup match races

Scottish and American Six-Metre yachts sailed an interesting series of races. Here are "Saskia II," "Anis" and "Kyla" leading the procession across the starting line

The Seawanhaka Cup Remains at Home

"Bob-Kat II," the American Defender, Takes Three Straight Races from "Kyla"

TWO DAYS after the British-American Cup series had run its brief course off Oyster Bay, Scottish-American Six-Metre rivalry was resumed in the same waters with the sailing of the twenty-second match for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club International Challenge Cup.

This oldest of international small boat trophies (it was first raced for in 1895) brought together Robert B. Meyer's *Bob-Kat II*, as the Seawanhaka defender, and William Russell's *Kyla*, as challenger for the Royal Northern Yacht Club on the Clyde.

It required six days to complete the match. For a time it appeared that the weather would win. The first two days proved nothing except that Long Island Sound is the most perverse of all our bodies of racing water. On the first day, *Bob-Kat* and *Kyla* used up three and a quarter of the four hours allotted for the race in covering half of the 12-mile course. The second day was so flat that no attempt was made even to start the yachts.

Thursday and Friday were blessed with fresh easterly breezes and, in going that could not have suited her better, *Bob-Kat* won each of these starts by a minute and thirteen seconds. Saturday saw another race succumbing to the time limit. But it is always a feast or a famine on the Sound. Sunday it blew 25 to 30 miles an hour from the northwest and the boats took a fearful dusting. *Kyla* suffered a number of minor mishaps and these contributed to the margin of 10 minutes 51 seconds by which *Bob-Kat* won.

That gave the defender the series with three straight victories and assured for another year at least the presence in the Seawanhaka trophy chest of the big silver vase J. Seward Johnson's *Jill* brought back from Scotland in 1932.

The committee that picked *Bob-Kat*, outstanding member of the United States team that had beaten the Scots three straight the week before for the British-American Cup, must have been clairvoyant. *Bob-Kat* has shown a tendency to do her best in heavy going. The days on which the completed races were sailed found breezes varying between fifteen and thirty miles an hour and as much sea as one ever finds in the Sound under ordinary circumstances.

Kyla obviously is a good boat, particularly to windward, but Meyer got better starts in the races that counted and his crew of Bob Reybine, Briggs Cunningham, Rod Stephens, Clarence Smith and Arthur Knapp (the latter subbing for Smith in the last race) did a perfect job of setting and trimming light sails. In each of his victories, Meyer got the jump on Russell and then retained his advantage the rest of the way.

As a matter of fact the first race was won and lost at the start. With less than a minute to go to the windward start of a six-mile windward and leeward race, to be sailed twice around, Meyer found himself almost dead under Russell's lee as they headed for the buoy end of the line. Meyer was having none of this, so he hardened up and carried the Scot to windward of the mark and held on even after the gun had gone.

At just the right time, Meyer bore off, crossed the line in the proper direction and then came up under Russell again so quickly that *Kyla* had to sail away from the line once more. *Bob-Kat* carried *Kyla* up wind for nearly a minute before the Scot tacked, slacked sheets and ran back to the line. By the time he got sheeted down on the wind, Russell was a good eighth of a mile to leeward of the defender.

Kyla outsailed *Bob-Kat* on both of the three-mile climbs up the breeze in a nasty slop of sea, but was unable to overcome the defender's superior work to leeward and the handicap imposed by Meyer's grand demonstration of the desirability — sometimes — of the "safe leeward position." *Bob-Kat's* elapsed time for the twelve miles was 2:10:27 and *Kyla's* 2:11:40.

The second race was sailed in somewhat more boisterous conditions, but *Kyla* carried a good-sized Genoa jib while *Bob-Kat's* was of intermediate proportions. *Kyla* was a bit early for the start and *Bob-Kat* was on her weather quarter at the gun. They had a close race all the way up wind with *Bob-Kat* pointing higher and footing nearly as fast as *Kyla*, whose head seemed to be pulled off somewhat by the larger Genoa.

At the weather mark *Bob-Kat* was only 14 seconds ahead and on the spinnaker run to the second mark there seemed to be no material change. It looked as though this were going to be a bang up race, but at the lee mark *Kyla* doused her kite and set a Genoa jib for the reach back to the starting point. *Bob-Kat's* agile crew jibbed their big spinnaker over standing, boomed it out to port and pulled away from the challenger until at the end of the first triangle she had a 52-second lead. That was that.

Bob-Kat set a large Genoa for the second beat. It appeared to set better than *Kyla's* and she added a few seconds to her lead and went on to improve it slightly on the next two legs, winning again by a minute and thirteen seconds. The elapsed times were *Bob-Kat*, 1:55:57; *Kyla*, 1:57:10.

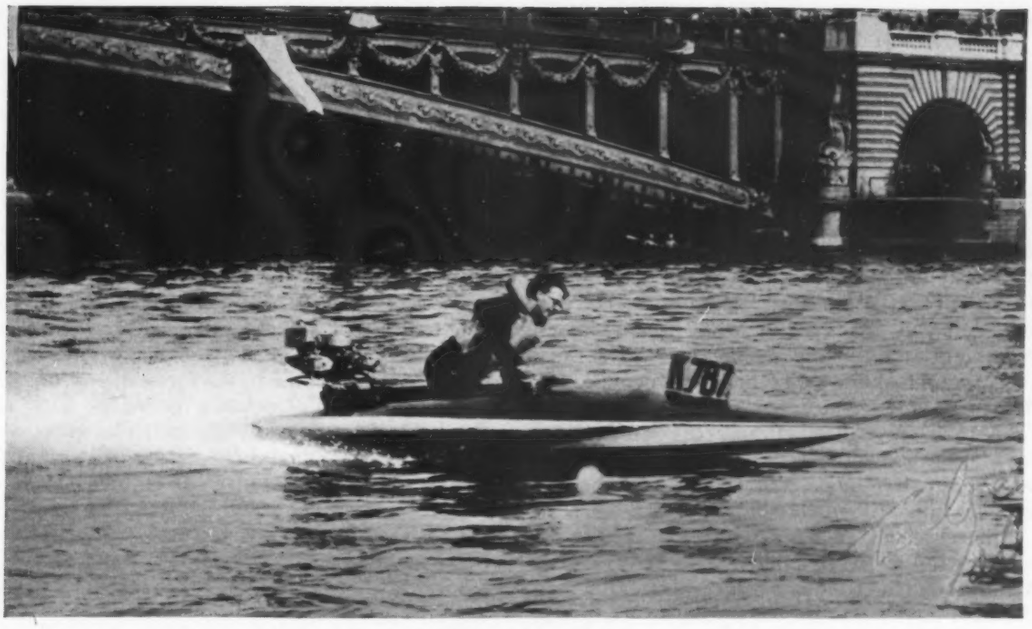
Even under reefed mainsails and small jibs, the boats had their lee rails buried and the weather sides of their keels nearly level with the tumbling water during their windward work in the last race. This, too, might have been close had it not been for a series of misfortunes to the challenger.

Bob-Kat again had the edge of the start. *Kyla* drove off hard while *Bob-Kat* ate up into the hard puffs as they stood on a long board along the Long Island shore. *Kyla* appeared to be going well and when she came about might have been able to cross *Bob-Kat*. But apparently something went awry with the Scot's gear because Russell had to flop her back onto the starboard tack. By this time *Bob-Kat* had drawn up nearly abeam and from then all the way out to the mark, *Bob-Kat* was on top.

Here *Kyla* got another bad break. A sudden shift in the breeze nearly put her onto the mark. Russell had to take an extra hitch to get around and meanwhile *Bob-Kat* had gone roaring down wind. A jib was necessary halfway to the lee mark. *Bob-Kat* executed it neatly. *Kyla's* spinnaker halliard became foul aloft and, in attempting to clear it, the crew somehow got the kite caught on a spreader and it ripped in half, streaming out to leeward from the masthead like a bedsheet.

Eventually it was necessary for Russell to come up into the wind and cut the spinnaker away. By the time everything was straightened out, *Bob-Kat* was nine minutes ahead and at the finish the margin was 10:51. The elapsed times were: *Bob-Kat*, 2:16:12; *Kyla*, 2:27:03.

Thus ended another straight-race victory for an American Six-Metre, swelling to seventeen the number of consecutive races the British Sixes have lost to Long Island Sound boats since 1930.



Lord Forbes, one of Great Britain's outboard racing drivers, is working for an international regatta at Detroit next year

Motor Boat Happenings—Past, Present and Future

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, JR.

YOU KNOW, it has been my belief for a long time that any international trophy which stays in one country more than a few years produces a tiresome situation. For this reason, the details of which I could expand to 10,000 or 12,000 words, I have been exceedingly anxious to see both the Harmsworth Trophy and the America's Cup go abroad, so we could organize expeditionary forces to recover them.

When T. O. M. Sopwith came over here this year, with his amazing background as one of our earliest mail flyers and twice winner of the Harmsworth Trophy, a dream began to form in my mind whereby Mr. Sopwith might become the outstanding marine sporting hero of the age. All he had to do to gain this lofty pinnacle was to take the America's Cup away from Mr. Vanderbilt and then return with a *Miss England IV* next August and take the Harmsworth away from Gar Wood. That's all. A simple enough thing to put on paper.

Well, the dream is shattered in two distinct pieces. Mr. Vanderbilt saw to it that the Hundred Guinea Cup will linger a bit longer on our shores. At the luncheon given by the S.A.E. and the A.P.B.A. to Mr. Sopwith, I managed to get him in a corner with Commodore Gar Wood who invited him to come over and give us a real battle for the Harmsworth. I said:

"Mr. Sopwith, in the back of your mind is there any intention of ever again taking part in a Harmsworth race?"

"Absolutely none," he replied. "I have enough trouble on my hands now."

So that's that. Incidentally, regardless of what he may think of the sportsmanship of our sailing fellows, Mr. Sopwith was loud in his praise of those in this country who conduct motor boat and airplane races. He said his experiences with them had been extremely happy and he had found them coöperative and chock full of sportsmanship.

Some day I hope to see a Harmsworth race with at least one of the boats representing Italy. Count Rossi has a new boat which may qualify in this direction and Premier Mussolini is known to have this matter in a niche in his mind. Here's a thought that may prove interesting. Gar Wood, as you know, is training his son Gar, Jr., to follow in his footsteps as a motor boat racer. Young Gar, under the expert tutelage of Gar, Senior, Orlin Johnson, the wizard manipulator of the *Misses America's* engines, and Tommy Estlick, outstanding outboard professional, has had a splendid first season. And now, just the other day, Vittorio Mussolini, young son of the Duce, took part in his first outboard race and made a speed of 32 miles an hour in class A, although not winning the race. Who can tell? Eight or ten years from now we may see a Harmsworth race between these two. Wouldn't that be somethin'?

Rossi's boat is a 1500 horse power hydroplane of typical dashing Italian lines, light weight, with 12 cylinders from the 24-cylinder Fiat Aero engine which won the Schneider Seaplane Race and set a new world's record for Italy. When the Count gets the bugs worked out of her she should be very fast, maybe up around 125 miles an hour. In the meantime, however, in the racing at Venice she could not get going and Hubert Scott-Paine went out and did 110.1 statute miles an hour with *Miss Britain III* — 1375 hp. That record rates an exclamation point! Now, with those two foreign boats and a rumored new and lighter craft for Gar Wood containing only two of his four motors from *Miss America X*, but greatly increased in power, apparently we already have the makings for a swell Harmsworth race next year.

In fact, there is a distinct international plot to hold a big international regatta at Detroit next Labor Day week-end. Gar Wood has been elected by the Y.A.A. as the American delegate to the November meeting of the International Motor Yachting Union, with George Townsend, president at this writing of the A.P.B.A., as technical advisor. Lord

(Continued on page 90)

Little Creeks and Mangrove Trees

By

CHARLES RAWLINGS

I DECIDED that I would have to do something about big wind myself. I *had* to know about it. I was trying to write about water that knows it: the lower Gulf, the Florida Straits, the Yucatan Channel. No one can tell you about a hurricane. I had wasted time finding that out. Days were thrown away looking through newspaper files for some buried personal experience that might have a fresh note. The thousands of words depicting the '26 and '28 hurricanes in Florida told of bricks in the air, vessels in "mountainous seas," buildings collapsing, dead bodies. But there was nothing about the hurricane itself. "Old Whee-e-e-e," himself, The Presence, the champion — his sound and his fury no one had caught. They had watched him coming and they picked up the pieces after he had passed, but no one I have ever read, save possibly Conrad in "Typhoon," has studied him while he was on the premises. I decided I would go down where he howls and try to look at him. He treated me, as he should have, with contempt and showed me his departing back. I missed him, but I had a swell cruise trying.

Tom Annadown is the last of the lower Gulf Coast traders. He hails from Tarpon Springs on the West Florida Coast. He is quiet, slim, brown, with a brush-cut head of prematurely graying hair and a barrister's moustache. He might be a 40-year-old Y. M. C. A. secretary or a school teacher, to look at him, but instead he is a voyager and a rover. Every swash channel from New Orleans to Dry Tortugas knows him and his *Ina*.

The *Ina* is a six-ton schooner. She is a plump, apple-cheeked, roly-poly old lady. If she were a woman she would be a cookie baker. She's kind and jolly and clean and easy going. But, like Tom, her appearance is misleading. Boat and man, they have weathered four Gulf hurricanes together.

Tom and the *Ina*, I heard early in August, were bound south, into the Islands and the Keys. Tom listened to me as I asked for a berth.

"We're liable to have wind trouble," he said. "Either too much or not enough."

Wind? I explained my attitude on wind. He looked at me steadily after I had finished.

"You might be crazy," he finally said.

He paused and looked at me again. "If we did get it, it wouldn't be what you think it is. Nine times out of ten it is the jibboom up in the mangroves in some little creek. Working lines all night in the rain. I don't want any of it. If you talked like that in Key West you might get us into trouble. I never heard of anyone wanting to get into a hurricane before."

He looked off into space, then back at me.

"You will take what we get? Light southeast for a month? Mosquitos in the Islands? This is no yacht, you know. She's a trader. She's got to 'load or die.' I was going single-handed. I like to talk — a little."

We went. It was too early for cocoanuts or sugar cane, so we put her out the channel with an empty hold to pick up a cargo of Bahama sea shells, the sort of things they sell in curio stores. The shells were our *pièce de résistance*. Anything else that came to hand we would take.

Soft southeast was, as Tom had predicted, our weather. It was also very nearly our course as we went luffing down the coast. Our progress was ridiculously slow. It did not matter. The squalls, the eternal procession of summer squalls, swooped down on us like schoolboy bullies. We watched them come with mixed emotions. They meant the death of the breeze, but they cooled the air and our decks. The temptation was strong, as Fenger says, just to "go up and smell them," but Tom looked at me as if I had proposed a sin. Down we came to the foresail, and smartly too, as the first faint breath of new air moved in. That foresail was a dandy. It was about as big as a plump woman's brassiere and as heavy as a board. There was a fine security in glancing from a squall bank as black as Satan's coat to the solidness of that foresail. The wind, bully fashion, howled in to try us. The *Ina* shrugged her quarter in contempt. The rain was a leaden hissing curtain. There was a lightening of the sky to windward. The sun broke through. The squall became a back-drop astern. Ahead was the hot, sunlit sea, tossing in a swell that soon would die.

Finally we reached Key West and were in hurricane water at last. Hurricane talk was in the air. The Weather Bureau's chart depicted a storm center just west of Grand Cayman, another over Grenada and another off the chart to the southeastward in 18 N. 50 W. Tom decided to strip the *Ina* to her foresail and stow the canvas below. There were squalls making to the southward and once they began there would be no chance for days to dry sails. Our glass dropped slowly. We were feeling the nearest center, the one over Cayman. It came hourly nearer and we prepared to move to Mangrove Key, an atoll that affords good shelter for shallow draft vessels. Tom watched the wind and decided it was trying to shift from southeast to south and that the storm was working westward and would clear through the Yucatan Channel. He proved to be correct.

Two weeks later, we put out for Miami inside the Keys. The breeze, so fickle on the trip south, decided to be true and strong. It was still southerly, but it had a little heft to it. We sighted Cape Sable again and moored off East Cape. That night, Tom said it looked to him as if a nor'easter he had been promising me for weeks was about to pipe up. He had looked every day on the trip south for some sign of it. August and September weather in the Eastern Gulf of Mexico and the Florida Straits, he explained, is mostly light, baffling southeasterly. There are two exceptions; a hurricane or a fair nor'easter. I wanted the hurricane. Tom still could not understand that.

"That's crazy talk," he insisted. "It's like a man saying he wants to get hit by a truck or wants to catch typhoid fever. If we get one I'll take it and we'll weather it out some place, but I never heard of a man wanting one before and feeling bad because he didn't get it. Now, take a nice nor'easter —."

The next morning he nodded and smiled. There never was such a morning. It sparkled like a gem. The air was tanged like a Martini. The sky was a cobalt dome, embellished with fleecy Gulf Stream clouds. And, cool and true, there was the nor'easter, coming in over the bow. We put the canvas on her and let her walk out across the bar. I'll never forget that morning. It was one of the best sails of my life. The old lady enjoyed it so. She put her chunky rail down and clucked to herself. She flirted — there is no other word — her wake behind her. She would slap into a steep one, snort, and go right ahead. I had an aunt who was like her once. She was a

rosy, pert old lady with white hair and a cute, chunky counter and a bluff round bow, just like the *Ina*. When she got in a kitchen, a little behind time, with plenty of good victuals and hungry men waiting, things happened. That's just the impression the *Ina* gave.

"Work to be done, children," she seemed to say. "Don't bother me. Don't hinder me. I'm busy."

Away she took us down the bay. The breeze was about twenty-five miles, warm and vigorous. The water changed from deep green to robin's egg blue as we neared the shoals. Little keys, some of them no bigger than a tennis court, were all about us. They were sage green against the light blue water and their mangrove leaves scintillated like spangles in the sun. The shoals appeared ahead. They were dark brown, sinister streaks in the blue. We picked our channels and sailed through at a good six knots. Cowfoot Shoals, Schooner Shoals, East Horseneck Shoals, we soon had them astern. It was clear water to Lignum-Vitae Key, fifteen miles ahead.

C. J. Lewis

Where the palms that border the Florida East Coast face the northeast trades

"This is the funniest nor'easter I ever saw," Tom said, "it blows right, it feels right, but it won't put up the glass. It puts down the glass."

We had gone to bed the night before with a 30.00 glass. At ten o'clock that morning it was down to 29.95. I looked at it at eleven o'clock; it was down to 29.93. We discovered a tear in the jib. It was down near the clew and could not go any farther, so we let her drive, deciding to anchor under the lee of Lignum-Vitae and patch it. Tom didn't say any more. Finally, when he had the jib over his knees on the foredeck, "This is the funniest nor'easter I ever saw," he said. "It puts down the glass. That can only mean two things. A storm some place to the south'ard, or this nor'easter is not going to amount to much and will go into the southeast and rain. It looks now as if he amounted to something."

He sewed for twenty minutes silently.

"It's a storm to the southeastward," he finally said.

We sat there and picked out our possible places of refuge. The conchs have a saying. "God," they say, "made the little creeks and the mangrove trees for the little vessels." We sat there and counted over the little creeks we could get to. There was the pass at Matecumbe. There was Snake Creek at the southern end of Plantation Key. The Matecumbe pass was astern. Snake Creek was six miles ahead.

"I don't like them," Tom said. "They are both direct channels from outside. If there's a big tide, the current will be piling through those cuts to take the paint off. Matecumbe Key was almost awash in the '26 blow."

He stood up and looked astern. Then he looked at the sky. He shaded his eyes and looked at the sun.

"Sun dog as big as a house up there," he said.

I looked and there it was. An ugly, smoky smear shaped like a quarter circle about the lower limb of the sun.

"Come on," Tom said, "we'll slam her through to Tavernier."

Tavernier is a creek. It is the northern boundary of Plantation Key. It is also a pass through the keys to the Gulf Stream, but it is a winding stream with nooks and coves that a small vessel can tuck into. Just south of it is a cut — Mangrove Cut, it is called. It lay dead to windward.

It was blowing harder every minute. We single-reefed the main, gave her the repaired jib and started at it. It was all we wanted. The little schooner was brave. She slammed into the short, steep seas. They bothered her. With two hours of daylight left and more than that to go, we started the engine. It was a ten-horse Vulcan, ancient, but valiant. The sun went down a sickly yellow. The whole west was jaundiced. Overhead were the long, trailing plumes of cirrus clouds. They looked like giant feathers. They all led back to a central focus in the southeast. Tom waved his arm at them.

"She's there all right," he yelled. "It may be you will get your crazy wish. It just depends on how it is moving."

The moon came up. It wore a ring as bright as paint. The northeast clouds were scudding

through it like yachts finishing a cruising race. Astern, far off and low on the horizon, was a silver-gray bank. It was domed, and the cirrus feathers, if one traced carefully, stuck into its center like quill pens in a holder. That was the storm. It bore south-southeast. Our wind was still true northeast. It had not varied a quarter point all day.

"That means the storm is holding a true course right for Florida," Tom yelled in my ear.

The last of that ride was wild. We were in shallow water. All Florida Bay is shoal. The seas were short and breaking all about us. The currents were reaching the bottom and the water was yellow with mud and sand. The moon was cloaked in a wafer-thin pallium of cloud. It was an unhealthy, bilious moon, but its light shone brightly on the mad water. The lower cumulus clouds were flying across the sky. Their shadows raced down from windward, shrouded us in darkness, and then sped away.

We sighted the cut. When Flagler moved his equipment down from the north to build the railroad to Key West, everything that could float came on its own bottom. The big dredges led the way. When they came to a shoal, they went to work and cut a channel. They took the shortest path and cut out a straight, narrow fairway. These cuts have since been marked by stakes and are maintained as part of the inside waterway. Mangroves have grown on the piled-up bottom on either side. Mangrove Cut is a perfect example. Fifty feet is about the average width, and it is about three hundred yards long.

We brought down the first of the stakes. Tom motioned me to take the wheel. He studied the stakes through the glasses. At last he came aft.

"Something has happened to those stakes since I was through here last," he said. "I'm afraid to chance it. We will have to ride here to a hook all night and wait for daylight."

He looked at the barometer and came up shaking his head.

"It's getting that way," he said. "I like to be where I am going to stay when the glass gets to 29.80, and I know one of these things is coming, but we can't chance grounding tonight. We'll let go both hooks."

In the cabin we talked it over. Or rather Tom talked and I listened. He guessed the storm to be about the Caymans, traveling north or a trifle west of north. Conditions would remain about as they were for a time and then we would get squalls with rain. He expected the squalls tomorrow morning. We looked at the chart. The cut lay a trifle south of west and north of east. Tavernier was about a mile the other side of it. Once we were through, we would be under the lee of Plantation Key.

"There is going to be fun getting into that cut in the morning," he said. "Look how it lays! The wind will be blowing across the mouth of it and there will be a current pushing us off. We may wish we had more than ten horse power before we are in that place."

We went on deck. The *Ina* was riding nicely to her two hooks. The mangrove islands along the banks of the cut were low black smears. The two entrance stakes were wet with spray and shining in the moonlight. The little steep seas were rushing past.

"That's a big ring up there," Tom said. "It's too big, almost. That storm should be way off by the size of that ring, but the glass doesn't say so, and this is plenty of wind."

He looked at me and smiled.

"Well, here we are," he said. "How do you like it?"

I told him I wished for his sake we were in Tavernier, but I liked it, all right.

"You can't tell," he said. "This may be all we will get. If that storm swings to the westward, we may not even lose any time. Anyway, this is just as good for you. This is *it*. This is how they come. They're all alike."

We went below to sleep. Tom, like a good sailor, was off immediately, but I could not close my eyes.

At last I was in The Presence. I had thought about it for a long time. The wind was whining through the rigging up on deck. The *Ina* was pitching easily, quietly. The moonlight and the shuttling shadows sped across the foot of my bunk. We were cosy enough. And to the southward, a few hundred miles away, it was roaring. It might be tearing one of the Caymans apart that very minute. And it was moving toward us. You could sense it off there. It was not all imagination. The air was different. This was not any nor'easter I had ever felt before. There was a nervousness everywhere.

"'Ina' was a plump, apple-cheeked, roly-poly old lady"

It was in the wind, the clouds, the moon, in me. It was even in Tom, asleep. I could hear him muttering softly.

Dawn broke, gray and dirty. Just at sun-up we got a squall. It was a dandy. The wind was about fifty miles an hour and the rain like bullets. We huddled in the companionway and waited for it to break. It left as rapidly as it had begun. The wind dropped down to about thirty-five. It was still northeast. The squall had come from the northeast.

Getting the two hooks made us sweat. It was still warm, sultry. I broke the last one as Tom started the motor. There was no room for sails, we had to do it with the motor alone. As I broke out the hook, I could feel the *Ina* swinging off as the breeze caught her. Tom put the wheel hard down and she started to come. Lord, how slowly she came! In the puffs all she could do was hold even. At last we were in the wind again and starting to climb to windward of that cut. We got as far as we could go under the lee of Plantation Key and then ran along the beach for a way and put her about. She came down like a race horse, the wind and the sea and motor pushing her. Tom swung her for the cut. A gust caught her and she missed. She slid beam to toward the first stake and we just missed ramming it. The set of current boiling out of that cut was something.

We came about again. The old lady humped down to it, the motor shaking her. She just made it again. A squall, the second one of the morning, hit us as we were climbing up wind. We stood in one place for five minutes with the motor

wide open. This time we made the lee of the key. Tom ran along the beach for two hundred yards. He was looking for a swash channel that might take us, with our shallow draft, around the shoal. He thought he could see it, but when I sensed, rather than felt her stop, and looked astern, the wake was white with bottom and Tom was grinning and shaking his head. The wind blew us off and we came about and bowled down on the mouth of the cut again. This time Tom tried to come straight across the opening and use some of the momentum to shoot her into the channel as he swung her. We were almost ready to swing when her stem hit mud. Her stern held, pulled off the bow, and we had missed again.

We tried again, and again and again. It was maddening. The wind and current were relentless. I felt enraged, then incredulous, then helpless. There was that cut. We could spit in it. I could have swum into it, but we couldn't get the very necessary schooner into it. The puffs and squall seemed directed by some sinister force that held off and swelled our hopes until the fatal moment. Then the elements, chortling in glee, at just the critical second ruined us. I bared my teeth and cursed the sky. Tom laughed. I couldn't hear him, but he slapped his thigh. The current seemed a despicable personality. Our bow would be cutting the first of the channel. The squall would stop us. The current would take us, like a small boy, by the ear and lead us to the gate and kick us smartly in the stern.

As I say, five times we tried it. Tom motioned me to let one of the hooks go. He looked worried. We looked over the chart again. There were the same places. There were no new ones. Islands, keys; plenty of them. We could drop down wind and find a lee in a dozen places.

"But look!" Tom pointed to each one in turn. "Every one of these islands has a long shoal running out in some direction. All right, we go down there and get a lee. If this is a real hurricane we'll get a lull, then a 180° shift. Then where are you with your lee? You can't get around because of the shoal. You are on a lee shore instead of under a lee. And maybe you wouldn't go up on that beach with a 150-mile wind. This schooner would be up in the trees like an eagle's nest in no time at all. We don't dare chance it."

He folded up the chart and put it in the case.

"Nope," he said, "we are going in that cut. And when we get there we are going to stay there. We'll never make Tavernier. We'll put lines around those mangroves and stay in that cut. Come on. This schooner has too much windage. Let's take off the jibs."

He led the way. I could see it was the thing to do, but I would never have thought of it. We unlaced the furled jibs and put them below. That left her lean and bare up forward. I stood by the anchor line and got the hook aboard. Tom swung her up.

"She feels better," he yelled in my ear. "She's handling better. We'll wait for that squall." He pointed to a black cloud about fifteen degrees above the horizon to windward, "and when it clears we'll go in that place."

He gripped my arm and nodded at me. The squall broke. It was a stinger. There were moments when I could not see ten feet through the driving rain. The drops stung like bird shot. You couldn't open your eyes to windward. Tom swung her down wind. We flew along. He brought her up. A gust caught her. He pulled her back. She came this time. Slowly, like a dying man crawling home, she entered the first of the cut. Her bow was in up to the foremast. There was no lee for the first hundred feet. Just two mud flats with tiny mangroves about a foot high sparsely scattered. She was in to the mainmast.

"Which way is she moving?" Tom screamed.

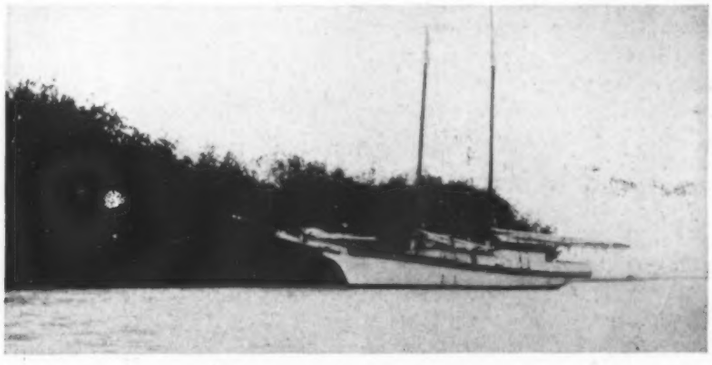
I couldn't tell him. She seemed to be slipping stern-to on the current. I sighted a little mangrove along the cabin trunk. Slowly, so slowly it took ten seconds to be sure, the mangrove moved astern.

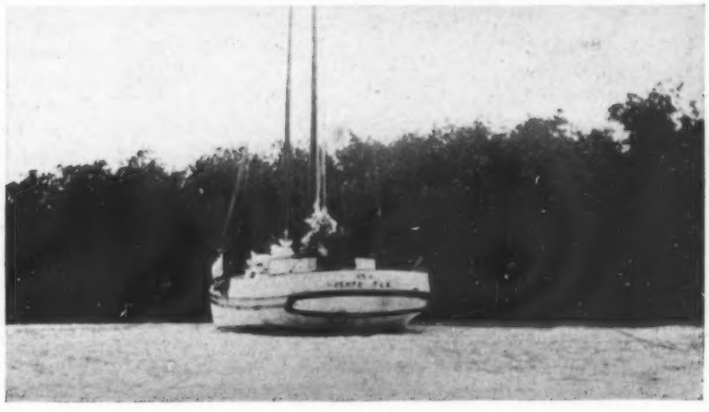
"Ahead! She's making it!" I yelled. "Sock her to it!"

The *Ina* lay across the channel at a forty-five degree angle with the wheel hard down. The current pushed a foot-high wave on her port bow. The wake was streaming astern with the

(Continued on page 88)

Tom Annadown, the "Ina's" skipper, sailed entirely without clothes





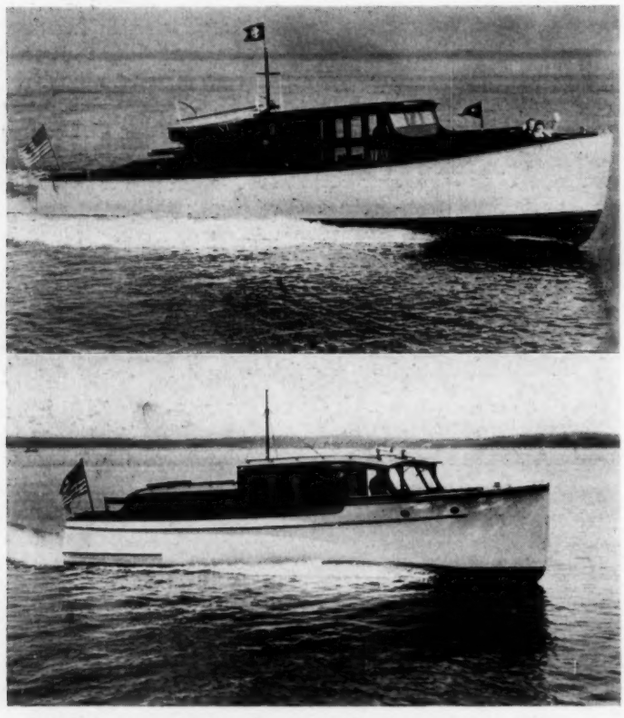
"Ina" in the mangrove cut, with lines carried ashore

"Ankle Deep" won the Gold Cup in 1913. Her two Sterlings, working through gear boxes, drove her 44.5 m.p.h.

Angle and Vee Drives

By GEORGE F. CROUCH

ALTHOUGH novel and interesting departures from conventional hull and engine design make interesting reading in the publicity and advertising of the companies backing the novelties, nevertheless every invention must prove its value in the hands of many owners before it is accepted by disinterested engineers and the public at large. Angle and vee drives, as far as the basic principle is concerned, are far from a new idea. Twenty-three years ago dozens of high speed racing boats were using drives of this character, for the advantages of such a drive were as clearly understood at that time as they are today. And the disadvantages of such a drive were apparent to anyone who had anything to do with them at that time. Only within the past five years has the angle or vee drive been brought to such a state of perfection and been so thoroughly tested that it can be accepted without hesitation by engineers and by the boating public as one of the great advances made during the last decade in the design of small motor driven craft up to 50 feet in length, regardless of type or speed.



"Bunkie" has two Sterling Petrels with Sterling angle drives. "Lorelei" (at bottom) is driven by a Gray Eight with Gray vee drive

We are indebted to the automobile industry for developing the technique of cutting gears so accurately and with such mathematical exactness that the gears are truly silent. The gears of twenty years ago were usually of the straight type — a modification of spur gears — and, although fairly efficient in the transmission of power from the motor shaft to the propeller shaft, they were very noisy.

When we say that the gear boxes of today as used in angle and vee drives are quiet, we mean that a passenger in a runabout or cruiser using such a drive is absolutely unaware that such a device is in use. As mentioned above, a great part of this must be credited to the advance in the art of cutting accurate gears. The remainder is due to improvements in the mountings of the gears, making the gear shafts very rigid, the gear bodies themselves of a non-resonant form, and the housings of such form and material that the slightest gear sounds are silenced rather than amplified, as was the case in some of the older models. Gear steels have been developed so that wear is almost inappreciable and a gear is silent, not only when it is new but during its entire life.

About six or seven years ago, when the outboard racing boat began to show remarkable speeds, many motor boat owners and builders searched for the reason for such high speeds. Unquestionably, part of the success of these boats can be attributed to carrying the motor and the motor weight on the transom, leaving the driver free to move forward or aft to that point which gives the best balance to the craft as a whole. This is possible with the outboard because the weight of the driver is a comparatively large item in the total. Designers and builders of inboard runabouts felt that if they could carry the motor weight further aft, with the crew and passengers centered about the middle of the boat, there would be some gain in speed because of the location of the important weights made possible by such an arrangement — and they were quite right. There is a pos-

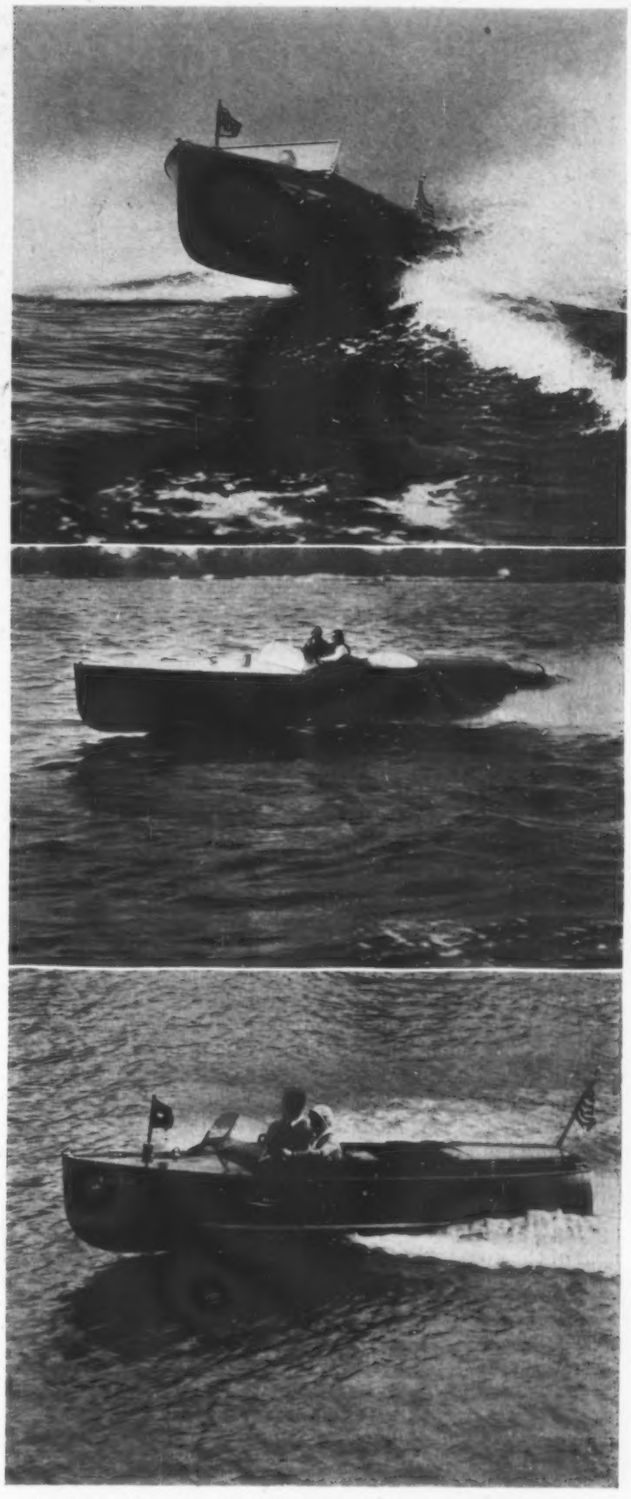
sibility of greater speed when the center of the whole boat is well aft.

This demand for speed on the part of the boat builders led to the development of the first stock vee drive by the Gray Motor Company. Mention should be made, however, of the fact that Gar Wood had been building as a stock model for the previous six or seven years, a 33-foot runabout powered with a Liberty engine which was placed aft, using an angle drive. His drive was really a built-to-order job and could scarcely be called a production proposition for the public at large. The Gray vee drive, which is shown in section in the accompanying sketch, was very different from anything previously used for marine work. The motor shaft is at a vertical angle of 16° to the propeller shaft and is offset 4¼″ to one side of the propeller shaft. In other words, the two shafts do not intersect. The gears, therefore, are not bevel gears but are a form of "skew" or "hypoid" gear, a form which has always been regarded as possessing to a high degree the essential quality of silence. Particularly is it a good form as far as remaining silent after years of use. Another unusual feature of this drive is the manner in which the gears are mounted on very heavy shafts carried on extra large ball bearings, with the gears overhanging the bearing. This construction makes it possible to remove the housing over the gears and yet see exactly how the gears mesh, the one with the other. The housing around the gears is water-cooled and contains an ample oil supply. The Gray vee drive is built to carry up to 200 horse power at 3000 r.p.m.

Another drive, which has had the test of service in the hands of users and has proven to be all that its builders have claimed for it, is the Sterling angle drive. As will be seen from the sketch which shows the outside of this drive, it is a very compact device with a 12° angle between the motor and propeller shafts. Both shafts are on the center line. In the Sterling angle drive the gears, with helical teeth of a special arc form, are mounted between the bearings instead of overhanging the bearings, as shown in the drive previously discussed. This arrangement materially reduces the load on the bearings and on the shafts carrying the gears. Due to the peculiar form of tooth employed, about 2½ teeth are in contact and carry the load at all times, the contact being a progressive one along each tooth as the gears turn. The lubrication of this gear is positive. A self-contained pump forces a jet of oil into the meshing point of the gear teeth. The housing is of cast iron, a material also used in the Gray vee drive housing. Cast iron is heavier than some of the light alloys but is extremely rigid, non-resonant, and will hold the ball bearings properly without allowing them to hammer or loosen up under the load as some softer alloys are prone to do.

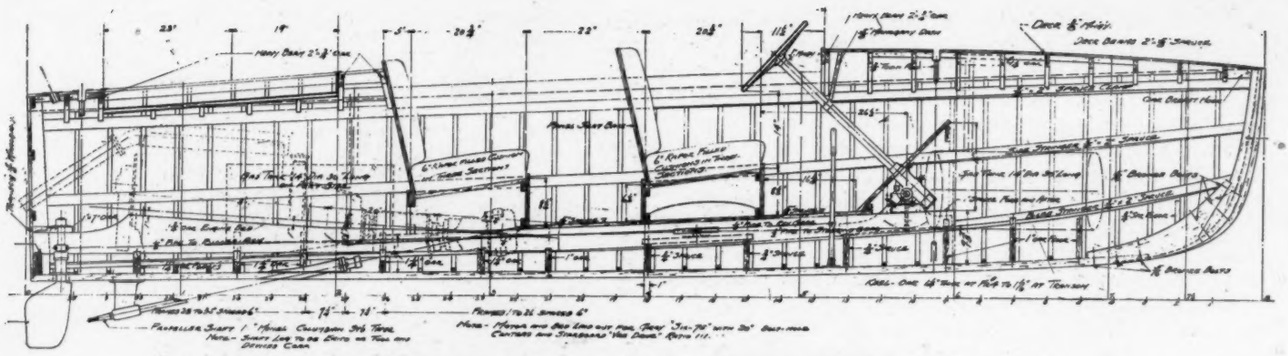
In the third sketch is shown an angle drive built by the Cross Gear and Engine Company. This company has been producing these drives for many years. As the section shows, the gears are carried between the bearings instead of overhanging them and the housing or box is of a special hard, corrosion-resisting aluminum alloy. Not until the horse power transmitted through the drive reaches approximately 400 do the manufacturers recommend that the box be water-cooled.

A much larger angle drive is the Capitol drive built by the Auto Engine Works. This box is designed to carry 850 horse power at about 2200 r.p.m. The gears are helical-toothed angle gears carried on large ball bearings. The gear is completely water-jacketed and is provided with a special oiling system consisting of a scavenging pump drawing oil from the bottom of the gear housing, delivering it to a ten-gallon oil tank from which a pressure pump draws the oil and forces it under pressure through a nozzle directly into the meshing point of the gears.



Runabouts with angle drives. Top, an Aeolian 16 with a Gray 4-40. Middle, a 33-foot "Baby Gar," Liberty powered. Bottom, a Dee-Wite 18

An angle or vee drive can be used in any type of boat provided, however, that motor speed, weights, and hull form are suitable. Motors should be of the light weight, high speed type. It is out of the question to consider installing the motor in the after end of the boat if it is a heavy, slow speed model. The center of the total outfit — hull, motor, fuel, stores, crew, and passengers, the entire boat with everything it contains — can be a little farther aft than is shown



An 18-foot runabout designed by the author with the engine aft and a vee drive

by the after limit of the curve given in a previous article by the writer in YACHTING for May, 1934, on page 46. Even the cruiser of moderate speed can carry the motor aft if the motor is a light weight, high speed model, for such a motor would be only a small part of the total weight of the boat. If the motor is more and more powerful, the boat speed will increase and the total center can and should be farther aft for best results.

Racing hydroplanes, almost from their inception, have carried the motor well aft and driven the propeller shaft through an angle or vee drive. The boat is much safer, faster, and turns better with such an arrangement. Many of our motor boat writers commented on this feature of the Italian boats which raced in Florida this spring, declaring that we were "far behind the times" because we did not use angle drives in our Gold Cup boats. They have forgotten that every Gold Cup boat used such a drive for ten years and not until the change in rules forbade their use were they dropped. The old boats which have been so successful in racing for the Gold Cup the last three years were built before gear boxes were again permitted in Gold Cup boats. Undoubtedly any new boats built for this class should carry gear boxes, going back to the type used twenty years ago.

What can be done with a vee or angle drive in a runabout is shown graphically in the sketch which illustrates the construction and arrangement of an eighteen-foot runabout. In this boat the motor is located in the extreme stern, the vee drive being placed under the after passenger seat. The passenger cockpit is practically in the center of the boat so that there is no change in trim, whether one or seven people are carried. Leg room is much more ample than in the average eighteen-footer and the driver is not carried far up in the nose of the boat. One of the surprising features of a runabout using a vee or angle drive is her seaworthiness. There is none of the diving so much in evidence when the motor is farther forward. Even in a following sea, there is very little yawing and no tendency for the boat to poke her nose into the next wave.

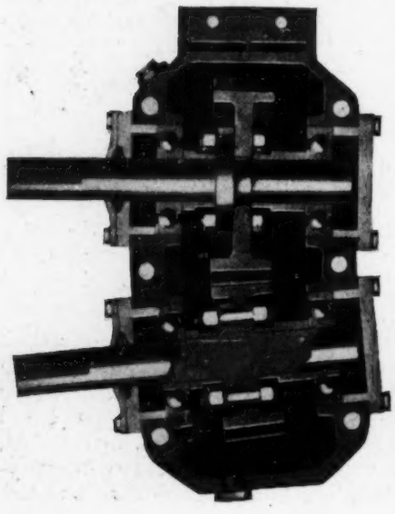
The poorest performance of a vee or angle drive runabout is to be found at a speed of seven to ten miles an hour, when the deeply immersed transom creates a big following wave. At lower speeds they handle and steer well and at higher speeds they are perfect as soon as the water clears the transom.

The application of vee and angle drives to cruisers has been a later development than their use in hydroplanes and runabouts but has all the advantages to be found when used in the smaller types and other good features as well. Placing the motor in the after end of the boat isolates the power plant from the living quarters and passenger accommodation. It reduces the fire hazard to a minimum as the entire engine compartment is for the engine and nothing else. Fire in such a compartment can be flooded or smothered out or the compartment can be equipped with any of the automatic systems now in use. Most noticeable, whether cruiser or runabout, is the absence of motor noise. Until one has ridden in a boat with the motor in the stern, one does not realize what true quietness is.

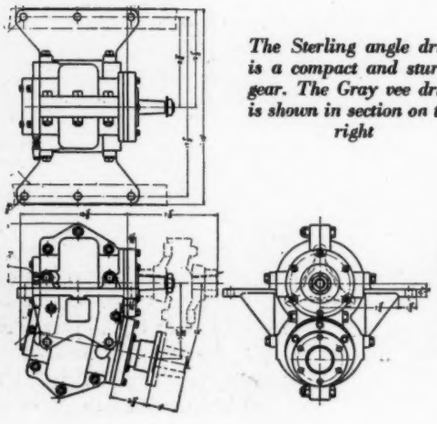
The location of the engine in the stern simplifies the problem of carrying the exhaust through the transom. In the runabout shown in the diagram the exhaust is a straight copper tube, less than two feet in length, carried through the transom well above the water line where there is no possibility of water backing up into the engine. With the engine of a cruiser amidships, obtaining a proper lead of the exhaust line from the engine through the owners' quarters to its outlet at the transom without creating back pressure or water pockets or causing a fire hazard is an expensive and troublesome job due to the long leads and frequent bends.

The short propeller shaft which results from the use of an angle or vee drive is far better mechanically than the long shaft required with the engine placed amidships. It is more rigid, requires fewer bearings, is more easily lined up and kept in line, is much less

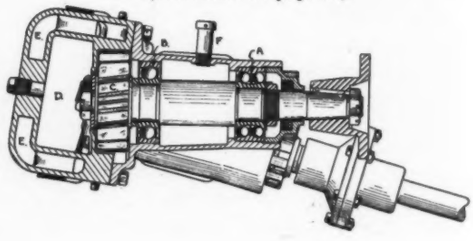
(Continued on page 87)



Left: the Cross gear box, shown in section



The Sterling angle drive is a compact and sturdy gear. The Gray vee drive is shown in section on the right



The trial trip. A 38-foot Elco Cruisette on her initial spin in Newark Bay. Owned by L. E. Brownson, Jr., she is now cruising in Cuban waters

Winding Up the Racing Season

"Kathea II" Wins Great Lakes Championship

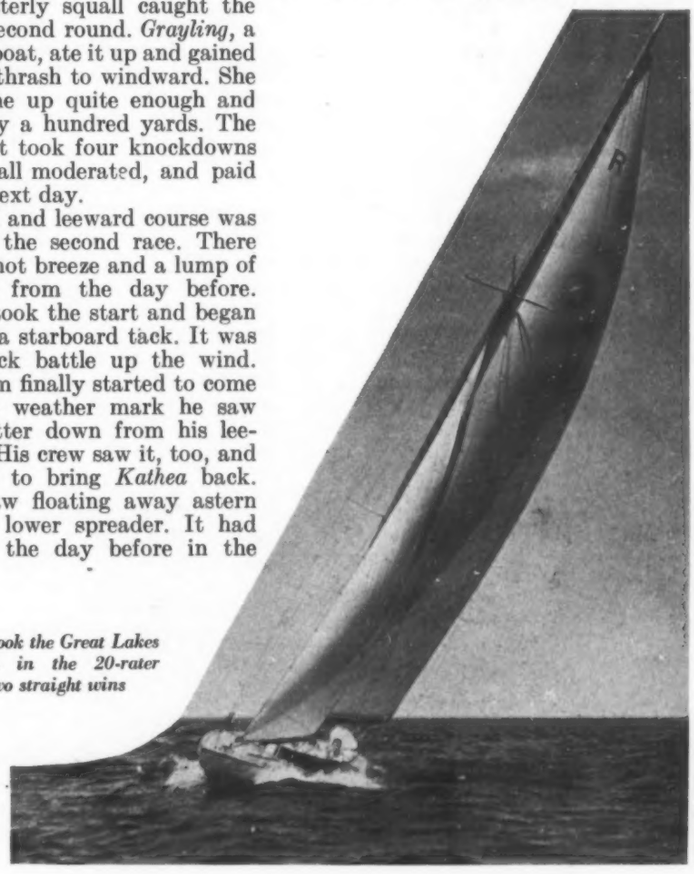
THE depression tried to cast a pall over this year's sailing for the Richardson Cup, Great Lakes championship trophy in Class R, but a squall and an exciting accident saved it and filled it with thrill. *Kathea II*, of Rochester and Lake Ontario won. She defeated *Grayling*, of Cleveland, in two races. Lake Michigan, the third contender in other years and winner last year, defaulted and failed to send an entry. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto was host for the races, which were sailed September 3rd and 4th.

Philip Farnham, *Kathea's* owner and skipper, had won at Rochester and eliminated *Scorpion* of the Buffalo Canoe Club in a two-out-of-three series earlier in the year. *Kathea*, the coast may care to know, was once Charles Francis Adams' *Dandelion* and is the scarred and embattled veteran of her class on Lake Ontario. *Grayling* was once the Morgan *Grayling* on L. I. Sound. She had won the 1934 championship of Lake Erie at Put-in-Bay.

The first race was started in a light southerly with no sea. *Kathea* took the start — a windward one — and when the Cleveland boat came about on port tack a few lengths after crossing, *Kathea* covered her. The Cleveland boat was neither pointing nor footing with the Rochester entry. Farnham followed the rule of "keep your opponent covered," but failed to keep between his opponent and the mark. When the Cleveland boat finally came about and Farnham swung over on starboard tack to cover, he found that he had so far overstood that he was in second position. He rounded twelve lengths to the bad but *Kathea* caught her opponent down wind, halfway to the next mark. A violent westerly squall caught the boats on the second round. *Grayling*, a big horse of a boat, ate it up and gained in the second thrash to windward. She could not come up quite enough and *Kathea* won by a hundred yards. The Rochester boat took four knockdowns before the squall moderated, and paid for them the next day.

A windward and leeward course was the order for the second race. There was a seven-knot breeze and a lump of sea left over from the day before. *Kathea* again took the start and began eating out on a starboard tack. It was a nip and tuck battle up the wind. When Farnham finally started to come about for the weather mark he saw something flutter down from his leeward rigging. His crew saw it, too, and yelled at him to bring *Kathea* back. What they saw floating away astern was the port lower spreader. It had been cracked the day before in the heavy knockdowns and, unnoticed, had shaken loose as the rigging slacked up.

Below decks was a spare one. It was not the right length for it was an upper spreader and *Kathea's* rigging is broader



"Kathea II" took the Great Lakes Championship in the 20-rater Class in two straight wins

aloft than alow. Sherman Farnham, the skipper's younger brother, shoved a ball of marline in his pocket, tied the spare spreader to his belt and swarmed up the spar. The Cleveland boat had come about and was sailing away for the buoy. *Kathea*, with rigging safe only on the starboard tack, held on. She was overstanding but there was no other alternative. With the spare spreader finally lashed in place, the shroud was slacked to take care of the increased length. *Kathea* came about and reached in for the mark. She rounded 300 yards astern. It seemed a hopeless position.

Kathea, going as well as she ever has in spite of the misfit spreader, overhauled *Grayling*, took the lead a quarter-mile from the windward buoy on the second round and ran home to take the race and cup.

CHARLES RAWLINGS

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An Englishman Looks Forward

THE fledgling airman who has crashed is usually ordered to take another machine into the air immediately; likewise the man who has taken a bad toss from a horse does well to mount the saddle again, preferably on the same horse. I believe my country ought to challenge this autumn for the America's Cup for the same reason which underlies these Spartan measures. To have to devise and plan and prepare another effort will give us all something to think about other than brooding on the past and attitudinizing.

While at Newport during the *Endeavour* vs. *Rainbow* matches, it was the hardest job, and often a hopeless one, to explain to people on this side (yachtsmen as well as those ashore) that the British do not regard the America's Cup races as an international contest. They do when the challenger arrives in American waters, but only for the reason that she happens to be their single representative actually on the job. But a British challenge for the America's Cup is a private venture made by a single man who has a reasonably likely vessel. Since he owns the boat and finances the whole enterprise, he can do what he likes regarding equipment, personnel, and indeed every detail. For example, his crew could be composed of his own personal friends. Still, he naturally seeks the best advice available; but my point is that he is not compelled to take it, nor, since the whole affair originates with and operates through him, may he be blamed for not taking it.

Photo by M. Rosenfeld

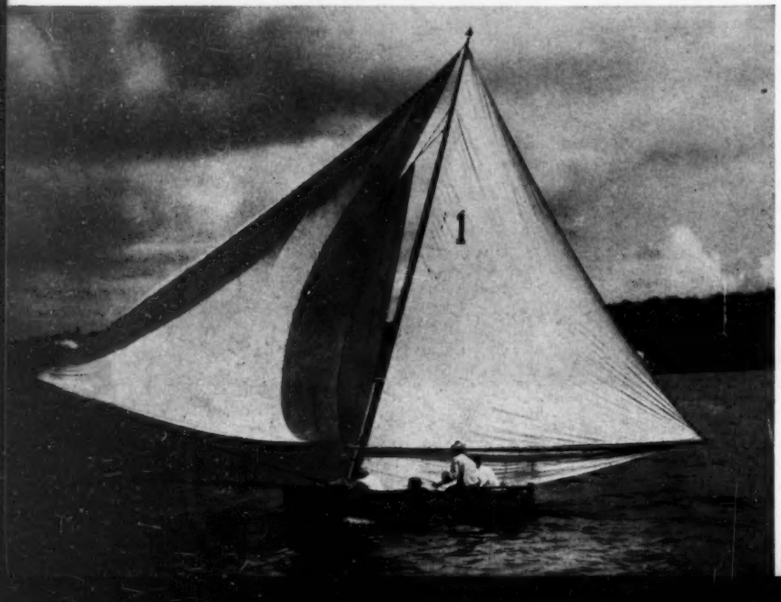
Roll and Go! "Bob-Kat II" sets her parachute on a breezy day during the Seawanhaka Cup series off Oyster Bay

If the recent contest has shown us nothing else, it has shown us that a British Class J yacht is likely to be at least as good as a similar American vessel. Nor will anyone familiar with yacht racing in British waters doubt that we have men equal in skill to the best in America. What we have to do, then, is to ship the best of our men in the best of our boats. You succeed in doing this in America, or at least you come as near to doing it as you possibly can. We do not. Why? I think it is because the task is beyond the time, talent and general judgment of a single yachtsman, and impossibly expensive.

British yachtsmen who have been in America quickly realize that it is assumed, without any doubt whatsoever, that the challengers which we send over represent the utmost British effort in yacht building, equipment, crews, helmsmen, and afterguards. It is embarrassing to have to demur to this assumption, for the national response is a raising of the eyebrows and a "why on earth not?" England cannot "muddle through" to win the America's Cup. I see our only hope in a national effort on the American plan, of syndicate-owned and managed candidates from which to select that vessel, crew, helmsmen, and afterguard which may represent Britain's topmost effort.

Before the next contest, however, it will be desirable to arrange that challenger and defender shall not only sail under the same code of rules, but shall also be in accord on the interpretation of these rules. British yachtsmen will not be relieved of the feeling that the dice are loaded against them while it is possible to be refused a hearing on a point that deals with violation of a rule of yacht racing on a pretext that is itself contrary to the spirit of the game.

JOHN SCOTT HUGHES *



Piling on canvas! For the first time in several years the famous Bermuda Fitted Dinghies sailed a race in Hamilton harbor in mid-September. The Hamilton Dinghy Club was the winner

Photo, Bermuda News Bureau

** The author is a well-known British yachting correspondent who "covered" the recent match for the America's Cup off Newport. — Ed.*

A new boat to make her appearance this year was the motor sailer "Tamora," a 34-footer designed by J. G. Alden for John M. Butler, of Marion, Mass. A 4-cylinder Gray furnishes power

Italy Wins European Star Class Championship

WHILE fifteen fleets of the Star Class competed in the Internationals at San Francisco, an event of almost equal importance was being sailed at Marseilles, France, for the Star Class Championship of Europe. A dozen fleets, from five nations, were represented in Europe's Star classic this year, which bids fair to surpass the Internationals in the near future in both the number of entries and in international character. Having been won once by Spain and once by France, the honors this year went to F. Giannini and M. Malfatino, sailing *Orsa* for the newly formed Flota di Napoli, of Italy.

The five race series was sailed in average light airs over the regular Star International courses, established on the North or South Bays, depending upon conditions — the dreaded Mistral being courteous enough not to appear.

Peytel, the vest pocket veteran of the Paris Fleet, won the first race over a windward and leeward course, which started in light air that later freshened to almost a reefing breeze but died as he brought *Artemis* across the finish line. This accounted for his better than three minute lead over the two Italian boats, *Orsa* and *Speranzella*. The next day, racing this time in the North Bay, over a triangular course and with a light westerly wind, *Orsa* won and took the lead in the point score, the local boat *Eissero* slipping in between the Italian and Peytel. A protest filed against *Orsa* by Peytel, for an alleged infringement at the start, was not allowed. The third race, windward and leeward again, went to the Algerian entry *Moira*, the first time a Star from the dark continent ever scored a win. The wind was light and the sea calm and the two Italian boats drifted in some five minutes later. This gave *Orsa* a commanding lead in the series with 34 points. The Paris yacht, finishing sixth, had but 29.

In the fourth race, *Orsa* about clinched the event by winning again, this time by an even four minutes over *Artemis*. *Kid*, which had been sailing consistently throughout, placed third. Mme. Saavedra, who is now pinch hitting for the once famous Eugene Kelley, lost the rudder of her boat in this race, which eliminated her from Cannes. The final race was sailed in a fluky breeze, with a dead calm at one time in the middle of the race. *Le Fripon*, of Villefranche, just nosed out Peytel by seven seconds and the German boat *Hilda II* was third. *Orsa* took quite a tumble down into sixth place, but Giannini could afford it and still have sufficient points to spare to take the title back to Naples. Thus ended the most successful Star event ever held in European waters.

Plans are already being made for the 1935 European Championships on the Bay of Naples and the Star Class is sure of a royal reception there next year.

The Summary:

Yacht	*Skipper*	*Fleet*	*Pts.*
Orsa	F. Giannini	Naples	53
Artemis	J. Peytel	Paris	51
Kid	G. Glamageran	Seine Maritime	41
Eissero	E. Chabert	Marseilles	38
Le Fripon	M. Lauck	Villefranche	36
Speranzella	Leone Leone	Geona	34
Hilda II	T. Giesecke	Hamberg	29
Troun de l'Air	Mme. Saavedra	Cannes	26
Moira	R. Grima	Philippeville	24
Izarra	J. Aispurua	San Sebastian	22
Iris	J. Hann	Algers	22
Babord	F. Legasse	Cote Basque	6

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The Season on Lake St. Louis

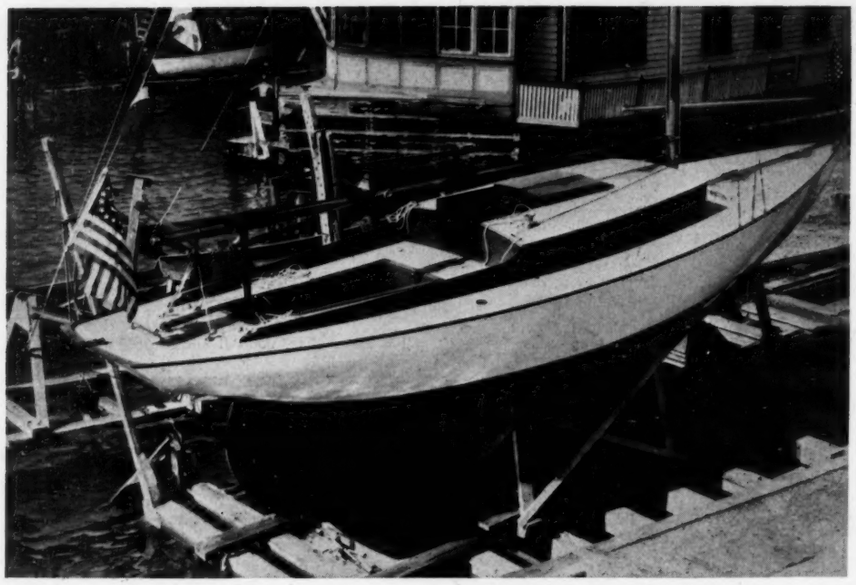
THE 1934 sailing season on Lake St. Louis was a very interesting one, with lots of racing, cruising and more boats in commission than ever before. Despite the lack of international competition for the first time in recent years, the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club continued its good work in developing sailors, its efforts this year being primarily centered on the dinghy class and the younger sailors.

The Pointe Claire Yacht Club, too, had a very active season. Its fleet continued the steady growth that has marked this small but active club's development. The newly formed one-design class of 19-foot sloops brought out several new skippers, and a closely sailed, hard fought series of races with the North Hatley Yacht Club was the high light of the season's program.

The principal events on the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. schedule were the School Boy Regatta for the Bluenose Trophy, and the Inter-City races for the Currie Cup.

The Bluenose Trophy was sailed for by crews from four Montreal schools, *viz.*, Lower Canada College, Montreal High School, Westmount High School and Loyola College, each crew being captained by an "old boy" who was a

The new 19-foot sloops of the Pointe Claire Yacht Club, on Lake St. Louis



"Bunty," a new 28-foot auxiliary equipped with a Universal motor, designed by Cox & Stevens. At right, "Petrel," one of the new Sea Bird Class designed by F. W. Goeller

capable skipper. The trophy was won for the second consecutive year by the Lower Canada College crew under Vice Commodore G. S. Hamilton, but only by a point over J. C. Hunter and his crew from Montreal High School. The races were sailed in Class E sloops.

The Currie Cup is competed for annually by crews from the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., the Kingston Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto, this year it being the turn of the first named club to stage the races. The Toronto crews did not show up, leaving Kingston and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. to battle it out for the Cup. Sailing in a fresh and puffy breeze the more experienced sailors from the Kingston Y. C. won decisively, their crews finishing first and second in two races, and first and third in the other. The Kingston skippers were J. Hora and W. Regney, those of the Royal St. Lawrence being J. Campbell and Taylor Kennedy.

The usual lengthy series of championship and trophy races were sailed with the following results:

A Class Championship. *Thorella IV*. Hon. Commodore W. C. Finley.
B Class Championship and Lady Davidson Trophy. *Venture*. Commodore N. C. Wight Syndicate.
E Class Championship and Hamilton Cup. *Kingfisher*. J. C. Hunter.
Dinghy Class Championship and Converse Cup. *Red Devil*. Vice Com. G. S. Hamilton.
Governor General's Cup, Windmill Point Shield and Hugh Kennedy Memorial Trophy. *Kingfisher*. J. C. Hunter.
Duggan Cruising Cup. *Brunette II*. Walter M. Stewart.
Lake of Two Mountains and Stephens Cups. *Venture*. N. C. Wight Syndicate.
Strathcona Cup. *Jellicoe*. Sea Scouts.

This summer the Pointe Claire Y. C. introduced to Lake St. Louis a new class of little 19-foot Marconi rig, centerboard sloops, very similar to the design by C. D. Mower which appeared in a recent issue of YACHTING. Five of these little boats comprised the class, together with two small sloops of similar dimensions and sail area, and they provided some fine sport and brought several new sailors into the game. The boats are known as the P. C. Class. The D Class, cabin sloops 32 to 35 ft. overall, was stronger than in past years.

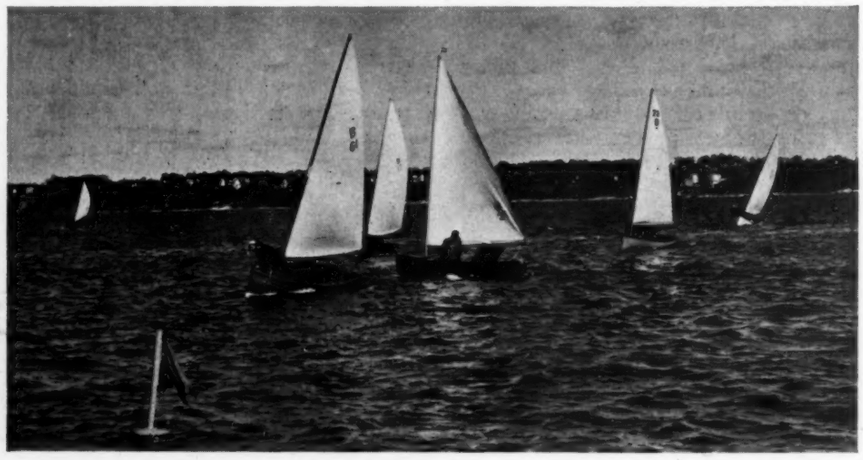
Following are the trophy winners:

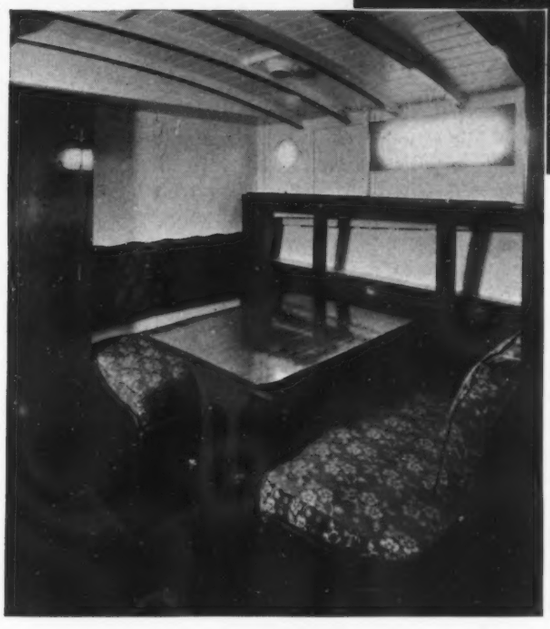
O Class Cup and championship. *Paula*. P. P. Ranger.
E Class Cup and championship. *Nanette*. R. C. Stevenson.
P. C. Class Cup and championship. *Winona*. R. W. Bastable.
Gudrun Cup. *Whistler*. D. J. Desbarats.
McMaster Cup. *Lilith*. C. M. Cramsie.
Harold James Memorial Trophy. *Nanette*. R. C. Stevenson.
P. C. Y. C. Challenge Cup. *Paula*. P. P. Ranger.
Special Prize presented by John Morris, Jr. *Nanette*. R. C. Stevenson.
P. C. Class Twilight Series. *Tolping*. E. J. Winters.

BEAVER

(Other racing news on page 91)

"Eaglet" (left), a new 30-foot sloop designed by Sparkman & Stephens for F. S. Pratt. Class B dinghies in close finish in the Columbus Day regatta of the Thames Yacht Club





M. Rosenfeld

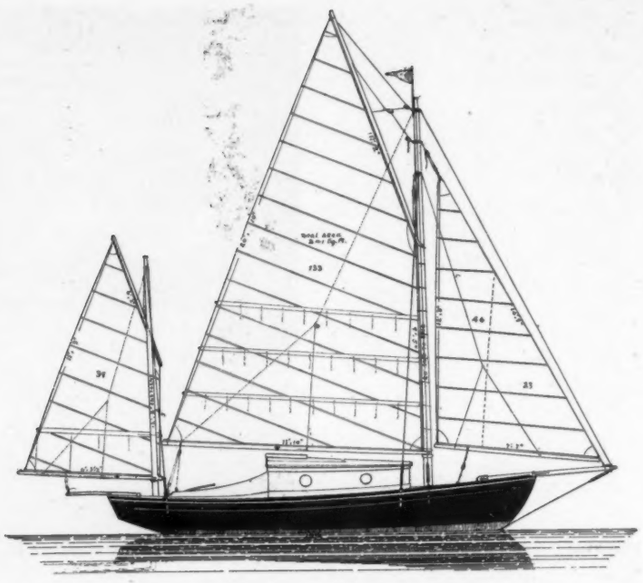
"Lillian" Shows Her Paces

This fast-stepping new motor cruiser was designed and built by the Seacraft Co., of Arverne, L. I., for Harry L. Brewer, of Pleasantville, N. J. She is 39 feet in length over all, 11 feet 5 inches beam and 2 feet 10 inches draft. Her power plant is a pair of Chrysler Imperial engines, with reduction gear, giving a speed of 16½ miles per hour. The arrangement of the cabin is ingenious, with the dining nook opposite the galley and the main cabin, with four berths, located forward of it

A Cruising Yawl from the West Coast

By

JOHN L. FOSTER

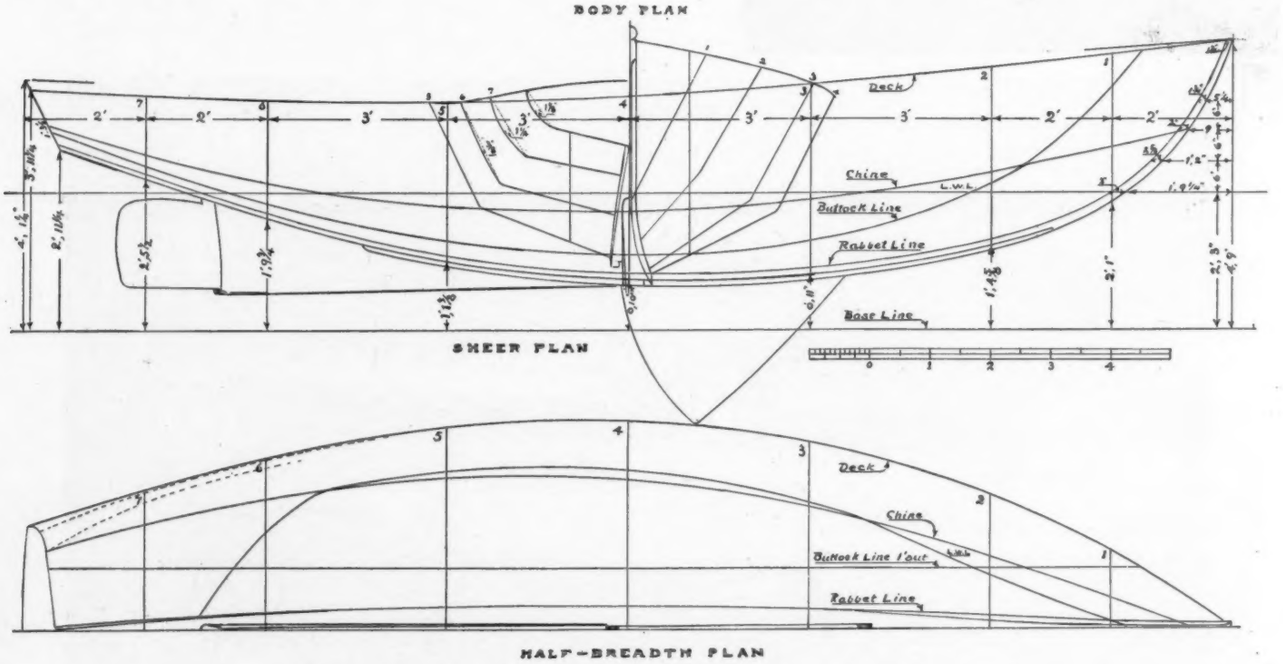


The sail plan shows a fair amount of canvas

THIS LITTLE V-bottom centerboard yawl is an improvement on one of about the same size, built and rigged in the same manner, that I cruised in for years and found to be seaworthy, dry, and fast, and conveniently rigged to handle comfortably. Neither the hull, sails, nor rigging is experimental, but each has been tried out in hard practice.

The boat was designed to be built by amateurs, especially those who have large desires and hopes, but slim purses. But that last factor is no reason why they should have to put up with a slow, unhandy, or homely tub just because she is cheap and easily knocked together. If she is built on the lines and strictly to the specifications, an owner will have a smart little ship of which he may be proud. The cost of materials for this boat will be no more than for those required to build the tub.

It is impossible in this space to write a complete treatise on boatbuilding; those who have previously built boats do not need it, while new hands can, for a small price, get full information by buying a book which fully describes every operation. It will pay well, even those who have built a boat before, to have at hand a book of reference. So I will not describe the elementary operations: taking off and laying down the lines full size, making molds, etc., but confine the description to certain ways of doing things that are peculiar to this design. In taking off the lines, let me mention something different from the usual procedure; the upper parts of molds Nos. 6 and 7 and the transom, are the only part of the plans where diagonal lines seem to be needed. Water lines have been projected (though they are not shown) to fair these curves, and the amount of variation from a straight line is set off on each mold and on the transom, as shown on the body plan. When making these molds, draw a straight line on each upper section, as shown by the dotted line, set



Any desired dimensions not already figured may be found by the use of the scale

off the dimension marked, and a flexible batten touching chine, deck and this offset spot will give the correct curve of the mold shown by the continuous line.

The construction of this hull is not at all difficult to one capable of building any kind of a boat of the size. Its structural features are, in the main, similar to those of other boats. Where they differ, the work is not hard to do, and full instructions on these points follow in the specifications. I beg of you! do *not* make any chan[illegible] in the dimensions of the hull; the lines are the fruit of many years of designing and handling boats. If, however, changes are made, such as adding a few feet to the length, or beam, or draft, the result may be another failure.

The boat should be built under cover; all lumber is to be clear stuff; the dimensions given are for finished parts. See that all galvanized hardware, nails, bolts, etc., is of "hot dipped" stock and not what is known as "flashed" which is dull looking and smoother than "hot dipped." Have good tools and keep them sharp; and get a lot of clamps.

The principal dimensions of the boat are: Length over all, 20′; length on l.w.l., 15′ 6″; beam at deck, 6′ 10″; beam at l.w.l., 5′ 2″; draft, without board, 1′ 8″.

KEEL ASSEMBLY: The keel is to be of oak preferably, but may be of Pacific Coast fir. It is 17′ long, 9″ wide amidships, and 1½″ thick. To be shaped as shown, and bent to the curve shown on sheer plan. It will probably bend to the curve dry; if not, burlap bagging and hot water (that's what we did) will limber it sufficiently. A steam box is not needed on any other part of the work.

STEM is to be of oak 3″ thick and shaped as shown; the stem knee is to be of oak or hackmatack (on the Pacific Coast, yellow cedar), natural crook, 3″ thick and shaped as shown. Keel, stem, and knee to be through-bolted as shown with 5/16″ galvanized bolts.

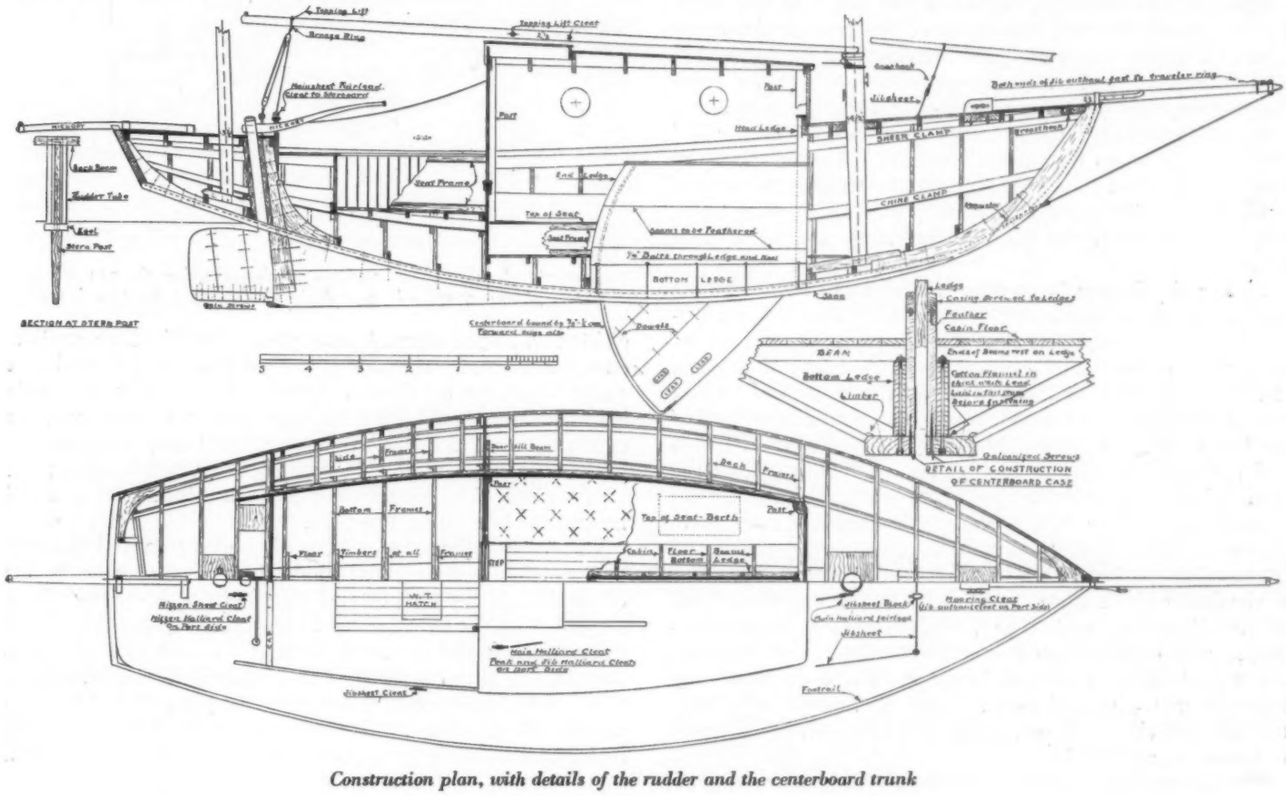
STERNPOST to be of oak 3′ 1″ long, 5″ wide, and 2½″ thick below the keel, tapering to lower end of skeg. At keel bottom it is shouldered to suit the curve; it is reduced in thickness to 1¼″ to go through the slot in the keel (in which it is a tight fit), and extends upward to the deck. The end is well fastened to the extra heavy deck beam at the after end of cockpit. (See detail plan of section at sternpost.) Sternpost to be fastened to skeg, keel, knee, and rudder tube by galvanized bolts and lag screws as shown. Above the knee it is fastened to rudder tube by galvanized screws; no fastenings are to project into the hole.

RUDDER TUBE is made from a section of pump log having a hole large enough to take 2½″ diameter rudder stock. The upper end of the tube is fastened to the deck beam, and the lower end, fitting the keel, is fastened to it by galvanized screws up through keel; flannel soaked in white lead is laid between tube and keel, and also laid in the slot of the sternpost. A metal tube, lower end screwed into keel, may be used instead of the pump log, but in that case the rudder and tiller should be made by an ironworker, and will cost considerably more. The tube shown was used in my own boat and was entirely satisfactory.

RUDDER: The stock is to be of oak, shaped as shown, cut from a piece 3′ 9″ long, 6″ wide, and 2½″ thick. The bottom strip is of oak, the other pieces are of hard pine or fir. Rudder to be shaped, doweled, fitted and fastened as shown. Tiller to be of hickory.

CENTERBOARD CASE: The slot in the keel for the centerboard is to be cut, and the case is to be built before the molds are set up, as Nos. 3 and 4 molds straddle the case. A study of the plans will show how the case is built. This is the simplest and strongest way to build it. Tacking in a strong breeze and lee-going tide, we struck a submerged jetty with such force as to smash the board, but the case never leaked. The lower plank, on each side, before setting in place, is to be riveted or clinch nailed to the bottom ledge and fitted to the keel as one piece. (See detail of centerboard construction.) The head ledges *must* be of oak and full 1″ thick. The bottom ledges, preferably of oak, may be of fir 1″ thick; the casing planks are to be of fir or pine ¾″ thick.

The centerboard to be of hard yellow pine or heavy gummy fir ⅞″ thick. To be cut to fit the case, plank doweled



Construction plan, with details of the rudder and the centerboard trunk

TABLE OF OFFSETS

STATIONS	HALF-BREADTHS				HEIGHTS ABOVE BASE LINE				STA.
	Keel	Rabbet	Chine	Deck	Keel	Rabbet	Chine	Deck	
1	0-0-3	0-1-3	0-5-6	1-3-2	2-1-0	2-3-0	2-11-7	4-6-1	1
2	0-1-4	0-2-6	1-2-0	2-2-3	These Heights are on Sheer Plan	1-5-6	2-6-7	4-3-5	2
3	0-4-0	0-4-0	2-0-0	3-0-5		1-0-0	2-1-4	4-0 2	3
4	0-4-4	0-4-4	2-5-3	3-4-7		0-11-1	1-11-3	3-10-0	4
5	0-4-0	0-4-3	2-5-6	3-3 5		1-1-3	2-0-3	3-8-7	5
6	0-2-6	0-3-3	2-1-5	2-9-6		1-10-7	2-4-7	3-9-0	6
7	0-1-5	0-2-0	1-8-6	2-3-4		2-6-4	2-10-3	3-10-0	7
TRANSOM	0-0-3	0-0-7	1-3-4	1-8-3	Transom Heights are on Plan				

The Table of Offsets gives the dimensions necessary for laying down the lines full size. The offsets are given in feet, inches and eighths, and are to the outside of the plank

at seams as shown, and forward and after edges to be bound by 7/8" galvanized iron half oval; fastened by long galvanized screws. The lower edge is to have insets of lead, as shown, to prevent the board from floating. In such a small boat it is more convenient to lift the board from the cabin by a piece of braided rope secured to its upper edge by a clevis, than by a tackle through and on the cabin top.

The hull, built in this way, is wonderfully strong and rigid and secured against change of shape. The curved keel has the strength of the arch and is braced perpendicularly by the head ledge, from keel to deck, and the sternpost from deck to lower end of skeg. It is also braced across by deck beams and the heavy beam at the cabin door sill.

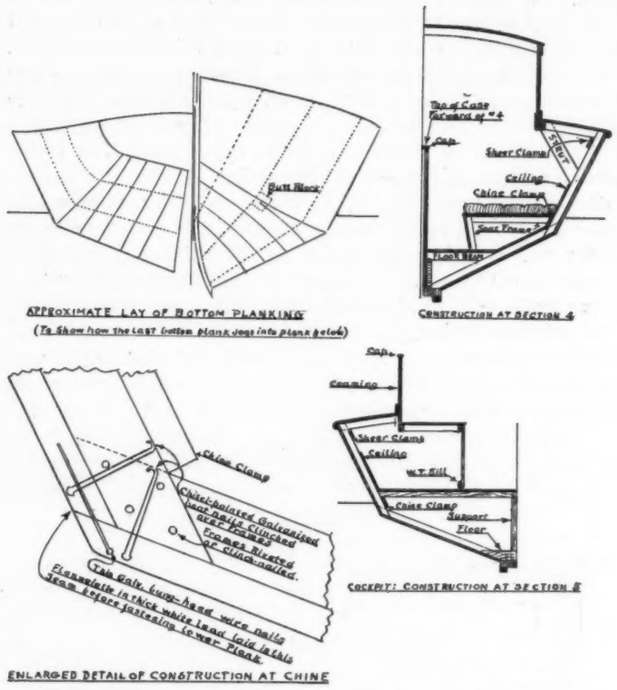
When setting up the molds, make sure that one good edge of each is exactly on the mark across the keel, and that those marks are at precisely the correct distances apart as shown on the plans. See that the molds are plumb — and I mean plumb — both ways and that the entire structure is stayed rigidly. Then bend around them stiff battens, four to a side (two below the chine and two above), the top one being at the line of the sheer.

FRAMES may be of fir, but better of oak, and are sided 7/8" and molded 1½". The heels of the frames are to be beveled to fit the top of keel, and fastened to it by galvanized boat nails driven at an angle as shown. (Bore holes for them first.) Every pair of bottom frames, excepting those along the centerboard case, is to be fastened to a floor timber 7/8" thick and 2" deep by galvanized nails, clinched; and the floors are fastened to the keel by 5/16" diameter galvanized bolts. Nuts are on top of the floors and are set up over washers; heads in keel, the holes countersunk and filled with cement.

Fitting the frames is an easy matter as no steam box is needed; a length of framing is laid on the two bottom ribbands with its lower end on the keel. A line drawn across parallel with the top of the keel gives the bevel of the heel of the frame. After it is sawed off on the bevel and its end placed on the center line of keel to butt against the heel of the frame on the opposite side, it is clamped to the battens and the heel is nailed to keel, as shown. The angle, at the chine, of an upper frame is found by marking along the lower edge of the bottom frame. The frames are not beveled in plan to suit the curve of the planking but lie square to it, and only a slight paring with a chisel is needed at the chine, due to the difference of angle; a very little paring will cause them to lie flat against each other. They are then clamped together and either riveted or clinch nailed. The ribbands are tacked to them to hold in place. (Drive the nails first through small pieces of wood. These can be split off to give the hammer claw a chance when it is time to take them off to fasten on a plank.)

PLANKING to be of cedar, 5/8" thick. The garboard strakes may be 9" wide, the other bottom planks are worked from 6" wide stuff. The sides may be planked with three strakes, each 9" wide. As no twisting is needed to get the strakes to fit the frames, narrow widths are not necessary. The wide side planks will easily take the curve of the frames near the stern by making saw cuts in them with a narrow kerfed saw. These cuts extend about three feet forward from the transom. Planking is to be fastened to frames by chisel-pointed galvanized boat nails, clinched; heads to be punched under and the holes puttied after the priming coat of paint is on. I have read of wood plugs being specified for half inch planking, but to countersink holes deep enough to give the plugs a good hold leaves too skimpy a grip for the nail heads.

This hull is easier to plank than a round bilge one but, as in any boat except a scow, it is necessary to take spilings to get the shape of the garboard strake. This goes on first. The next plank to put on is the sheerstrake, then the bottom is planked, but not out to the chine; now finish planking the sides, the lower strake being laid out to extend down to, and slightly below the chine edge. The lower edge of this is then to be trimmed to a bevel in line with the lower frames, using



A couple of construction sections, a plan showing the run of the bottom planking, and a large scale detail of the way the chine is built

a chisel and small plane. A short piece of wood with a straight edge, held against the edge of the lower frames, is used as a gauge to get the bevel true. Approaching the bow, the angle is gradually reduced until the edge is square and becomes a caulking seam. It sounds somewhat intricate, but is simple to do when you go about it. As a builder I'm a designer, but I have planked up a number of boats in this manner and had no trouble in making fine jobs.

One strake, the upper plank of the bottom and the last one to go on, does not end forward in a feather edge at the chine, but is cut square and nibbed into the plank below as shown by the detail plan of approximate lay of planking. (This plan is merely to show how the end of a plank is jogged, and is not to be used as a guide in fitting planking.) The jog is cut out of the lower plank (after it is fastened) with a chisel, using a thin batten to mark a fair curve. The end of the plank is to be secured to a butt-block as shown.

(Continued on page 90)

Under the Lee of the Longboat

By "SPUN YARN"

AT THE Columbus Day rendezvous of the Cruising Club it was proved again that there's more to anchoring than heaving the hook overboard. I thought I was fairly well linked to my native Long Island mud when at 2:30 of a blowing morning I heard wire grating on wire and turned out to find myself right on top of a big black schooner. "My fault," I cried; "I'm dragging," and gave my right bower another twenty fathom, making forty in all. But by the time I'd slacked all that away and looked around the schooner was fifty yards astern — and still moving fast. "Your fault," I amended. "Don't stop dragging till you're well clear of me." They started up the mill, weighed, and chugged up wind. I turned in. At 5:30 somebody yelled my name and I turned out. Same black schooner, almost the same position, rubbing her starboard whisker pole on my port shrouds. I fended off and as they got the motor going again I asked 'em please to pick on a big feller the next time. She wasn't a Cruising Club boat, but she certainly could cruise.

It seems that in broadcasting comment on the Cup races I made the serious error of expressing an opinion. Certain radio listeners who thought they had tuned in on the Mushy-Mush hour took violent exception to my yellow chatter, and one of them wrote to the broadcasting company about me as follows: "He took a most *unsportsmanlike* attitude and made very unpleasant and unnecessary comments, missing the real point of the whole thing — but he was evidently very 'hot under the collar.' But that is neither here nor there. What I want to emphasise * is that this seems to be a gross and dangerous abuse of the radio, when personal rancour * can be broadcast to millions of people without the object of same being able to respond in any way whatever, and seems to be akin to 'hitting below the belt.'" Perhaps the choleric gent who objects to me will devote space equal to this paragraph to explaining what the real point of the protest was, and to what degree "the object of same" was unable to state his side of the case to millions of people. A marked copy of this magazine is being mailed him, and in the selfish interest of labor-saving it is hoped that he will reply.

Had a great argument the other night in which G-rd-n R-ym-nd (whose name I withhold by request) told me I was a sissy to let anybody take my boat across the line in a race. Tradition, said G., *pride*, SELFRESPECT, EVERYTHING demanded that I stop being a monkey wrench sailor and sail my own boat. (It was at that point of the argument, by the way, that George Townsend, sailor president of the A.P.B.A., who lay wakeful in his boat a mile or more away, took offense because he thought we were talking about him. But that is neither here nor there, as my friend in the paragraph upstairs so sagely observed.) Well, I wasn't able to hear myself think of anything to say to G. in rebuttal, but now that I'm alone I've concocted a halfway defense. I'm one of the few boat owners who know that the gift of helmsmanship doesn't necessarily go with ownership. I'm not so hot at trimming sails. But I do like to see a boat sail as fast as the designer and sailmaker will let her, and for that reason if G. ever does me the honor of racing with me I'll ask him to sail the boat. But I'll pass my own mooring lines. . . . That last is strictly private.

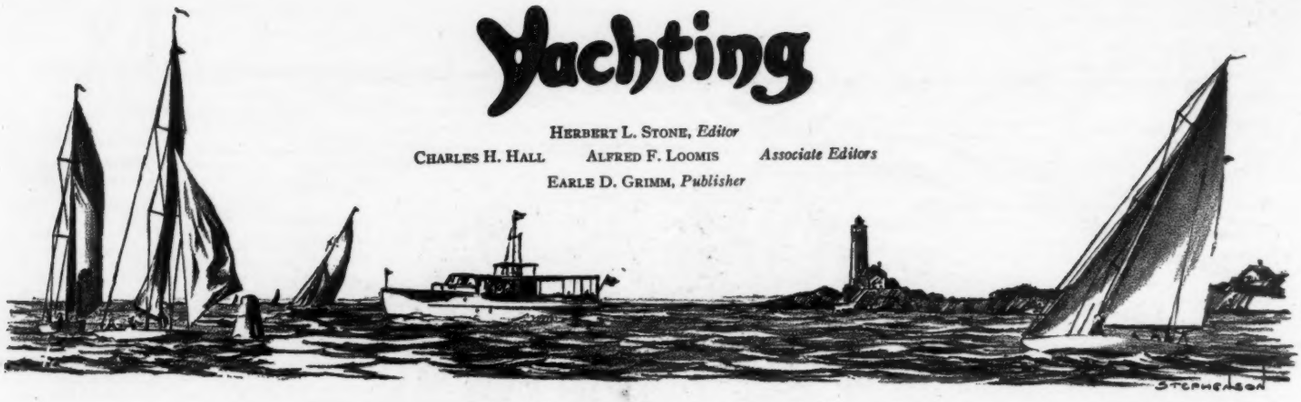
A contemporary which vociferously voices the loftiest ideals has stated editorially that there was glory enough for all at Newport and that only in the fevered press was there poor sportsmanship. I blush; but I recall that the same oracle applied the same whitewash brush after the 1931 running of the Harmsworth Trophy race.

One word more on the unpopular subject of international sportsmanship and you can Take It Away. The Sixes came from the Clyde and were defeated by the fast-sailing Seawanhaka outfit. Commodore Young of the Scotch contingent made a little speech after the presentation of the British-American trophy and said, "This has been a splendid series, more like a friendly sailing match than an international competition." They all caught the distinction.

* *Oh, that telltale English spelling!*

Yachting

HERBERT L. STONE, *Editor*
CHARLES H. HALL ALFRED F. LOOMIS *Associate Editors*
EARLE D. GRIMM, *Publisher*



EDITORIAL

A Tough Spot for a Race Committee

SO MUCH has been written, so many expressions of opinion have been aired on the protest in the fourth race of the recent match for the America's Cup, that it might appear that no useful purpose could be served by saying anything more on what has proved a highly controversial subject. However, all the facts have not yet been presented. Probably they never will be. Having reached a decision based on its considered judgment of the whole situation, the Race Committee of the New York Yacht Club very naturally does not consider it necessary to offer explanations of the reasons for its decision, other than those given in its answer to Mr. Sopwith. A brief review of the facts as we now know them may, therefore, be of help in appraising the justice of the decision.

As will be remembered, it was the situation that developed shortly after rounding the first mark, when *Endeavour* attempted to luff *Rainbow* to prevent her going by to windward, that looms largest in the public mind. This situation was critical, and may very reasonably have justified a protest, although many of those near enough to see the whole maneuver were uncertain as to whether or not it developed a breach of the rules on the part of *Rainbow*. But no protest flag was shown at the time, and not until about an hour and a half later did the red piece of bunting appear on *Endeavour's* shrouds. An hour and a half is a pretty long time in which to reach a decision as to whether one's rights have been infringed. In submitting his written protest, however, at about seven that night, Mr. Sopwith coupled with it a claim of foul committed *before* the start. This incident happened, therefore, over *two and a half hours* before his intention to protest was evidenced by the little red flag.

Faced with this situation there were, as we see it, two possible courses of action open to the Race Committee. Either to hold to a strict interpretation of Rule 45 (which requires a protest flag to be flown promptly), and refuse to entertain the protest because this rule was not rigidly complied with; or to make a more liberal interpretation of what constitutes a prompt notice of intention to protest, and to hear the evidence, taking up first, of course, the incident occurring at the start. This incident happened under the eyes of the Race Committee, the members of which were in a position to judge the facts. We understand that in this case *Endeavour* might possibly have been the offender, and not *Rainbow*. If, therefore, the Committee had heard the evidence and had had to disqualify *Endeavour*, the second incident would never have been reached. And it was the second count on which *Endeavour* was mainly relying to sustain her protest. It is probable that a disqualification of the challenger, however well justified, would have caused more heated feeling than a refusal, in strict accordance with the rules under which the races were sailed, to entertain her protest.

No decision the Race Committee could have made, save the disqualification of the defender, would have satisfied popular feeling or removed entirely the implication of bias, in spite of the fact that by all its previous actions the Committee had shown a high regard for the ethics of sport. And yet Mr. Sopwith by coupling the two incidents apparently blocked any chance of a hearing on the situation in which *Rainbow* might conceivably have been thrown out. It was a tough place for the Race Committee, any way one looks at it. Although most of us would have been better pleased to see the second incident decided on its merits, under the circumstances it appears that the Race Committee had good grounds for its course of action, although the reasons they give for it are open to question. The feeling persists that the broader aspects of sportsmanship were buried under a tangle of complicated racing rules. In other words, in a purely sporting contest the decision was better law than it was equity.

\+ + +

Why Not a Non-Partisan Jury?

SPEAKING of the difficulty in rendering decisions in an international match attracting great public interest, it would undoubtedly be a great relief to race committees if protests or disputes could be handled by a non-partisan board of judges. This has been done in many international contests, such as those for the Canada's Cup, or in the races between America and Germany in the Sonder Class.

Let the race committee of the defending club run the races, as at present, attending to all details as to course, starts, finishes, etc. They will have their hands full on this job alone. Then let challenging and defending clubs each appoint one or two qualified judges, they to select a neutral judge not a member of either club, the sole duty of such body being the hearing of protests. Such a board of judges could follow the racers around the course, something a race committee, with the necessity of keeping the line, cannot always do, and any decision it might make would relieve the race committee, made up entirely of members of one club, from any suggestion of bias or favoritism. No matter how great the integrity of a committee appointed by one side only, any decision it may make is bound to create a doubt as to its impartiality. A non-partisan jury would go far toward preventing such feeling.

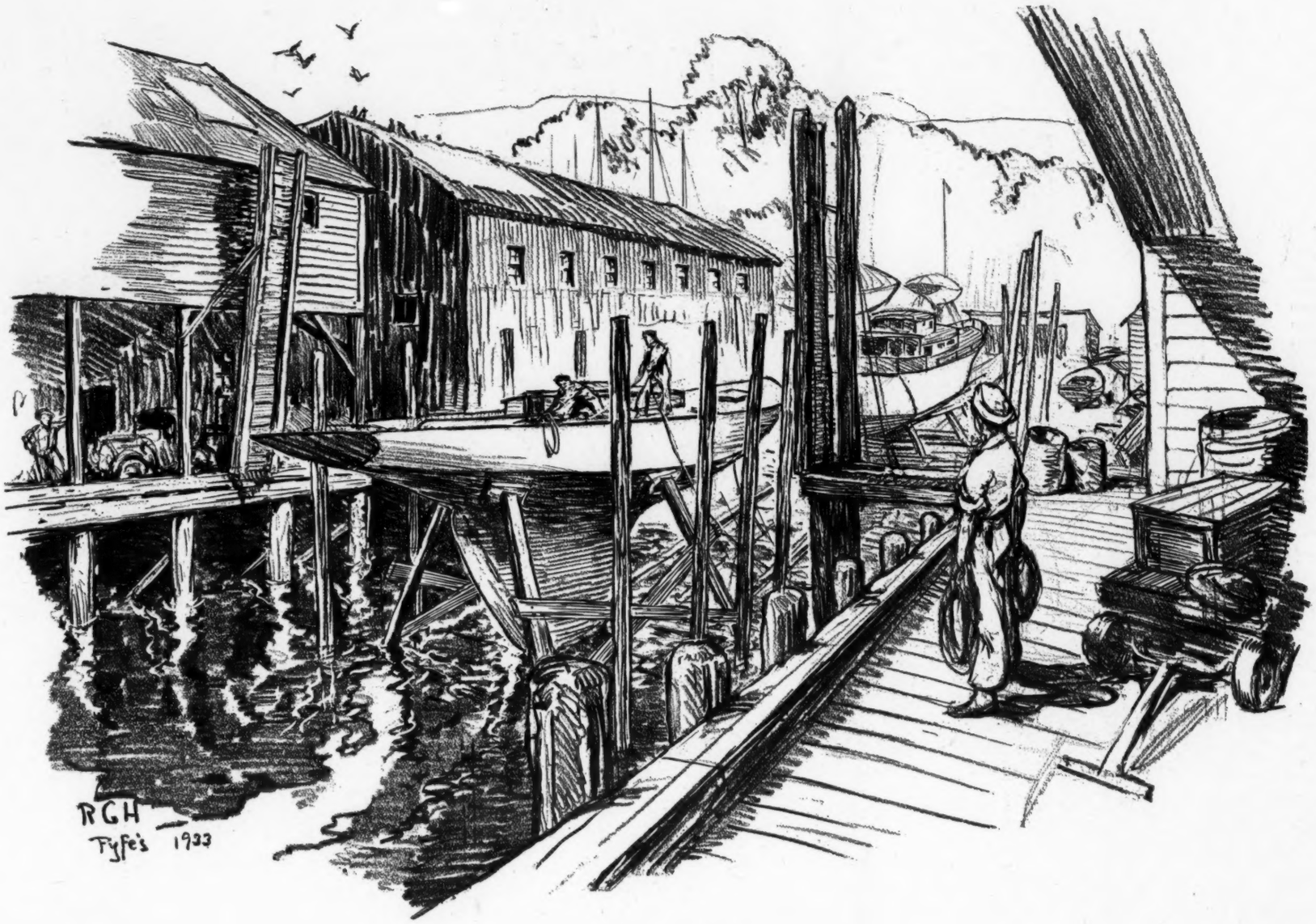
IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING

JOHN WANAMAKER, JR.

IT WAS ONLY in 1929 that John Wanamaker became interested in motor boat racing. Since then he has become one of the outstanding personalities in the sport, a high ranking official of the American Power Boat Association, and an officer of half a dozen notable boating organizations.

With speedy runabouts, express cruisers, outboard boats and his smooth-running Gold Cup racer "Louisa," Captain Wanamaker has raced at such widely separated points as Biscayne Bay, Montauk Point, Washington, and Lake Garda, Italy. It was only last year that he accepted an invitation to compete in the Italian International Regatta at Gardone. He and George H. Townsend drove "Louisa" in those races against faster Italian boats with such skill that they captured second prize and won the respect of all the foreign motor boat men present. It was only natural, then, that Mr. Wanamaker should be one of the prime movers in the highly successful international regattas in Florida last winter.

"Captain John" is a member of the Royal Motor Yacht Club in England, rear commodore of the South Jersey Speedboat Association, vice commodore of the Delaware River Yacht Club, member of the Montauk, Palm Beach and Miami Beach Yacht Clubs, and of the North American Yacht Racing Union. During the past year he has served as honorary vice president of the American Power Boat Association but, between the time this is written and the time it will appear in print, we understand he is slated for more specific honors in that ruling body in the American motor boating sport.



The Season's End

Going into winter storage
From a drawing by Robert Gaston Herbert

IN THE WIND

WE THOUGHT it pretty amusing that Frank Paine, designer of *Yankee*, should have been yanked aboard *Rainbow* when the defender was two down to the "Blue J" — and darned sporting of Frank to let himself be shanghaied.

If they had ever sailed that seventh race, we'd all have been calling them the protestants instead of the contestants. The color of the protest pennant is well chosen. There's always dynamite aboard when that rag is hoisted.

Mr. Sopwith still maintains he has the fastest Class J sloop in the world. Well, he's got to let *her* prove it.

Yankee was America's Sweetheart during the elimination trials for the selection of the defender. Then the fickle public shifted its allegiance to the blue-hulled challenger. *Rainbow* only had the consolation of winning the series.

After all, *Endeavour* belonged to Tom Sopwith and he had a right to handle her any way he wanted. With "Mike" Vanderbilt it was quite differ-

ent. If he had made any mistakes he would have been held to a strict accountability by those sixteen other millionaires who backed the white hope.

Gerald Penny, executive officer for Mr. Sopwith, made the interesting discovery that the breezes off Newport not only kept *Endeavour's* sails asleep but had the insidious tendency to affect him similarly. Despite a lofty resolve to remain wide awake to every opportunity for bettering the challenger's chances, Mr. Penny felt himself so often overpowered by the soporific influence of the ambient air that the very thought of sheets was enough to luff him into dreamland without a protest. At that exciting moment in the final race when *Endeavour*, her perforated parachute spinnaker lifting her to the crest of hope, was threatening *Rainbow's* lead dangerously, it might have been supposed that all hands aboard the challenger would have been pretty much on the *qui vive*. Mr. Penny, however, could be discerned in a posture of repose abaft the wheel, giving an excellent imitation of the Point Judith Whistler.

It was in his best fireside chat manner and not with the peremptory emphasis of the Commander-in-chief of the American Army and Navy that the President dispatched a radiogram from the *Nourmahal* to U.S.S. *Manley* during that first meeting between *Endeavour* and *Rainbow* which was declared no contest. The message was handsomely

misinterpreted and garbled by the press the following day. As it was received aboard the destroyer, it read:

"SUGGEST YOU ARE KEEPING TOO CLOSE TO THE CHALLENGING YACHT"

and was signed, simply, "ROOSEVELT."

From the deck of the *Nourmahal*, at the time, it probably looked as if the *Manley* were very close aboard *Endeavour*, but as a matter of fact Captain Gibb of the destroyer had been fastidiously careful all day to give both the "Blue J" and her adversary a wide berth, while maneuvering his vessel to the best advantage of the camera men who were "shooting" from the foc'sle.

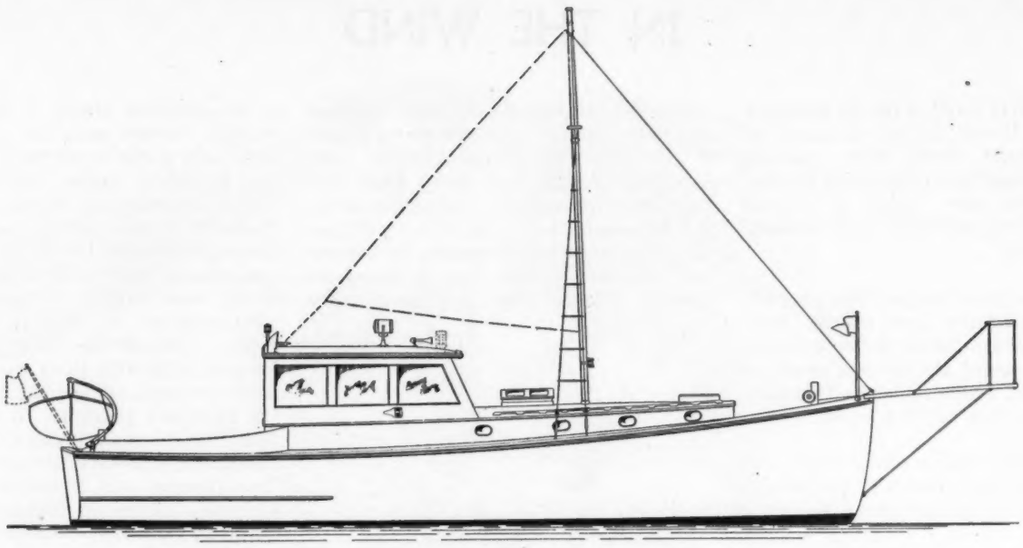
After the receipt of the winged words from the Chief Executive, however, the *Manley*, blushing from truck to keelson, withdrew to the outermost bourne of the spectator fleet and blew off steam. The old boat hadn't been so upset since she had her stern torpedoed off in the World War.

Off the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club lies the rugged, short-rigged schooner *Director* which is being fitted out by Sheridan and Bruce Fahnestock for a two-year expedition to the romantic South Seas. "We are not after treasure," Bruce insists. "If we get a line on any we may mark it with a skull and crossbones but we won't stop to pick it up." The boys are tautly set on gathering specimens of reptiles, insects, birds and fish from the South Pacific and its islands. They refuse to be sidetracked by possible opportunities to unearth pirate hordes of pieces of eight. "Ray Ditmars wants a little green snake," remarked Sheridan seriously as he caulked a seam in the gallant old hooker's deck. "And," quoth Bruce from the galley, where he was frying onions, "I am madly set upon obtaining a very rare bug from the Galapagos for an awfully good friend of mine who is an entomologist attached to the Field Museum." There is no question about it, the lads are terribly sincere and, for all we know, they may come home with a couple of sea serpents under hatches. Going with Sheridan and Bruce are Dennis Puleston, ornithologist, and Hugh S. Davis, director of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, zoo, who is said to be after a unicorn. Davis was Martin Johnson's "still" photographer in Africa, though it's rather difficult to imagine anybody keeping still with lions rushing at him from strategic angles! As this is written the boys are planning to sail the fifteenth and have a berth available for a combined radio-operator and botanist. The *Director* will touch first at Barro Colorado Island in Gatun Lake, Panama, and proceed thence to the Galapagos Islands off Ecuador. From there she will sail to the Marquesas, Austral, Society and Cook Islands and so on to Samoa and New Guinea. There the crew will disembark and attempt to penetrate beyond the Bismarck Mountains. Her return route will take her across the Indian Ocean, through the Gulf of Aden into the Red Sea and *via* the Suez Canal to the Mediterranean.

An harassed fashion photographer called us up to inquire what sort of footgear was appropriate for ladies to wear when yachting. "Oh, anything from sneakers to bare feet, with or without red toenails," he was advised. It seems that at the behest of some dictator of modes feminine he had mustered a galaxy of lovely dames aboard a big schooner yacht and "shot" them in all the familiarly inane attitudes germane to such theat-

rical situations. But upon developing his pictures he was assailed by misgivings. He discovered that most of the pretty creatures had been wearing white slippers with high spike heels. "How about that?" he asked plaintively. "Will they get by? What would you do if a girl came aboard your yacht" (the flatterer!) "with heels like those?" We told him frankly that we'd make her take her shoes off or walk home. "A yacht," we added severely, "is permitted only one heel on each tack going to windward."

"And the girl, you would make take off her shoes or walk home?" he pursued. "If she elected to do the latter I suppose she'd have to know the rules of the road, wouldn't she?" L. M.



Outboard profile, showing the pulpit forward and the tender carried on davits across the stern

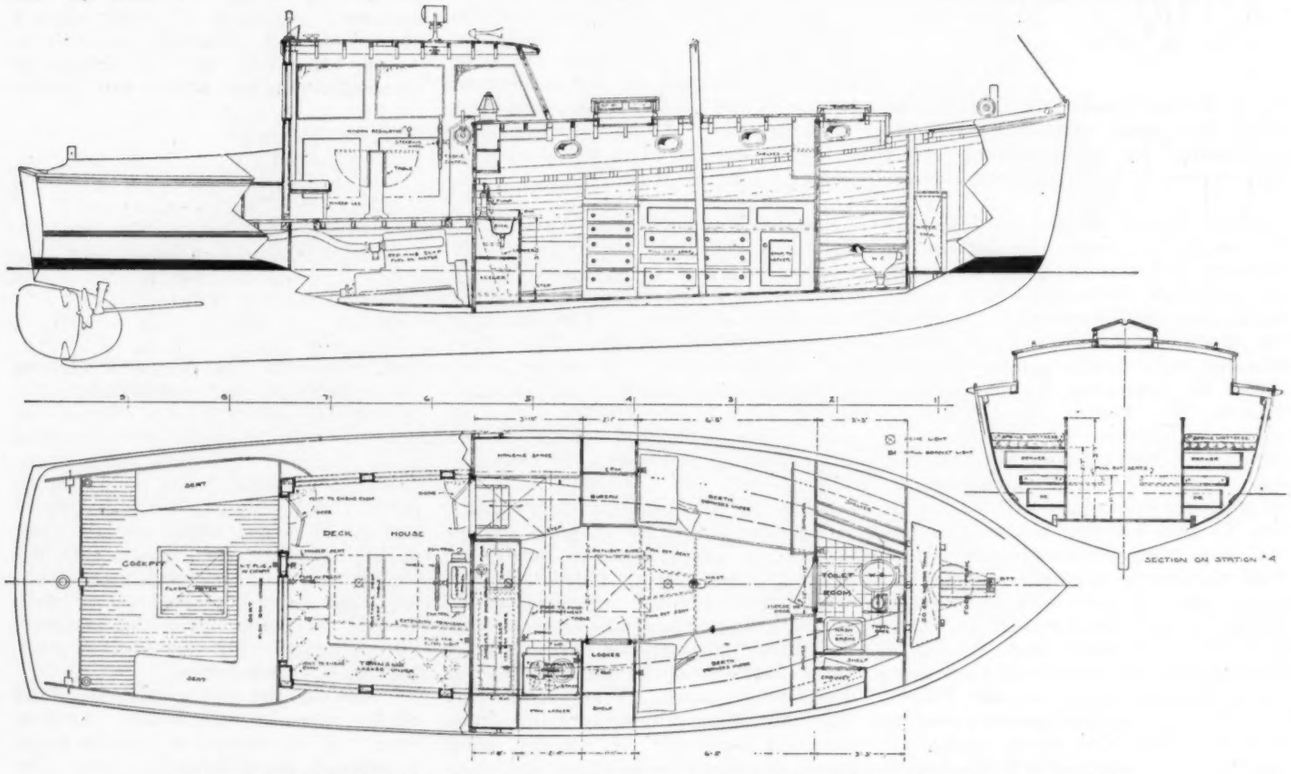
A 38-foot Twin Screw Fishing Boat

A BIT OUT of the ordinary run of cruisers is this 38-footer designed by John G. Alden, naval architect of Boston, for fishing and general use on Buzzard's Bay and adjacent waters. She is 38′ long, 11′ beam and 3′ 6″ draft. The plans show a boat that should be an easy roller and one that will be dry even when being driven into the short chop that kicks up in Buzzard's Bay with an ebb tide and a fresh sou'wester.

The long cabin trunk gives ample headroom and the numerous ports and the skylight assures plenty of light and air to the quarters below decks. The deckhouse is entirely enclosed, though fitted with windows all around, and may be kept warm and cosy in the nippy days in early spring and late autumn. The layout below is simple, with a large galley, two berths in the cabin, a toilet room and an enormous amount of stowage space.

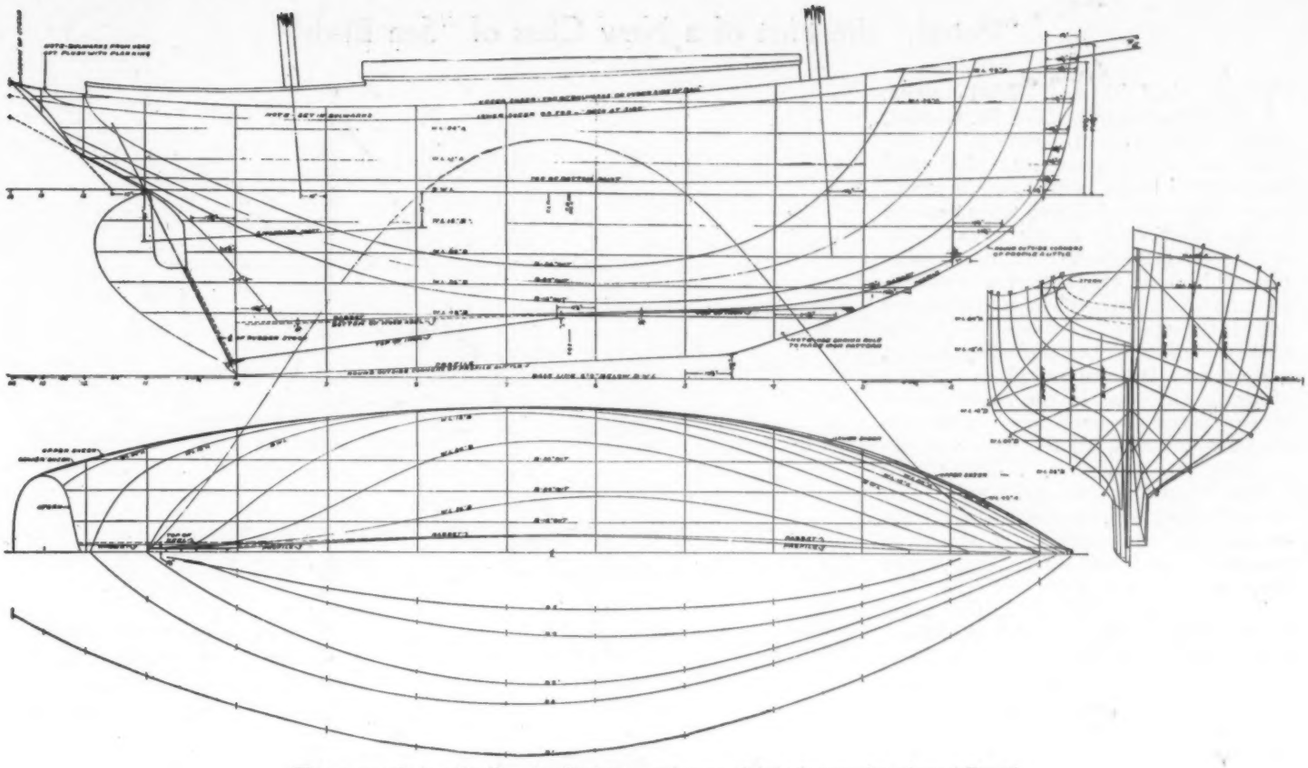
The power plant is a pair of Red Wing Hesselman fuel oil burning engines which are installed in a sound-proof compartment under the deckhouse. This is believed to be the first installation of this kind on the Atlantic Coast. All controls are led to the steering wheel through specially designed Kimball equipment.

Wide spreaders are fitted aloft for the use of the lookouts when swordfishing and the shrouds are rattled down.



The accommodation plans show an interesting arrangement, with the deckhouse designed for use as the main cabin

The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designers under whose name they appear. Further information concerning any design should be addressed direct to the naval architect in question.

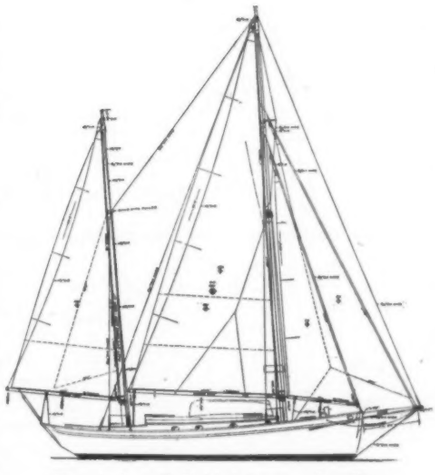


The owner admires the French pilot boats, and some of their features have been followed

A Small Ketch Designed for Long Voyages

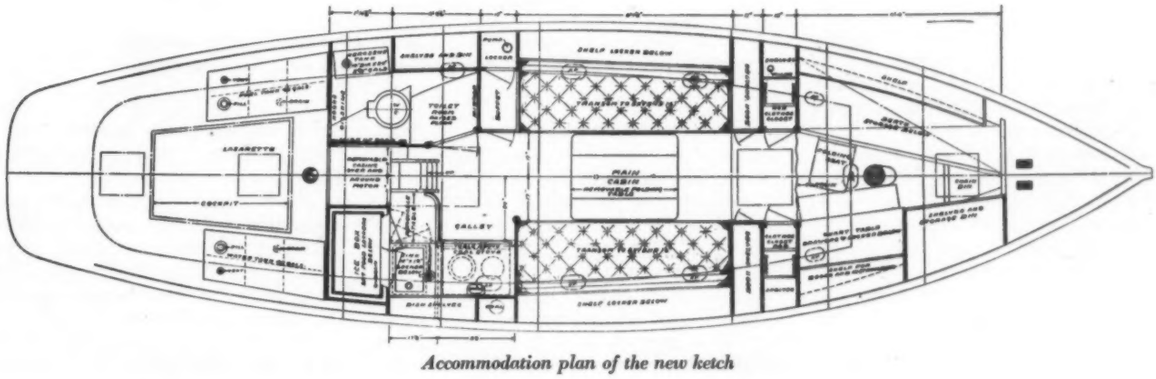
THIS offshore cruiser was designed by Ralph E. Winslow, of Quincy, Mass., for Joseph Cardonatt of New York and is under construction at the yard of Harvey Gamage, South Bristol, Maine. She is 35′ 0″ over all, 29′ 6″ l.w.l., 9′ 6″ beam and 6′ 0″ draft. She carries 9000 pounds of ballast on her keel and has about 3000 pounds of iron inside. The rig was designed for easy handling as well as for efficiency and the yacht spreads a total of 641 square feet of canvas in her four working sails. This is small enough to make the boat almost a single-hander and yet large enough to give her a fair turn of speed, considering her moderate beam.

The owner plans to spend several years aboard the boat, cruising in the West Indies, then making the passage across the Atlantic and spending a year or more in the Mediterranean, possibly going still further afield. He had definite ideas as to the type of boat he wanted, specifying large displacement, deep bilges, deep forefoot, keel straight on the bottom for easy docking. He admires the French pilot cutters and the designer followed their type to a certain extent in drawing the lines.



The rig is well divided for easy handling

The engine is a 10–14 h.p. Palmer "Little Huskie" which will give her a speed of about five m.p.h. in smooth water. Mr. Cardonatt wished only small power and high fuel economy as he intends to use the engine only occasionally, depending upon the sails for propulsion except in an emergency. The engine is installed under the bridge deck. All tanks are of copper, the fuel tank being of 45 gallons capacity while the water tank holds 135 gallons.



Accommodation plan of the new ketch

"Petrel," the First of a New Class of "Sea Birds"

THE ACCOMPANYING plans, from the board of Fred W. Goeller, naval architect, of Quincy, Mass., show one of the most successful small centerboard boats turned out in recent years. The original sketch was prepared for the Richmond County Yacht Club, of Staten Island, New York, in competition with many others, but was not selected at that time. Their requirements called for speed, seaworthiness, suitability for family use and they wished a boat with knockabout jib-headed rig of ample sail area. In the development of the plans in accordance with the above conditions, all the data and experience in designing, building and sailing "Frostbite" dinghies was taken advantage of and the result has far exceeded the expectations of everyone except the designer — who thought he knew what he was doing.

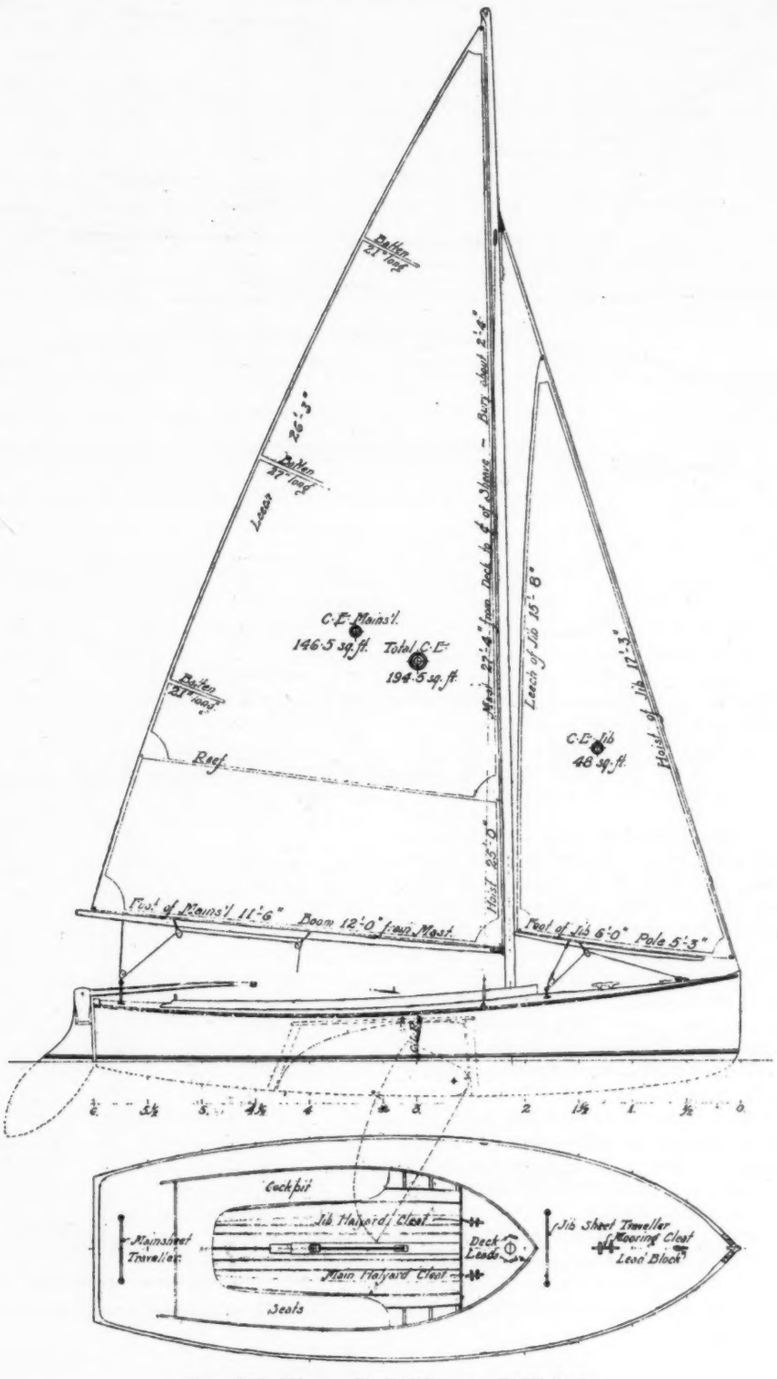
The first boat built from this plan, for Mr. Howard Palmer, of Hull, Mass., which came out about Decoration Day, has been sailed under practically every condition encountered during the summer and has proven exceptionally fast, able and dry. She has been used a great deal for afternoon sailing and has been most satisfactory for parties of from four to six people.

All in all, she is a glorified dinghy, smooth planked and decked and, while in some quarters criticism has been heard because of her plumb stem and stern (the remark being that she is very old fashioned) the maximum water line length obtained in this way and the bottom developed has made her so easily driven that to date she has shown her heels to everything near her size and type and to several boats which carry nearly fifty per cent greater sail spread.

The sail area is moderate, just under 195 square feet, and the whole rig is simple and efficient. In this connection, there are but two cleats on the boat, the mooring cleat on the forward deck and the main sheet cleat on the after end of the centerboard trunk. The halliards are led to belaying pins at the forward end of the cockpit and the single jib sheet is run to the same place. The standing rigging consists merely of a pair of shrouds and a headstay.

Having an ample deck on the side, the owner states that he does not believe she can be capsized for, with her long side, she rolls out on it and floats high enough to keep the water from coming in over the coaming.

The centerboard is of the type used on all the later dinghies in Massachusetts Bay ports. As the trunk is capped, no water can slop up through it. At the same time the trunk is low enough for the crew to get across the boat, over it, easily, especially as the boom is well off the deck. There is no need to lie flat to avoid being hit by the boom when coming about. The board, dropping nearly straight down, makes the draft under this condition about five feet. While she has been fast on every point of sailing, her windward ability is reported to be comparable to that of a keel boat. She is undoubtedly at her best in windward work.

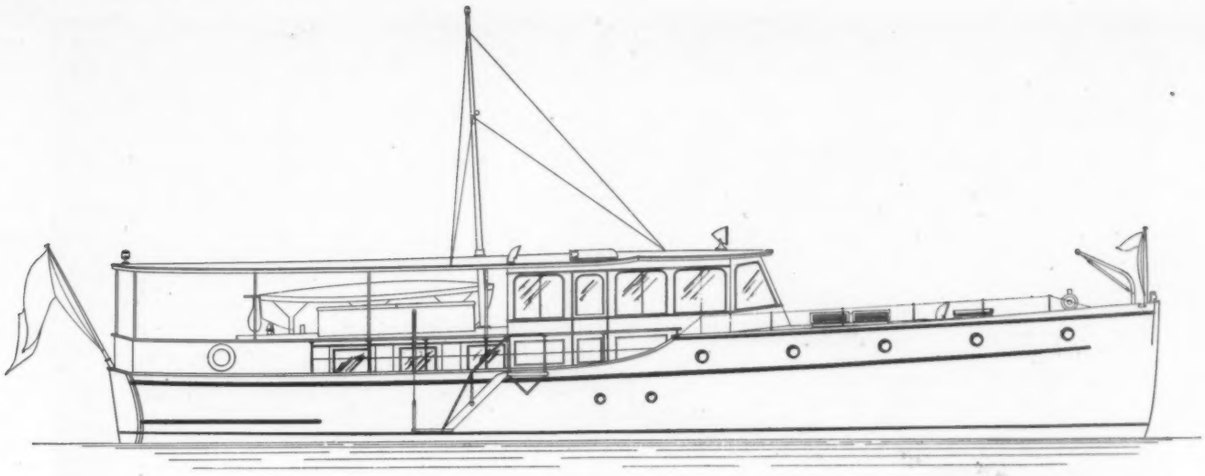


"Petrel" is 18' over all, 6' 3" beam and 12" draft of hull. With the centerboard down, she draws 5'

Additional boats have since been ordered and before next season there will be a new class of this type sailing in Massachusetts waters. The name decided on for them is the "Sea Bird" class and the first boat has been named *Petrel*.

The first cost of these boats is moderate and the upkeep, such as hauling and painting, is so easy that practically anyone can do it for himself. This new class bids fair to become popular in the immediate future.

A boat of this type is light enough to be transported easily on a trailer.



The outboard profile displays an attractive looking craft

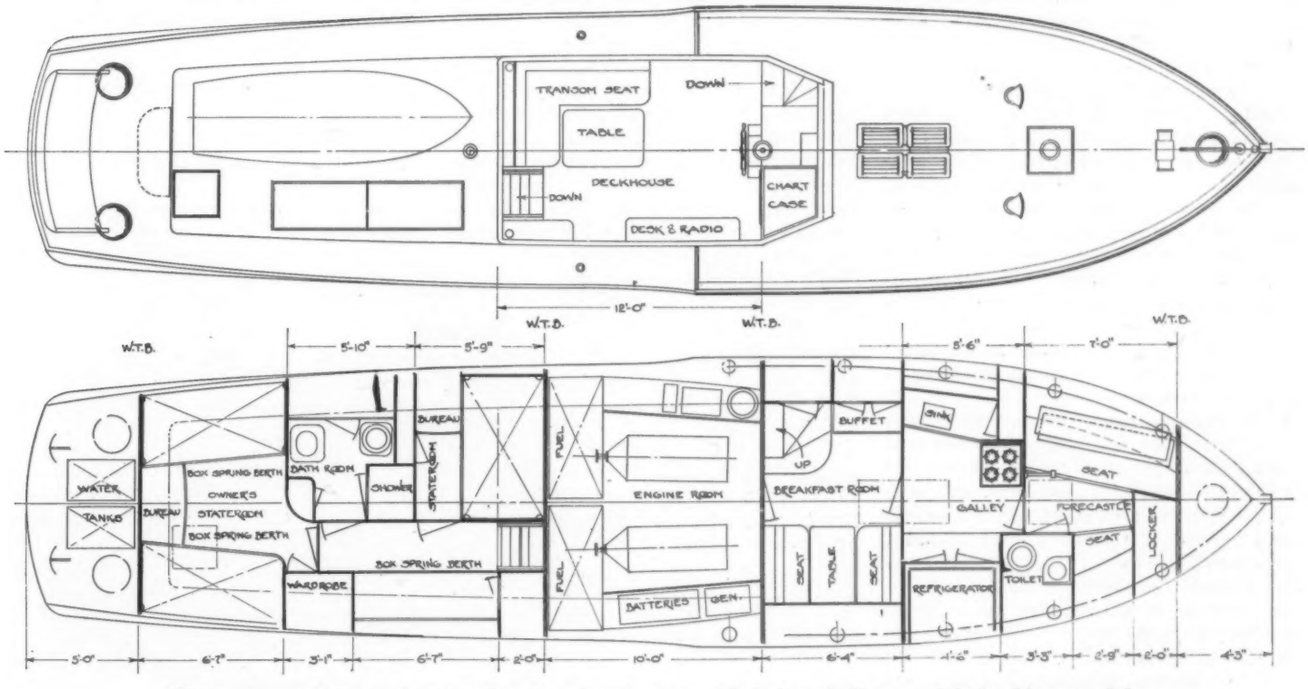
A Twin Screw 56-footer of Attractive Design

THE MOTOR cruiser shown on this page is from the board of Chris. B. Nelson, Inc., naval architects of New York City. Her principal dimensions are as follows: length over all, 56′ 4″; beam, extreme, 13′ 6″; draft of water, 3′ 4″. The new yacht has been designed for a southern yachtsman who wishes to remain anonymous for the present. Work on her will be commenced in the near future.

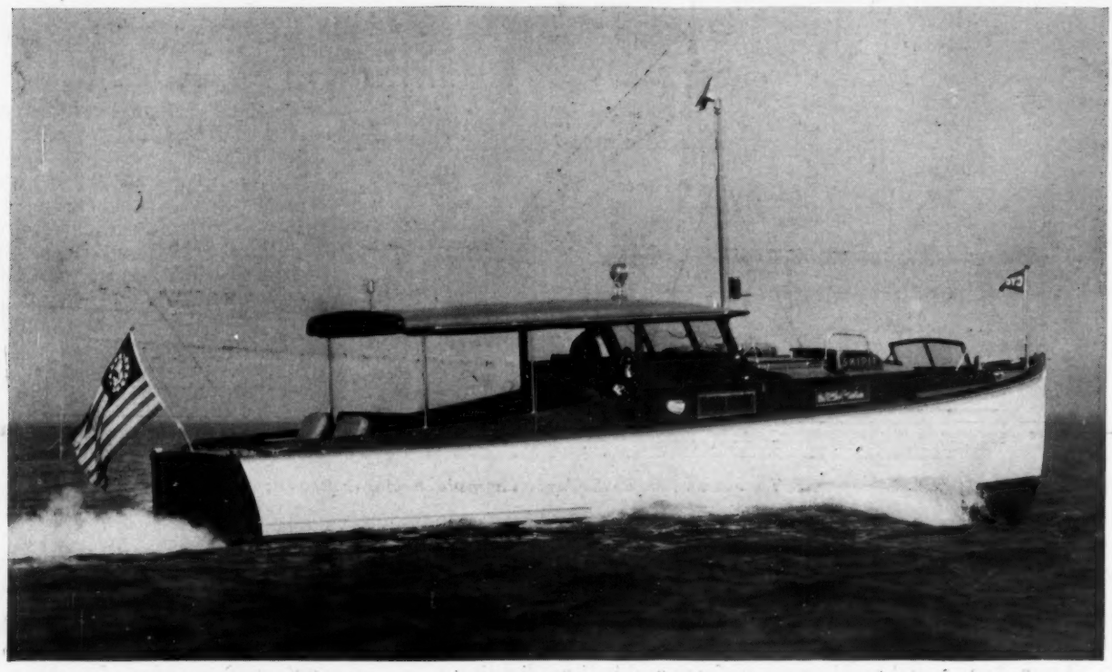
Construction will be of the best materials, keel, stem, sternpost, frames and deck beams being of oak while the outside planking will be double, of cedar and mahogany. The decks will be of white pine, finished bright. The deckhouse, cabin trunk and deck trim will be of Mexican mahogany, varnished. Below decks the owner's quarters will be finished in the modern style, with flat surfaces and indirect lighting.

The yacht will have four watertight bulkheads and the engine compartment will be completely sound-proofed. The power plant will be two six-cylinder Sterling Petrel gasoline engines developing 150 horse power each and giving the yacht a speed of 17 miles per hour. The engines will be fitted with reduction gears, allowing the use of a good sized propeller. The outfit of auxiliary machinery will be complete and special attention will be paid to the ventilation of the engine compartment. The fuel tanks, of large capacity to give an extended cruising radius, will be placed in the engine room while the fresh water tanks will be carried aft in the lazarette.

The arrangement has been worked out with the idea of making the boat comfortable for use in southern waters and with large windows in the cabin trunk so that the yacht will have a lot of light and air below. The owner's quarters aft consist of a two-berth stateroom, a stateroom with a wide double berth, a passageway berth and a bathroom. Plenty of locker space has been provided. Forward is the breakfast room, the seats of which may be converted into a berth. Forward of that is the galley, the full width of the yacht, and a roomy forecastle for two paid hands. The deckhouse is large and the seat there may be extended to form a berth.



The arrangement shown on these two plans is an ingenious one, with the large deckhouse and the breakfast room below



"Skipit" is a Matthews "38" Sport Cruiser owned by R. G. Haskell of Cleveland, Ohio. Her power plant is a pair of Kermath engines developing 110 horse power each which give her a speed of 21 miles per hour

Of Interest to the Skipper

Scripps Offers New V-8 Conversion

A NEW conversion marine engine, to be known as the Scripps V-8, is now being placed on the market by the Scripps Motor Company of Detroit, Mich. The motor is compact, measuring only 42½ inches long over all in the direct drive model. It is rated at 90 horse power. It is well adapted as the power plant of small runabouts and hydroplanes 15 feet in length and upwards. The reduction gear model should prove satisfactory for driving light, fast cruisers and other small cabin boats. The engine lends itself well to installation in an auxiliary. As it can be stowed away in a limited space it often allows a better layout of the living quarters.

The Ford V-8 engine, used as the basic power factor in the conversion, is recognized as a dependable, quiet, smooth and flexible machine. Scripps engineers, after an exhaustive series of experiments, have produced a marine engine worthy to take its place in the Scripps line. In addition to the direct drive model, there is also offered a model with reduction gear.

The Scripps Motor Company states that every part used in the conversion has been especially designed for marine use, selected because of its proven efficiency, and is in keeping with Scripps standards. Not only is every detail thoroughly inspected during production to assure the best material and workmanship but each completed engine is given a series of exacting tests under its own power. The new motor will not replace any of the thirty-two models in the Scripps line but will make a valuable addition to the series of engines manufactured by the company, providing a reliable machine for owners who wish an engine of low first cost for small boats.

\+ + +

Pictrebor, a Wood Preservative

For many years Pictrebor has been used for preserving the woodwork of large steamships under the most severe conditions, and its performance has led Edward Smith & Co., manufacturers of Smith's Cup Defender finishes, to introduce it to yacht owners. A colorless liquid, Pictrebor is mixed with from ten to twenty parts of water, depending upon the use to which the solution is to be put, and then sponged, brushed or sprayed on the surface of the wood to be treated. Applied to the bare wood so that it penetrates and impregnates the wood fibers, it kills any worms and arrests decay and mildew.

After the wood has been soaked with the preservative and has dried, paint or varnish may be applied to the surface with the assurance that the wood under the surface is also protected and longer life and service is certain. It is economical to use and is particularly advantageous in treating the inside of centerboard trunks, in the bilges, on natural wood decks, on the under side of decks and elsewhere in places that are difficult to paint. It is death to the teredo and to the fungi of decay and mildew.

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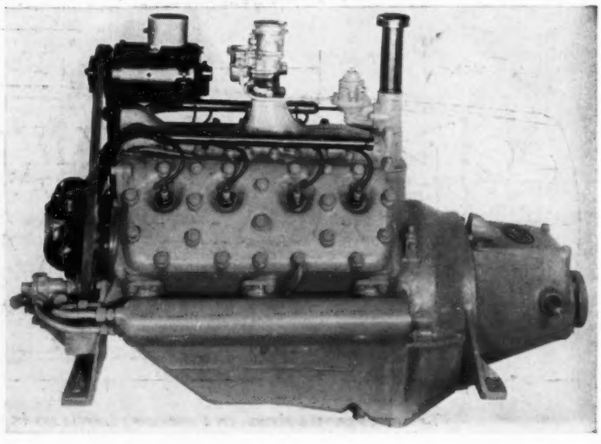
Racing Records Made by Gray Engines

Besides winning a good percentage of the races in which boats powered with Gray marine motors were entered, two new records



The Scripps V-8 Conversion is a compact engine which is offered both in direct drive and reduction gear models

were made recently. At the President's Cup Regatta at Washington, late in September, the Chris-Craft *Well Done*, owned and driven by Jack Dunn, set a new Class E mark of 39.167 m.p.h. She is powered with a Gray "Racing Six" of 225 cubic inches displacement, developing 115 hp., and equipped with twin updraft carburetors.

At the same regatta, S. M. Auerbach's *Emancipator II* set a record of 44.138 m.p.h. for five miles, the fastest official time made in the 225 class to date. She is driven by a Gray "Blue Streak" of 125 cubic inches displacement. This boat is a sister to *Emancipator III*, holder of the national 125 Class championship and also of the mile record. She too is powered with a Gray "Blue Streak."

The Class C record is held by *Bo Peep*, a Chris-Craft 15½-footer with a Gray "Phantom Four." She is owned by L. Bailey of Merion, Pa.

At Toronto, the three Gray-powered boats entered took two firsts and a second in three heats despite the fact that one of the boats was sunk before the second heat. *Chotsie IV*, owned and driven by Mrs. Florence Burnham of Wilmington, Del., set a mark of 40.03 m.p.h. for the second 15-mile heat. She is powered with a Gray "Racing Six."

Other records held by Gray-powered boats are the Albany-New York inboard, the 5½-Litre Class, the New Orleans-St. Louis, all 125 Class records, the 225 Class, and Classes B, E and F runabouts. Grays have also done well abroad.

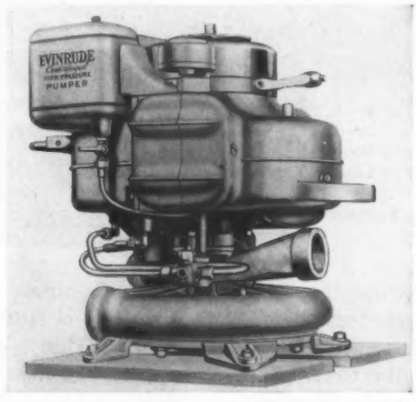
+ + +

A Portable Pumping Outfit

Many boatmen will doubtless be interested in the announcement by the Outboard Motors Corporation of the new Evinrude Centrifugal High-Pressure Pumper. While designed primarily for the strenuous task of fire fighting in forests and outlying districts, there are many other jobs for which it is fitted. It may be used as a bilge pump on a yacht or on a barge; for fire fighting at yacht clubs or elsewhere along the waterfront; and for supplying a powerful stream of water for washing down decks, taking the mud off the chain as the anchor is weighed, scrubbing out small boats, and so on.

This new Gar Wood speedster is 16' long, 5' 4" beam and 1' 4" draft. She is planked with African mahogany, Everdur fastened. Her engine is a 93 hp. Chrysler and her speed is close to 40 m.p.h.

The unit consists of a specially designed centrifugal pump coupled direct to a four cylinder 9.2 hp. Evinrude "Hooded Power" engine. The unit is compact, measuring only 12½ inches wide by 17 long and 20 high. The impeller of the pump has sufficient clearance to allow it to handle dirty, gritty water. The pump itself may be immersed in the water supply or a suction hose may be used. The suction is 2" diameter and the discharge opening 1½". Pressures up to 160 pounds to the square inch may be obtained and a capacity of 154 gallons per minute is within its scope. The small size of the complete unit allows it to be stowed away in a limited space.



The new Evinrude pumper is a neat and compact combination of outboard engine and centrifugal pump

A special bulletin may be obtained from Outboard Motors Corporation, 5649 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

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The Cost of Repair Parts

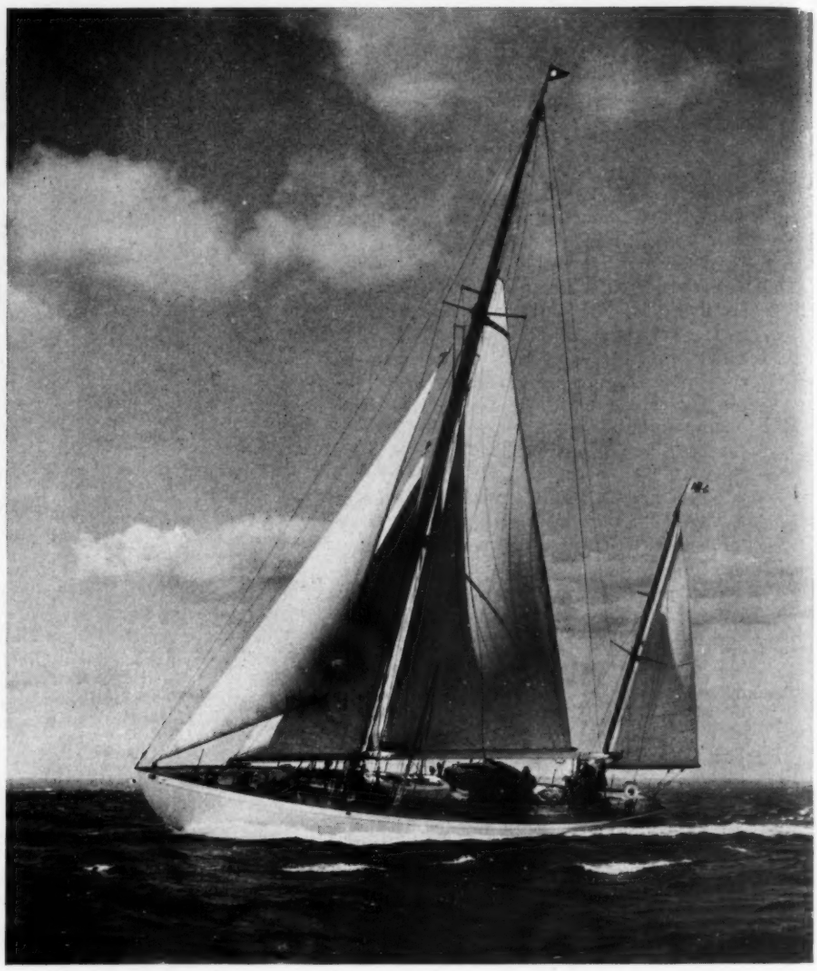
When buying a marine engine, the purchaser should consider the matter of spare parts and ascertain whether they will be available at a reasonable figure five, ten, fifteen or even twenty years from date. A recent survey made by the Universal Motor Company, of Oshkosh, Wis., shows that, on a comparative basis, parts for marine engines are to be had at a much lower figure than those for motors in the industrial and automotive fields.

For example, consider a car costing new about $600. A complete set of parts for this would cost about three and a half times the cost of the car, or approximately $2,100. As a contrast, take the Universal Utility Four, Model BN, a marine engine which comes with built-in reverse gear and electric starter and sells for $269. If the manufacturer used the automotive proportion, a complete set of spare parts would cost $941.50. As a matter of fact, buying this engine part by part would cost $720.95, much less than three and a half times the original cost.

The possibility of securing parts at a reasonable cost long after the engine is bought is a matter which every prospective purchaser of an engine should consider. Marine engine manufacturers realize how long their products last in service and keep parts on hand for many years. For example, the Universal Motor Company discontinued the manufacture of its Model A marine motor twenty-five years ago but parts for that motor are still available on twenty-four hours notice. As a matter of fact, 95 per cent of orders for parts are shipped within twenty-four hours of receipt.

W. R. Boeckl, of Vienna, Austria, has been winning races with his Hacker-designed "Miss Carenthia" powered with a Universal Blue Jacket Six engine

Interesting Yachts of 1934



"Alsumar," a shoal draft auxiliary, is owned by Dave Hennen Morris, Jr., a member of the New York Yacht Club

Photos by Rosenfeld

AMERICA'S Cup Races come and go, and when they are on, as this year, so much is written and talked about them that other races and other boats seem to fade into the background, as far as the general public is concerned. But to the average yachtsmen, the America's Cup is a thing almost apart from regular yachting. It is the smaller craft, sailing through the cup years with undiminished activity and carrying on in the years between, that are the backbone and body of the sport.

Thus while *Rainbow*, *Yankee* and *Endeavour* performed in the spotlight this year, yachtsmen were no less interested in the performances of a number of smaller craft that would have been first-page timber in any other year.

There is, for instance, *Edlu*. Designed by Sparkman & Stephens for Rudolph J. Schaefer, primarily as a day-sailing and cruising yacht, this 40-foot water line auxiliary sloop won one of the sport's greatest fixtures, the Bermuda Race. *Edlu* is a husky, comfortable yacht, beamy, fully equipped for comfortable cruising, able to go anywhere in any weather and snugly rigged for ease of handling by a small crew. Nobody would ever call her a racing machine. Considering that and the further fact that she was launched only a couple of weeks before the start of the Bermuda Race, it was one of the surprises of a surprising season when a hard-driving crew headed by Robert N. Bavier brought *Edlu* into Bermuda a winner, saving her time easily on the fleet and beating a number of larger yachts boat for boat.

Nor was the Bermuda Race *Edlu's* only victory. She took her share of the honors in coastwise cruising races, among them the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club's race from Port Washington to Newport.

Second only to the America's Cup in tradition as an international yachting trophy is the Seawanhaka Cup. It was successfully defended this year by *Bob-Kat II*, owned by Robert B. Meyer, a 1931 Sparkman & Stephens boat and a member of the 1932 winning team in the British-American series. This year she again won a place on the American Team for the British-American Cup, in which series *Bob-Kat II* was the high point scorer on the American Team and was chosen to defend the Seawanhaka Cup against the Scottish ace, *Kyla*, a job which she did convincingly in their series off Oyster Bay, in three straight races, under trying October conditions.

Next in international importance among the yachting trophies held in this country is the Canada's Cup, which is to the Great Lakes what the America's Cup is to salt water. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, this summer, made its third bid in five years for that historic trophy, held by the Rochester Yacht Club and the challenge was repulsed, in three straight races, by the Eight-Metre sloop *Conewago*. *Conewago* is an old-timer, as international cup racers go. She was designed by Sparkman & Stephens in 1930, and this year's was her second successful defense of the cup.

The sloop *Alsumar*, sailed by Philip LeBoutillier, Jr., an outstanding cruiser-racer for several seasons, added to her laurels this year by capturing the City Island-Cornfield Lightship Race, in the sailing division, and the Childs' Cup Race, the latter a contest which usually goes to such craft as Class R sloops or Eight-Metres. Among *Alsumar's* past exploits were the winning of the Class B trophy in the Gibson Island Race and the Class A trophy in the Stamford-Vineyard Race in 1933.

Several new cruising auxiliaries, designed by Sparkman & Stephens, were among the season's interesting yachts. On Narragansett Bay, *Blue Heron*, a 43-foot over-all shoal draft cruising yawl owned by Frank Richmond, of Providence, won the Point Judith Cup Race, the big event in those waters for yachts of her type, as well as winning the praise of the yachtsmen in that vicinity as a smart cruising boat.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

One of the first launchings of 1934, back in April, was that of Lawrence Bailliere's sloop *Aweigh*, which subsequently cleaned up in long-distance races on her home waters of the Chesapeake and is now cruising in Southern waters. *Aweigh* is a flush-decked auxiliary, 47 feet long on deck.

The yawl *Alsumar*, designed by Sparkman & Stephens for Dave Hennen Morris, Jr., a shoal draft auxiliary with Diesel power, is one of the largest yachts of her type built this season. She is a little over 70 feet long on deck with comfortable living quarters for Mr. Morris and his family, and has been much admired wherever she has dropped her hook during her summer's cruising.

Other interesting boats of the year are two husky cruisers from Sparkman & Stephens' designs, the 38-foot over-all ketch *Roon II*, owned by R. S. Kellogg, and the 60-foot motor sailer *Kiboko*, owned by Clarence Postley. The yawl *Stormy Weather*, a development of the successful *Dorade*, altered to fit the new ocean racing measurement rule, was an interesting addition to the fleet and won a number of races, including two port-to-port runs in the cruising division on the New York Yacht Club Cruise.

The demand for small auxiliary cabin sloops which can race locally as one-design classes was met this year by twin 30-foot over-all sloops, the *Eaglet* and *Surprise*, built for members of the Duxbury

"Edlu," owned by Rear Commodore R. J. Schaefer of the Larchmont Yacht Club, was designed by Sparkman & Stephens

Yacht Club. The nucleus of a one-design class which is expected to grow to considerable proportions on the Massachusetts Coast, these two little centerboarders have sleeping accommodations for three, yet are equally at home in a race or bucking a Cape Cod Bay wind and sea.

The American type of fast ocean cruising yacht is growing in popularity abroad, too, in the strongholds of very different local types. A design of Sparkman & Stephens, published in England last year in connection with a designing competition held under the Royal Ocean Racing Club's rules, so appealed to William D. M. Bell, a British yachtsman, that he built a new 70-foot steel yawl, *Trenchemer*, from these designs. She was launched in Scotland in midsummer and has already given a fine account of herself. Her performances have been favorably commented on by the British press.

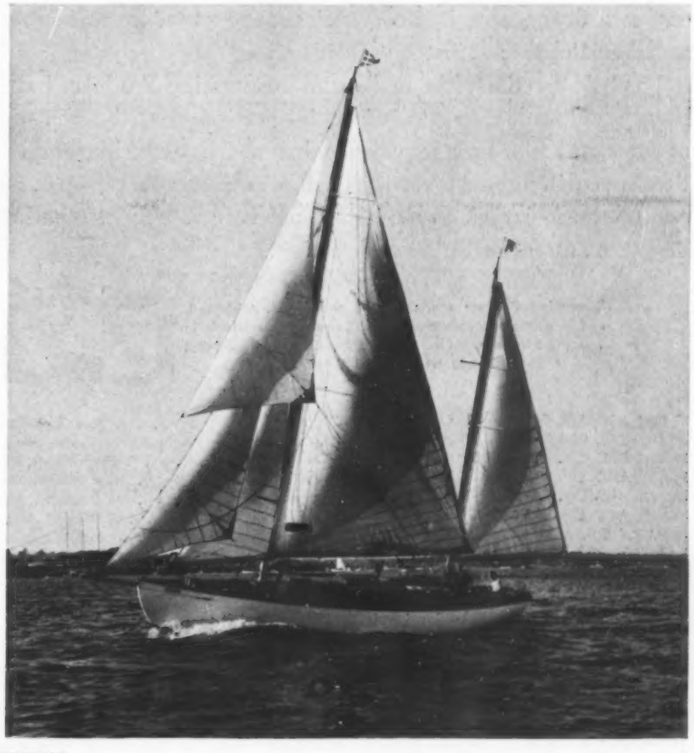
Beken and Son

"Bob-Kat II" successfully defended the Seawanhaka Cup, beating the Scottish "Kyla" in three straight races

Down in Tasmania, where cruising is a popular sport and cruiser-racing is beginning to be quite active, a small edition of *Dorade* will soon be launched for Guy W. Rex.

Few designers can point to creations in as many branches of yachting which have made the outstanding records and attracted as much favorable comment as have these yachts and the many others built from designs by Sparkman & Stephens.

"Roon II," 38-foot auxiliary ketch, owned by R. S. Kellogg of the Harlem Yacht Club, was built from designs by Sparkman & Stephens



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For half a century the makers of Essomarine Products have been world-leaders in specialized lubrication. Get the benefits of the skill . . the long experience that such leadership signifies. Essomarine Lubricants are supplied wherever you tie up . . by one of the major oil companies listed below. Use Essomarine Products . . standardize on satisfaction.

Essomarine Oils are available in 1 and 5 gal. containers, and in drums and half-drums. The Greases are available in 1 lb. and 5 lb. packages and 100 lb. drums . . the U. G. Lubricant in 1 lb. tubes and 25 lb. pails.

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News from Yachting Centers

Sound Waves

By LEE SCUPPERS

LONG ISLAND SOUND yachtsmen, always in the vanguard of racing men keen to improve the speed and efficiency of their boats, have equipped them with all manner of winches for hoisting and trimming sails and setting up backstays; they have played an important part in developing the versatility of the Genoa jib; they have been leaders in the design and use of that nightmare of all kites, the parachute spinnaker.

They have, in a word, acquired a not undeserved reputation for enterprise and eagerness to modernize. They have made their boats faster and easier to handle; made them veritable models of modernity. They are the best customers of such famed gadgeteers as Porthole Pete Chamberlain, an old shellback who lies awake nights devising things of metal, wood and hemp to lure dollars from the pockets of boat owners whose sales resistance is no match for the persuasive tongue and inventive genius of Le Bon Pierre.

We have, it seems, made our boats as up to date, if not more so, than ultra-modern penthouses. But we have overlooked what in this post-repeal era amounts to the most important piece of a racing yacht's auxiliary equipment — a bar.

This glaring deficiency in the layouts of our smaller racing boats was brought home to us in the recent British-American Cup series at Oyster Bay by Skipper William Russell of the Clyde Six-Metre *Kyla*. No truer Scot ever breathed the fragrance of purple heather, or thrilled to the skirl of bagpipes. Hence it is not surprising that he has gone Long Island skippers and designers one better in racing boat equipment.

On the under side of the deck between the steering cockpit and forward working space of *Kyla* is fitted a small, compact, well-stocked bar. Save on light days, when the afternoon grows long and weary, the bar remains closed until the race ends. But Captain Russell is authority for the statement that within thirty seconds after the finish of a contest his crew is raising full glasses to parched lips and crying: "Cheerio!"

It is significant to all save the disciples of Josephus Daniels that *Kyla* was the most successful of the British Sixes that bowed to our team. The others had no bars and got nowhere. *Kyla* had a bar and annoyed the Americans in every race. You may draw your own conclusions.

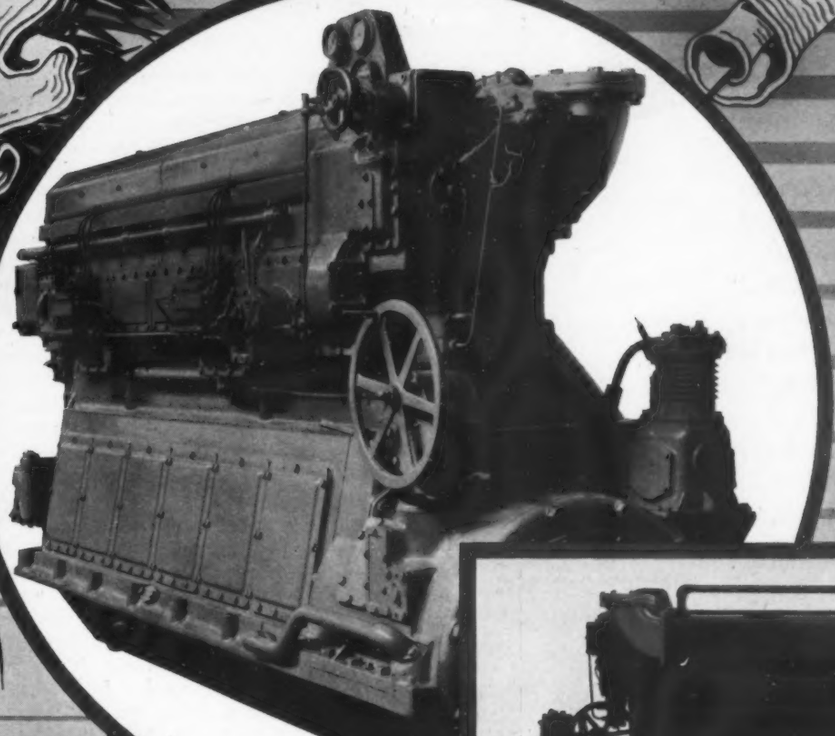
In a rough sort of way the bar idea has been tried out on Sound Six-Metres and lesser craft with more or less success, but the fact remains that it took a Scotsman to develop it to the ultimate. Back in the prohibition days Billy Luders had a Six-Metre called *Totem* that was the liveliest light weather boat in the class and one of the smartest handled. Luders is a strong believer in the ancient seafaring custom of doling out tots of rum to the foremast hands, particularly in bad weather or after a prolonged, wearying session with sheets and halliards on a light, fluky day. Members of the 1931 Larchmont regatta committee never will forget the picture *Totem* used to present to their jaded eyes as she sped across the finish line far ahead of other aspirants for the Race Week championship. On the weather deck were arrayed jugs and bottles, obviously containing the requisites for the cup that cheers.

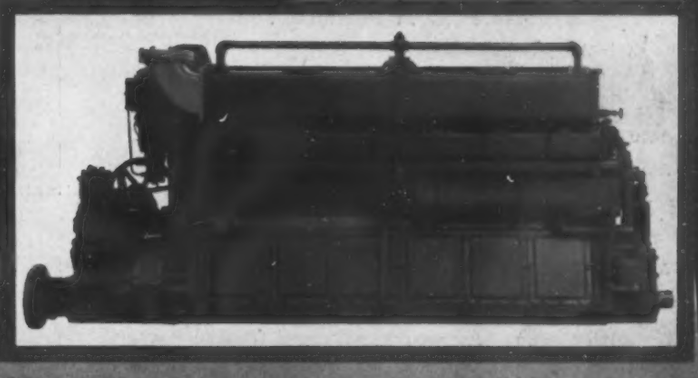
But *Totem's* bar was of the most primitive sort. Paper cups and old glassware were stowed on shelves under the deck, mixed up with marline, shackles, spare line and old sneakers. Bottles of ginger ale reposed in the bilges in lieu of an icebox. Jugs and other vital containers were stowed for safety's sake in sail bags. Mr. Russell would have sneered at such landlubberliness.

M'sieu Gene Kelly, commodore of the Royal Bombay Cycling Club, has been visiting these parts this summer, observing the various international events as yachting expert for the *Royal Colonist and Daily Gazette* of Hamilton, Bermuda, his winter domicile. M'sieu Kelly, a pioneering Star boat sailor himself, informs this department that before he finishes his missionary work in the Onion Patch there will be a fleet of half a dozen Stars sailing on Hamilton Harbor.

H. Martyn ("Slim") Baker, who resigned as commodore of the Frostbite Yacht Club last winter to go cruising where there was no frost, apparently has

Southern Cruising is more Serene





with TYPE GN

Shown above is what an authority on engines has termed "America's most beautiful marine Diesel." Probably he was referring to the clean, trim lines. Type GN is just as efficient as it looks. And the reliability is greater because of the atmospheric relief injection system, a patented feature. Six cylinders rate 450 H. P. --- eight cylinders rate 500 H. P. --- both direct reversible.

With a smooth-running Cooper-Bessemer Diesel below deck, you can blithely pursue the spirit of Summer wherever it leads you . . . to the Bahamas . . . through the Canal . . . or even to the South Seas. No other modern power advancement has served to level out the ocean lanes and extend the yachtsman's horizon quite so ideally.

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Visitors are always welcome at the Richardson factory regardless of the time of day or night

A few days ago a prominent yachtsman visited our factory to see how the Richardsons are built. "Judging from the size and appearance of this Richardson," said he, "I suppose its price is about $2000 or $2500."

"Quite the contrary," was our reply, "that's the 24′ Richardson Little Giant and the price is $1412 afloat at our dock."

"That certainly is the biggest and best cruiser, and the greatest dollar value, I've ever seen," said our visitor, "A Richardson certainly is easy on the pocketbook."

If you're interested in obtaining the greatest cruiser for the fewest dollars and in having the most enjoyable and carefree time in your life, you'll be interested in the Richardsons. The three sizes (24′, 28′ and 32′) and fifteen interior arrangements are priced from $1307 to $4657. Incidentally, the first cost is the largest cost in the ownership of a Richardson.

Richardson literature "F-34" illustrates and describes each arrangement. Send for your copy today or inspect the Richardsons at the showrooms of Bruns-Kimball & Co., 5th Ave. & 15th St., New York City; Walter H. Moreton Corp., 1043 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.; Flood Gate Motor Boat Sales, 14th & Water Sts., Washington, D. C. and C. P. Amory, C. & M. Bank Bldg., Newport News, Virginia.

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another Southern cruise in mind. It will not be made in the stubby little 30-foot sloop *Ranger*, amazing for her prodigious expanse of transom, but in a new boat now under construction at Chute & Bixby's yard in Huntington, L. I. The new *Ranger* (I presume "Slim" will name her after all her more recent predecessors) is a 36-foot auxiliary ketch designed by S. S. Crocker. "Slim" has had a hand, of course, in her interior layout and is supervising the construction. The new boat is due to go overboard in December.

The most interesting late season launching in these waters took place on October 6 at Fife's in Hempstead Harbor where Paul Hammond's 30-foot cutter *Barnswallow* was eased into her element. In more ways than you will believe, *Barnswallow* is an unusual boat. In the first place she was built in a barn (hence her name) on Hammond's place in Syosset, L. I., twelve miles from water. John Lundy, who was a mate in *Whirlwind* when Hammond was a member of her afterguard in the Cup trials of 1930, built her from designs embodying the ideas of numerous naval architects and sailors.

W. Starling Burgess turned out the hull, the rig is supposed to have been done by Phil Rhodes and the interior layout by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and Elihu Root, Jr. When Lundy's work was finished, *Barnswallow* was jacked onto a long, low-bodied truck of the type used to move big trees, and thus transported overland to Fife's where she was transferred to the ways and launched in the orthodox manner.

Barnswallow will carry a jib-headed mainsail with roller reefing gear and her jib is fitted with Wyckham-Martin reefing gear. For auxiliary power, the new Hammond cruiser has a two-cylinder horizontally opposed Diesel engine.

The dinghy sailors appear to have let most of last winter's backbiting and political phenagling run out of the scuppers and are planning another active season courting pneumonia, death by drowning or acute alcoholism. The Essex Yacht Club has a steadily growing fleet, made up for the most part of Alden Class A dinks; New London is getting interested, as witness its sanctioned regatta at the Thames Yacht Club on the Columbus Day week-end, and there are no signs of dwindling interest on Narragansett Bay.

On the Sound, interest centers around the new one-design Class B boats patterned after Nick Potter's sensationally successful *Consternation* of last season. No dink ever was better named. She sailed away from the other B boats so fast that in her wake was consternation and nothing else but. Corny Shields, one of the chief sponsors of the one-design idea, tells me that somewhere between 20 and 25 of these boats have been ordered for fall delivery. They will be built by Herreshoff and will cost $325 complete.

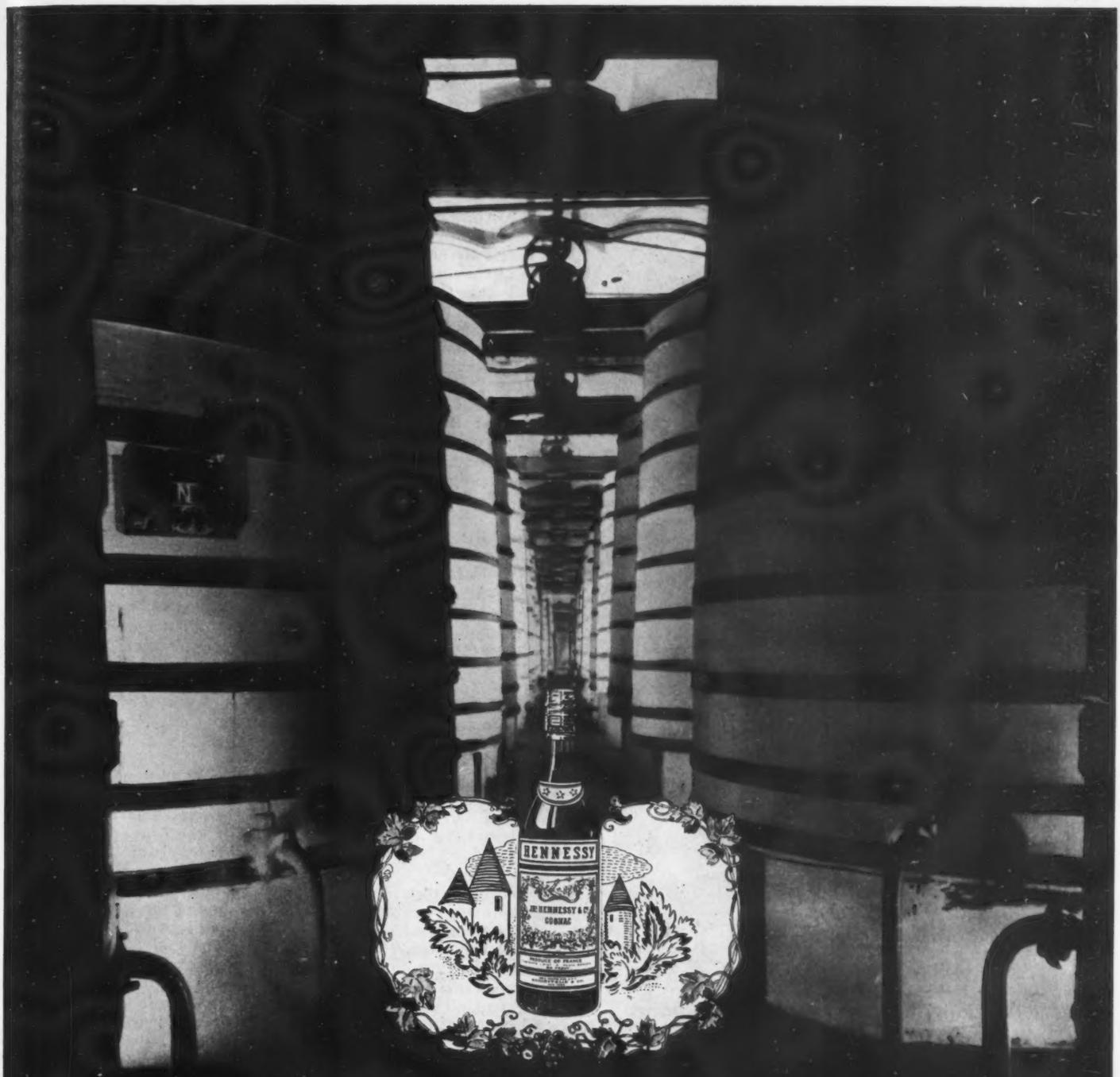
Massachusetts Bay Flashes

By ED. EARLE

THE BIG NEWS wave of the month splashing on the New England coast is the purchase of the Boston sloop *Yankee* by Rear Commodore Gerard B. Lambert of the Eastern Yacht Club, already owner of the "trial horse" veteran Class I sloop *Vanitie* and three-masted schooner *Atlantic*. The *Yankee* was housed in for the winter at Lawley's Neponset yard after her second unsuccessful attempt to attain the America's Cup defense honors. It looked doubtful if the boat which had received the whole-hearted support of the general public in her ill-starred final series with the *Rainbow* would ever be in commission again. Then came the sudden decision of Commodore Lambert to acquire the *Yankee* and continue his interest in "big-sticker" racing. So the Boston sloop will provide another winter of work for Lawley's as her new owner has given Designer Frank C. Paine the order for refitting her interior and re-rigging the sloop, which last year had her bow rebuilt and sharpened. A new steel mast on the order of the *Endeavour's*, it is understood, will replace the wooden spar.

If Class J racing here is worth while next season, Mr. Lambert will use the *Yankee* on this side, but if not it is expected that she will go across to English waters and sail against the speedy craft there, with T. O. M. Sopwith's *Endeavour* her chief objective. So fate still tracks the affairs of yachtsmen and yachts and the *Yankee* may yet match her new rig against the formidable blue boat from Gosport.

Marblehead still clings to the title of "world yachting center" as the past season saw a total of



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4,530 starts. Increases in the fleets of the smaller boat classes made the annual race week a record breaker. The rise of the narrow-rigged, long-ended 30-Square Metres and the renaissance of the famous Herreshoff S Class were notable high lights of the season off Marblehead Rock.

Frostbite racing is under way this fall on a larger scale in the Charles River Basin. The grading of the steep banks has lessened the short, vicious chop which was the bane of oarsmen as well as of tiny racing craft. The Boston Dinghy Club is again making its headquarters at the Tech boathouse and sailing the short courses above the Harvard Bridge. The foghorn timbre voice of Bill U. Swan is being conditioned for his stentorian preparatory hail: "Two Minutes."

For the first time in many years since the little 12-footers of the Union Boat Club passed away, the Charles River Basin proper below Harvard Bridge is the scene of regular Sunday races under the colors of the new Charles River Yacht Club. The fleet is made up of 16-foot, centerboard knockabouts with ten boats hailing from summer ports Down East and on the Cape. Designers George Gilbert and Frank Myers are running the weekly series over a three-mile marked course. Rail down breezes have provided rugged sport.

One of the biggest sales around Boston was the transfer of Sydney A. Beggs's 85-foot over all Diesel schooner *Hathor* to William P. T. Preston of New York through the office of Paine and Belknap. This Alden-designed fisherman of beautiful lines was built in East Boothbay in 1930. She has a teak deck and is rigged with a Marconi main, a gaff foresail and topmast. *Hathor*, a familiar boat at Marblehead, will be refitted at Lawley's yard and her new owner intends to cruise in her to the West Indies, through the Panama Canal and westward to the Galapagos Islands.

The Alden-designed 80-foot Diesel schooner *Varuna*, built five years ago, has been sold to a Boston yachtsman for use next summer at Marblehead through the office of Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., Boston. The Lawley 68-foot twin screw cruiser *Spindle* has been acquired by E. D. Knapp of Boston through the same office. On the boards are designs for a 36-foot yawl and a 36-foot commuter, plans of which are out for bids.

One of the most interesting sales is that of the old Boston pilot boat *Liberty*, as stoutly planked an old vessel as any that ever sailed out of Boston Harbor. The veteran schooner lifted and fell to the thundering waves of the North Atlantic for 38 years, braved ice, storms and hurricane winds and time and again raced far out to sea to land the coveted job of placing a pilot aboard some incoming liner. Her new owners, Roscoe H. Prior of the Boston Yacht Club and Capt. E. W. Higgins, former chief officer of the *Leviathan*, plan to put the *Liberty* under sail, with bowsprit, topmasts and all the rest of her tophamper, and then take trips up along the Labrador coast or down south. The boat is as sound today as many a three-year-old fishing vessel, despite the fact that she was built at Gloucester in 1896, according to Capt. Ben Pine, of fishing race fame, after thoroughly inspecting her hull.

Speaking of pilot boats, Walter McInnis, Boston designer, went down to Norfolk, Virginia, to figure out rig changes on the schooner *Gadfly II*, built at Lawley's in 1930. McInnis is also making a few alterations on C. T. Jeffrey's 90-foot Diesel cruiser *Cutty Sark*, now at Neponset.

A new addition to the Marblehead-Buzzards Bay 17½-foot Class at Marblehead next season will be the *Rita III*, owned and sailed by Paul Jacobs whose *Rita II* was one of the outstanding boats in the T Class. *Rita III* was one of the new M-B's built by Fred Lawley.

The passing of John Harvey takes one of the greatest racing boat builders in the country. For years Harvey had charge of the small boat shop at Lawley's and famous champions in the Q Class and many of the smaller classes came under his direction. It used to cost more to have a boat built by John Harvey but it was always a wise investment. Harvey's connection with Lawley's has been severed, for the last two or three years, and he has spent freely of his time by advising skippers at the South Boston Yacht Club on the care of boats.

Another recent death was that of John H. Frazier, 75-year-old boatbuilder of Marblehead. He was born at Bath, Me., and went to sea as a ship's carpenter in his youth. About 37 years ago he settled in Boston, later removing to Marblehead where his main business was the storage of yachts on the rocky shore of the old Massachusetts fishing port.

Planned and built for off-shore service, the Cutter "Glenmore", Mr. Frank B. Thompson, of Louisville, Kentucky, owner, was recently built by Hodgdon Bros., of East Boothbay, Maine, from plans of Wm. H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, Massachusetts. Ruggedly constructed, the "Glenmore" is a double-ender, 44′ overall, 39′ 2″ waterline, 12′ 7″ beam, and 6′ 10″ draft.

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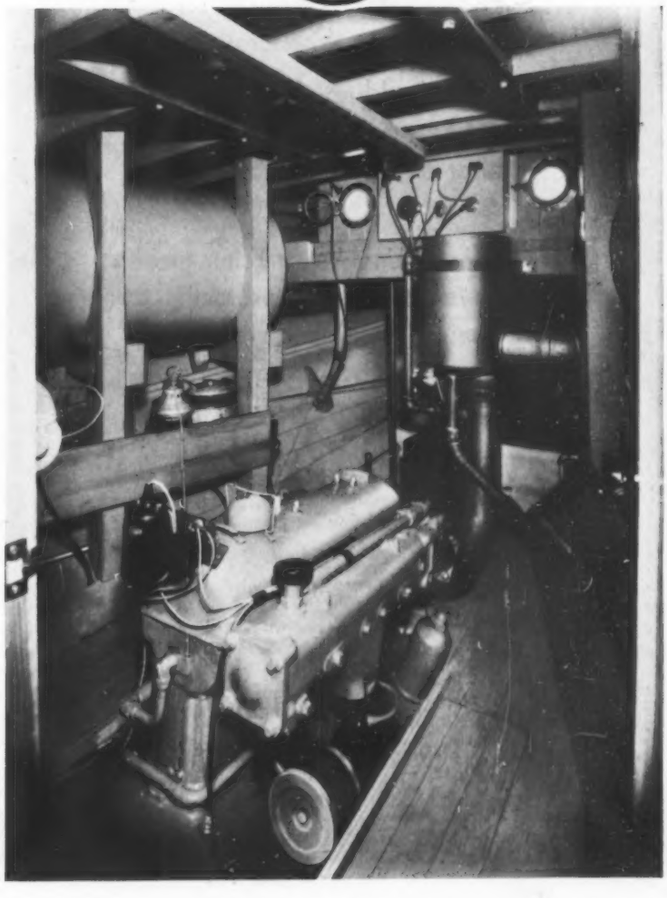

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Narragansett Bay Gossip

By SPINNAKER LIZ

NOW THAT the International Cup Races are over Narragansett Bay has again returned to a normal, seasonal state. The *Endeavour*, with changed rig, which to the press looked like a jury ketch rig, but really is a yawl rig, has left for home in tow of the *Vita*. Contrary to the old sea superstition of sailing on a Friday, the blue-hulled challenger left Bristol amidst a loud recessional of fire alarms and blowing of horns at noon Friday, October fifth.

The yachting season for larger boats is waning and the yards are showing a circus-like appearance of boats covered with canvas, rather than the deserted look peculiar to them during the summer.

In Bristol, the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company has *Enterprise, Resolute, Weetamoe, Vanitie,* and the now victorious *Rainbow* hauled out in the north yard. Their bows overhang the main street, and often crowds of spectators stop and look at them, and judge for themselves the comparable merits of each boat. The new shed which is in the south yard has in it among others: R. H. I. Goddard's *Ramallah;* Russell Grinnell's *Rugosa II;* R. V. B. Gambrill's *Carolina;* Pierrepont E. Johnson's *Flying Cloud;* Horace Binney's *Queen Mab,* to say nothing of many smaller boats.

The main shop is very busy building about a dozen Herreshoff 12½-footers, which is one of the largest classes on the Bay. One of the English visitors, Mr. Grigg, has bought one of these, and it is hoped that two more are to be sent to England very soon. As they race twice a week in Bristol Harbor, the Englishmen had a good chance of seeing the boats under sail. There is also a flock of twenty-one Class B Frostbite dinghies being constructed. These were designed by Nick Potter, who won the competition for a new one-design class. Most of these dinghies are going down on the Sound, with perhaps two or three to Boston. An order for a 40-foot w.l. ocean racing yawl from Captain "Nat's" design has also been received.

"Sid" Herreshoff has several new designs for a dinghy. It is needless to say that one of these will be built by him in his cellar, as was his very successful Handicap Class T boat, *Valeta,* which carried off many prizes this past summer. The *Humdink,* which "Sid" designed last year and in which he won the winter and spring series in Class B dinghy races, has been sold to John Tipladey. It is rumored that Mr. "Nat" Herreshoff has designed a dinghy, which may possibly be built this fall.

In Wickford, Saunders Boat Yard has had a busy season taking care of Atlantic Class boats and several new yachts, which have made this picturesque port their haven. One of these is Pete Richmond's *Blue Heron,* Sparkman and Stephens' design, built by Lemos Bros., which has been hauled out to be scraped and put in order in preparation for her trip south to West Palm Beach for the winter. Another one is a new motor sailer, the *Black Gander,* belonging to Tom Harris who formerly sailed the schooner *Lone Goose.* Frank Paine designed her and she was built by the Eastern Shipbuilding Corporation, Ltd., in Shelburne, Nova Scotia. She was sailed down to Narragansett Bay in August and has had her finishing touches put on at this yard.

The Atlantics have had a busy season in spite of only five of them being in the racing this summer. Jim Tillinghast and Jim Sheldon left their boats in the water through October in hopes of a few friendly races over the week-ends, and all of the owners sponsored a dinner to try and further interest on the Bay in this class. These boats were also used for the elimination races for the Women's Championship which was held at Rye in September.

In East Greenwich, at the Frederick S. Nock boat yards, a 52-ft. schooner, designed by Chester A. Nedwidek for Fred H. Walsh of New York, is under construction.

At the Anchorage, in Providence, Jack Wood is building a Frostbite B dinghy, combining the good qualities of H. Stanton Smith's *Jade* and John Lane's *Moo,* both designed by John Lane. Jack's boat is called the *Flying Trapeze.* With her goes the little trapezist, a weathervane man all in blue tights who flies from the top of the mast and was made by Peter Geddes, another dinghy sailor. Jack, who has been very successful in tuning up boats, is at the moment putting a reefer boom on the

HORACE E. DODGE BOAT AND PLANE CORP., Newport News, Va. has standardized on Tempaloy Shafting for all Dodge boats. Illustration shows the popular Dodge 20' Cabin Utility model.

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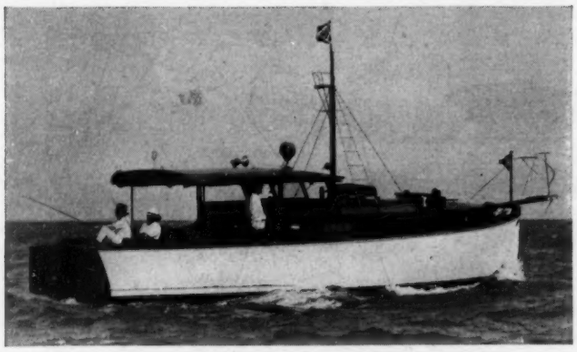

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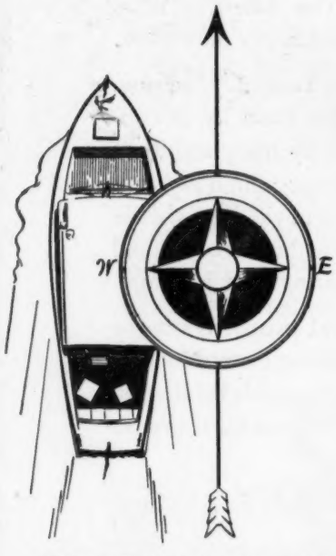

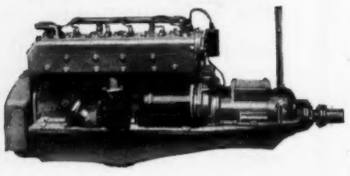

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Ayesha, Bob Noyes' yawl, and one on the *Astrid*, Flint's "P" boat.

Bill Dyer, who builds the Dyer dinks, or Class A dinghies, has just finished building a 27-ft. Sport Fisherman boat for J. Warner Bellah, a most attractive job, finished off with a black hull, maroon bottom, and maroon sails. Designed by Phil Rhodes and named *Lancer*, she has left by the inside route for Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Sometime in February Mr. Bellah plans to sail her to Nassau.

Albert Alder, who had a small boat yard in Bristol and built dinghies for Potter and Strawbridge, has purchased property in Warren. He has had new ways built capable of handling boats of fairly deep draft.

Off the Barrington Yacht Club, where many of the larger power boats and cruisers have their moorings, one can notice the approach of winter, as only a few remain afloat. This club has had a successful season sponsoring the Snipe Class, racing off Rumstick Point. These boats were sailed by juniors and most of them built by the youngsters themselves. The series was won by Hemsted in the *Avis*.

The Bristol Yacht Club held no official regatta this summer but there was a great interest shown in the 12½-footers, racing twice a week with sixteen boats in the class. The Wednesday and Saturday series were won by A. T. Wall, Jr., in the *Black Maria*.

Two new offices have been created by the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association at the last annual meeting, *viz.*, Honorary Vice Commodore and Honorary Rear Commodore. The Honorary Vice Commodore being an Italian member at Naples, and Honorary Rear Commodore, William H. Gidley of Providence, who was the first treasurer of the Association, and is thought of as the "father of the Stars" in Narragansett Bay.

Lake Michigan Breezes

By R. W. HAYNIE

THE CHARLEVOIX and Harbor Point Yacht Clubs have just closed a fine season with a new class of one design yachts designed and built by Russell J. Pouliot of Detroit.

With the sale of their Six-Metres, including *Meteor* and *Comet*, to the Sound and elsewhere, the members sought a new class to replace them. Under the leadership of Edwin H. Steedman, a committee decided on a boat of the square metre type, but not built to an existing class.

The new boats are about 32 feet over all, about 22 feet water line and carry about 350 square feet of sail. Since the races at both clubs are sailed in sheltered waters, a long open cockpit was thought preferable to a small cabin.

Eleven of these boats were built, five going to Harbor Point for E. H. Steedman, Charles Smith, Robert Wheeler, Charles Johnson, and six to Charlevoix for Oscar Johnson, Albert Keep, Dr. Eugene Talbot, Jr., Bradford Whiting, Frederick Scott and John P. Wilson, Jr.

Sam Pirie, Jr., and his brother, "Woody," representing the Sheridan Shore Yacht Club, towed their crack Star, *Gemini*, on a trailer all the way to San Francisco to compete in the International Championship, where they finished eighth. Not a bad showing in such tough competition in strange waters.

Commodore George Corry accompanied them on the trip. Can this mean that the "Father of the Star Class" was trying to organize some new fleets along the way? It must have been disappointing considering the lack of water they have had on the prairies this year.

The Sheridan Shore crowd also sent a boat to Detroit to enter the Great Lakes Championship, Tom Waage and Charlie Knight taking *Neo* in tow. She finished first in two of the races and second in the third, but a disqualification for fouling the finish mark in the second race prevented her from taking the cup, and she finished third in the series.

Malcolm Vail and Fred Wacker certainly had it hammer and tongs all summer with their two R boats, *Gossoon* and *Gypsy*, with the honors about even in the racing.

They also divided honors in damages to masts, Malcolm having cracked one and carried away another, while Fred had one ruined when *Gypsy* sank, and carried one away in a race.

Bert Kimball and Ed Railton broke a spar in *Nancy* and Ted

Morris lost one in *Alert*. It was a great year for the sparmakers.

Ned Sheridan gave a fine demonstration of how to carry a parachute spinnaker in one of the late races at Chicago. A fresh northwester was blowing and on the first leg, a reach, Ned decided that to hold *Gossoon* and *Gypsy* with the little *Ariel*, the parachute was the sail to do it. So up she went. All went well for a time, and *Ariel* went like a scared rabbit, but along came a vicious puff and then things began to happen.

The big kite pulled her over and pressed her nose down so far that she wouldn't answer her helm. They didn't dare ease the sheet or the guy for fear the sail would whip the spar out. After watching it for several minutes and wondering what to do, the spinnaker boom solved the problem by snapping, whereat the crew by mighty effort got the sail in, and without tearing it, too. According to Sherman Hoyt, a parachute spinnaker is an invention of the devil. Perhaps Ned will agree with him.

Clare Udell, sailing Geroge Getz' *Aquila*, took all the honors in the Chicago Yacht Club's Eagle Class this year, but had some real competition. Next year, this Class, with six yachts promising to be out, should furnish the same keen competition as was had in former years.

Lincoln Harris with *Ishtar* and Dave Kales, who with Russell Moon, owns *Quienna*, will have their boats in top notch condition. The old Eagle spirit is being revived.

The Annual Regatta conducted by the *Chicago Daily News* this year was a bang up affair, some eighty yachts of all classes going over the line. A good stiff wind sent the boats around in record time in quite a contrast to the drifting match in the L. M. Y. A. Regatta earlier in the season. A crowd of some 10,000 people watched the race from the Navy Pier which constituted one end of the starting and finish lines. Who can say the public isn't interested in yacht racing?

Bob Benedict won the time prize in the Cruising Division, to add another trophy to the collection won by his beautiful schooner, *Bagheera*.

Bill Faurot, that veteran and able skipper of R boats, is getting all "het up" about the Stars. He is busy organizing a fleet in the Chicago Yacht Club and reports the prospects are bright to have quite a bunch of these boats next year. With the fine fleet of eighteen boats at Sheridan Shore, some four or five at Columbia and a half a dozen at Jackson Park, the Star Class will furnish just about the hottest racing on Lake Michigan.

The Robinson brothers, Ted and Sanger, being disappointed with lack of racing in Class Q at Chicago, shipped *Hope* to Marblehead in time for Race Week. They found lots of real competition there.

West Coast Bubbles

By WALDO DRAKE

SAN PEDRO BAY will this winter again be the locale of the national midwinter regatta, with the seventh renewal to be sailed in a five-day program off Point Fermin, February 20th to 24th, inclusive.

The Civic Regatta Association, sponsor, is bending strong efforts to secure participation by a squadron of East Coast Six-Metre sloops and has offered owners free transportation for the boats to and from Atlantic ports, with winter storage and haul-out costs also gratis.

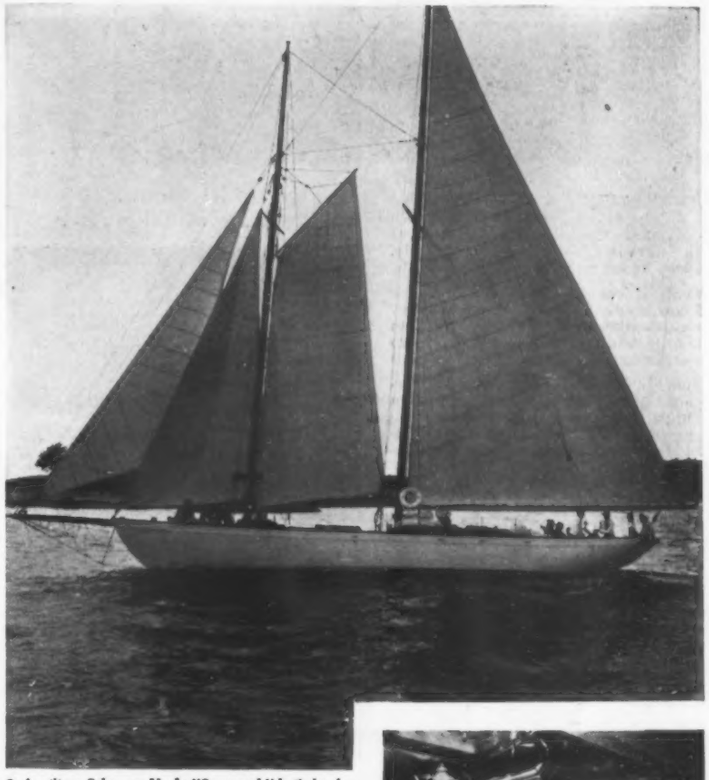
The Los Angeles fleet of "Sixes" now totals ten boats, eight of them fast in any company, while the reliable *Naiad* and *May-be* are probable San Francisco Bay entries. East-West Six-Metre team races will be held if three or more eastern entries materialize.

Five days of racing will be restored this season for the "Eights," "Sixes," Stars and Class R sloops, with five cruising classes also in action on the last three days. Off Cabrillo Beach, behind the protection of the breakwater, the little sloop and cat classes will run off their own three-day series.

The Newport-Balboa dream of the world's largest yacht harbor entered the realm of reality late in September, when Rohl-Connolly Company began laying rock for the twin breakwaters to guard the new pleasure port.

When dredging of 8,000,000 cubic yards of material has been completed, the South Coast port will have some eight miles of navigable channels, with depths ranging from 10 to 20 feet, plus anchorage and turning basins more than 100 acres in extent.

The "SAVANNAH" *makes good use of* Monel Metal



• *Auxiliary Schooner Yacht "Savannah" built by the Minneford Yacht Yard to designs prepared by Francis Sweisguth. Her dimensions are 52' 11" O. A., 40 ft. W. L., beam 13 ft. The motor is a 4-45 Farr driving through 1¼" Monel Metal shaft. Galley trim and anchor winch are also of Monel Metal.*

Francis Sweisguth designed her . . . Minneford Yacht Yard built her . . . and Monel Metal protects her at many vital points

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"*Pipe all hands to mess,*" is an invitation to partake of food prepared in a shining galley completely outfitted with Monel Metal...sink, dresser top, pan racks, food and fuel lockers, and bulkhead sheathing.

And when "whistling for a wind" fails to stir a needed breeze, the "Savannah's" 4-45 Farr displaces sail and drives her in spite of becalmed seas, through a 1¼" cold-drawn Monel Metal shaft. You can count on it, that shaft will never rust. Corrosion will launch hopeless attacks against it. And, should it ever be subjected to shocks or jars, it will stand up against blows that would

• *The shipshape galley on the auxiliary schooner yacht, "Savannah" showing Monel Metal sink, dresser tops, utensil shelves, bulkhead sheathing, etc.*

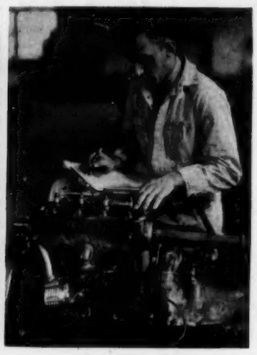
permanently spring a shaft less strong. For Monel Metal is stronger than steel, tough, dense, resistant to distortion . . . and, as a consequence of perfect straightness, it is remarkably free from whip or vibration.

Check up on the better class craft being built today . . . you find Monel Metal being used more and more. For propeller shafts in a high percentage. For galley fittings and trim. For hardware, standing rigging and bolts for fastening frames and keels. No other metal is so eminently fitted for marine use.

Monel Metal is a registered trademark applied to an alloy containing approximately two-thirds Nickel and one-third copper. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
67 Wall Street New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen, Meet the Grouches



THEY'RE not so ornery looking but at Universal they're known as the Grouches. For Mr. Luft, at the left, is Chief Inspector and Mr. Bean, at the right, is Chief Tester.

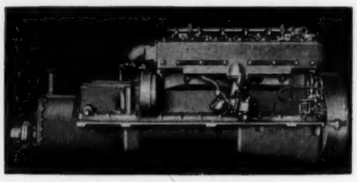
Both of 'em are practical men. They know boats, know boating, and know motors like no men we've ever seen before. And they're responsible only to the big boss himself.

John Luft's job is to make 100% certain that every part going into a Universal Motor is up to standard. He checks before the motors are assembled — and afterward. And he'll reject a motor quicker than you can blink an eye, if there's a single thing that isn't up to snuff.

Virgil Bean takes up where Luft leaves off. He checks every motor for performance . . . checks with an eagle eye and a clear conscience . . . and with every known type of modern testing device.

This constant, careful checking is one reason why Universals deliver 100% marine performance. You can put a Universal on the spot . . . it'll come through.

Universal Reduction Drives for Economical Service



Universal was one of the first marine motor manufacturers to build reduction drive models as standard units. The reduction gear is built in as a part of the motor — not merely hung on as an afterthought. It is quiet, smooth, vibrationless, requires no maintenance. Ask for particulars.

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C. Templeton Crocker, San Francisco's inveterate offshore cruising sailor, left the Golden Gate in September aboard his 112-foot schooner *Zaca* on a seven-months' scientific quest of bird habitats in the South Seas and along the South American West Coast.

The expedition is under auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Naturalists from the museum accompanying Mr. Crocker include Drs. Harry Shapiro, James P. Chapin and F. L. Jaques. The 13,500-mile cruise will touch first at the Marquesas, thence through the Tuamotus, the Austral Islands, to Pitcairn Island, eastward via Easter Island, up the Chilean coast and will end at Panama in April. Habitats of South Pacific bird life will be studied and photographed so that they may be reproduced in wax for the museum.

Donald Douglas's 76-foot staysail schooner *Endymion*, flagship of the Los Angeles Yacht Club, won the annual 90-mile windward-leeward race from San Pedro to and around Santa Barbara Island and return, sailed on September 22nd and 23rd. The coast champion's winning time was 17 hours 45 minutes, which was 2 hours 45 minutes faster than W. L. Stewart's 60-foot schooner *Paisano*. Third to finish was George L. Johnson's schooner *Ocean Waif*. The tall-sparred *Endymion*, as usual, ran up a big lead in the outgoing 45-mile beat against a light westerly.

While the Los Angeles fleet was circling Santa Barbara Island, Victor Doyle's venerable 38-foot sloop *Trilby* was winning San Diego's annual 32-mile Coronado Island race, in 5 hours 18 minutes 48 seconds. Joseph Jessop's Pacific Coast sloop *Ni-Ni-Nie* was second, followed by Roy E. Hegg's 20-rater *Zephyr*.

Eastern Star Class sailors who read of H. F. ("Hook") Beardslee's San Francisco triumph in taking four firsts and a fourth place in the Internationals with his blue-hulled *By-C* doubtless wonder about the secret of "Hook's" success. The Balboa veteran has revealed that whereas many of the visiting skippers were beaten by the powerful and mysterious tides and currents of San Francisco Bay, he put them to such good use that on at least two occasions — in light airs — they definitely aided his victory.

Before the series, "Hook" secured a copy of the U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey's current charts of the bay, studied them assiduously by day and kept them under his pillow by night.

Lee Tracy is the latest screen star to join the California sailing fleet. He has just purchased from Henry C. Hollwedel the 62-foot offshore cruising schooner *Adoree*, built by Templeton Crocker in 1929 as his first *Zaca*.

John Farrow, Australian screen director, took delivery in October at Vancouver, B. C., of his 48-foot schooner *Mavourneen*, built by the Boeing Aircraft Corp. of Canada, Ltd., from designs by Edson B. Schock. Save for an additional three feet in length, *Mavourneen* is a duplicate of Larry Kent's 45-foot Schock-designed cutter *Audacious*.

From plans by the same designer, Tom Dittmar is building at Newport a 40-foot cruising ketch for E. E. Manning, of the Los Angeles Yacht Club.

By a 15-second margin, Morgan Adams's Six-Metre sloop *Ripples* beat Alfred Rogers s defending *Synnove* out of permanent possession of the Avian Clock off San Pedro on October 6. The fifth renewal of this Los Angeles Yacht Club classic, which annually opens Southern California's fall racing season, was sailed by *Ripples* over a new 14-mile course in 2 hours 52 minutes 23 seconds in a fresh westerly. She nosed out *Synnove* by taking a long inshore hitch on the beat up from Long Beach while *Synnove* was fighting Donald Douglas's *Gallant*, which finished third.

Over the same course on the same day, Owen Churchill's Olympic and Pacific Coast champion *Angelita* for the third straight year won the Skippers' Trophy for Eight-Metres. In 2 hours 38 minutes 50 seconds over the course, *Angelita* beat Pierpont Davis's *Santa Maria* by 2 minutes 20 seconds, with Edward Lampton's *Marin* third.

The 112-foot steel staysail schooner *Geoenna*, largest sailing yacht built on the Pacific Coast in years, was delivered to George L. Craig in October by the Craig Shipbuilding Company, at Long Beach. She will fly the burgee of the California Yacht Club. Designed by Mr. Craig and D. E. Hudson, the new schooner has a water line length of 82 feet, 23.5 feet breadth of beam and a draft of 14 feet. She has been specially rigged and fitted for offshore cruising and is powered with a 120 horse power Superior Diesel. *Geoenna* has unusually handsome outboard profile, with pleasing sheer and a flush deck broken only by a small house aft.

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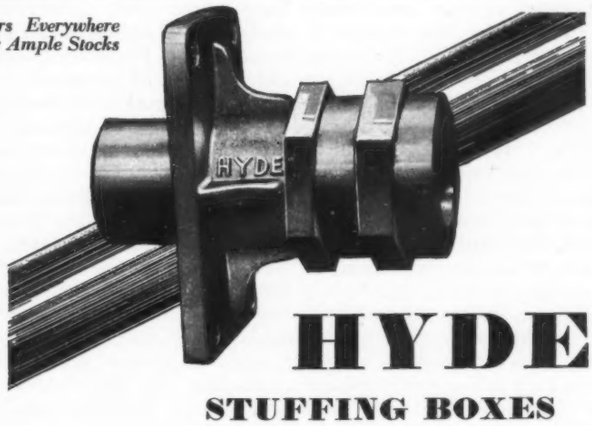

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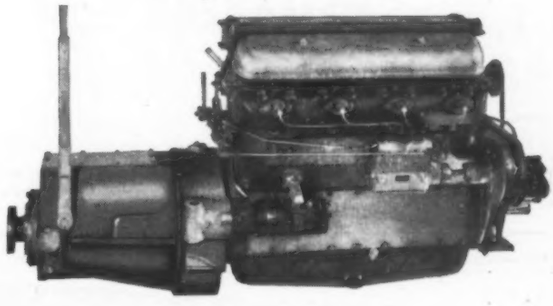

The salient features of this Vee-Eight are: Extremely compact design; lightest possible weight consistent with ample strength and rigidity; quiet, smooth operation; clear exhaust; operates economically on the low-grade fuel oils.

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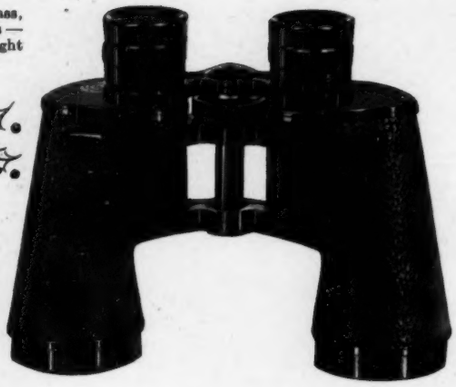

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Marine Sales Division, 135 East 42nd Street, New York City

"Carlsark" Goes Treasure Hunting

(*Continued from page 26*)

This extra day provided an opportunity for an extremely interesting visit to the nesting place of the pink flamingo. This beautiful bird, which once thrived throughout the Bahamas, Cuba and Florida, is now almost extinct and the Inagua colony is said to be the largest remaining. Accompanied by a *safari* of native boys, Stuyvesant, Puleston, Carl Weagant, Emil, and I rode 16 miles in an ancient Ford truck, one of two motor vehicles on the island. We then tramped six miles over rough and rocky country and finally emerged on a large lagoon of knee deep water. Hundreds of flamingos waded about, feeding in groups. Their brilliant pink coloring stood out sharply against the dark background and the whole scene looked almost artificial. As we waded across to examine their nests on the other side they would first walk a few steps and then fly away with their black tipped crimson wings beating methodically and their long spindly legs stretched out to balance the equally long and graceful neck. Some of the large birds must have measured six feet from head to foot when stretched out in flight.

The nests were cylinders of mud about ten inches high hollowed out at the top and built in groups of a score or more a few feet from the water's edge. In them we found many fledglings, several of which, disturbed by our presence, tumbled out and stumbled away as far as their undeveloped legs would carry them. The youngsters were an excellent subject for pictures and many shots were taken. Carl obtained some movies of both old and young birds by hiding in a nearby mangrove clump after the rest of us had gone and waiting patiently until the old birds had returned to their nests.

(*To be continued*)

Fernandina to Miami—Inside

(*Continued from page 38*)

East Coast route hundreds of times since it was established many years ago. We thought it was wonderful then. Now, we know it was just a little better than nothing. However, despite the fact that I have been over it so often, I never make the run from the Haulover canal to and across the head of Indian River without the feeling that I had to be alert. And why? Because there is a strong tendency to haul to the southward too soon when bound down and to the eastward when bound up.

The reflector beacons in Sebastian Bay below Grant's farm have always excited my curiosity. They work exactly like the reflector beacons at the end of a dead road or sharp turn and, I understand, were installed by the boat line which runs from Jacksonville south as the boats run night and day. Of course, for these marks to be of service a searchlight is necessary but by its use a beacon can be spotted many minutes before it would be possible without the reflecting device.

I found a beehive humming at the Haulover canal. There were so many flags flying at both entrances it looked as though they were decorating for a water carnival and it all meant that the lighthouse tender *Althea* was exceedingly busy locating the new electric flashing beacons.

Now, a closing paragraph on a long feared spot, Gilbert's Bar and the run across the wide St. Lucie River. Formerly there was only one set of ranges, but now there are two. One is located on the north side of the inlet and one on the south. After passing the last pair of can buoys at Sewell's Point, the stern range is picked up. It carries you half way across to the black can buoy, whence the south range completes the job. Both ranges are rather low and, when about midway of the inlet, the stern range is somewhat indistinct.

Beacon No. 23 at the north end of Bay Biscayne marks the beginning of the new channel through the bay and that channel is as straight as a transit could shoot it to the causeway bridges on the west side of the bay. On entering Biscayne Bay, old timers will be amazed at the great changes. All the perplexing little islands through which the old channel led have been blown to the winds and the pointer marks are so close together that they resemble a picket fence.

So, to my yachting friends that will visit Florida this winter, fair winds, fair tides I wish for you. Forget all worry in the knowledge that there is plenty of water ahead and so marked that it would be a crime to get out of it. Everyone is happy except the repair shops.

Angle and Vee Drives

(*Continued from page 52*)

affected by any change in the shape of the hull and vibrates less than the long shaft. Cost and weight are also decreased.

Today there is an insistent demand for "stream line" effects both in hull form and in deckhouse and bridge outline. Whether it is an advantage is open to question, but the public wants it — no question about that. In order to carry out this modern style, all houses and the bridge must be kept very low. The angle drive, with the motor under the after deck, allows the hull designer great latitude in this direction.

When the motor is installed under the bridge deck, it is necessary to carry that deck up toward the top of the hull. With the motor aft, the deckhouse and bridge may be dropped very low, leaving only sufficient space below the floor to install the fuel tanks which, in the opinion of the writer, should be somewhere near amidships rather than in the bow. When tanks are in the bow there is too much change of trim between the condition of tanks empty and tanks full, and too much tendency to prevent the bow rising quickly over a steep, head-on sea.

Speed, either for cruiser or runabout, is approximately three to five miles more with the same power when using the vee or angle drive as compared with a direct drive. Part of this increase is due to the better distribution of weight and a consequent possibility of reshaping the hull so that it drives more easily, and part is due to selecting a gear ratio in the angle or vee drive so that the propeller turns at a speed more suitable to the combination of power and hull than when the direct drive is used.

Just as manufacturers are apparently apt to be conservative about giving a sufficient reduction ratio in a reduction gear drive, so they seem to be reluctant to build angle or vee drives with a reduction ratio suitable for heavier or slower cruisers. Nevertheless, the reduction in propeller speed now available in stock drives does represent a decided gain in the propulsive efficiency of the whole unit, much more than covering any power loss met with in the gear and often saving the entire cost of the gear by making it possible to use a smaller, lighter, and much cheaper motor.

Before leaving this subject of vee and angle drive, it must be noted that the drive is in all cases installed as a unit with the propeller shaft and lined up with the propeller shaft. This necessitates placing a universal joint between the upper shaft of the drive and the motor. Preferably two universals are employed to take care of any misalignment that may occur during or after installation. The writer has had experience with some sixty or eighty vee drive boats and has found without exception that it is always advisable to attempt to get perfect alignment between the drive and the motor and to count upon the universals to correct minor discrepancies only.

American "Sixes" Still Supreme

(*Continued from page 43*)

For all of its one-sidedness, it was a pleasant and interesting series, devoid of protests (although there were at least two occasions — one on each side — when claims of fouls might well have been made) and replete with the spirit of good fellowship which international events are supposed to foster, but so rarely do.

A brief summary of the boats' performances:

American —

Bob-Kat II, R. B. Meyer: two firsts, one third, 22½ points.

Challenge, Cornelius Shields: three seconds, 21 points.

Lucie, Briggs S. Cunningham: one third, one fourth, one fifth, 15 points.

Anis, Clarence L. Smith: one first, one fourth, one sixth, 16¼ points.

British —

Kyla, William Russell: one fourth, one fifth, one sixth, 12 points.

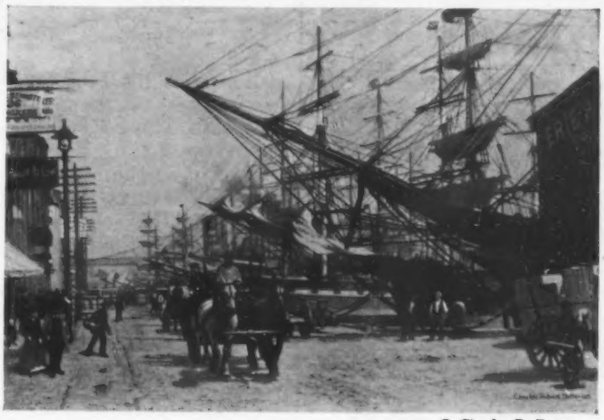
Vorsa, J. H. Hume, Jr.: one third, one seventh, one eighth; 9 points.

Saskia II, A. S. L. Young: one fifth, one sixth, one eighth, 8 points.

Melita, R. M. Teacher: two sevenths, one eighth, 5 points.

Race results —

First, U. S. 26¼, G. B. 10; second, U. S. 24¼, G. B. 12; third, U. S. 24¼, G. B. 12.



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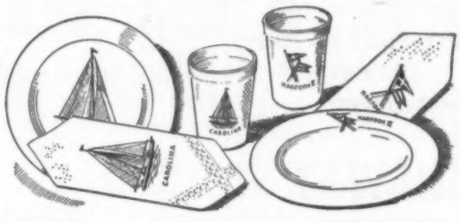

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To the South Seas in a Thirty-Foot Yawl

(*Continued from page 32*)

we felt that the occasion really was worthy of a round from the ".45." So, you see, the impulse that prompted our action was not one of dry humor.

For three days the *Peggy* lay hove to in this southwest blow. At the end of the third day the bird disappeared and the wind dropped. In a few hours the sea was calm and glassy. A light breeze from the southeast raised our spirits; we actually gave a lusty cheer, thinking that we had at last picked up the southeast trades. But the breeze never got strong enough to give us even steerage way, and after two days of this, we became involved in another blow from the southwest, forcing us to heave to for the second time. This time it lasted for two days only, but here was a whole week lost since we had dropped that friendly north wind.

After a day of fitful breezes from the south, the southeast trade wind was at last picked up. We were careful not to cheer this time. The effect upon our morale, however, was magical. The *Peggy* would now steer herself, due to the direction of the wind, another cause for rejoicing.

(*To be continued*)

Little Creeks and Mangrove Trees

(*Continued from page 49*)

little ten-horse engine — a valiant ten-horse if ever there was one — throbbing wide open; like a boat in a nightmare, she moved up the channel.

We gained the lee of the first big mangroves. The wind pressure lifted. She straightened out and slid home. Tom put her hard on the mud under the lee of the biggest island.

"Let's get a line ashore," I heard him call. I was already up to my neck in water and muck with the line in my hand. I didn't need any urging. I couldn't get there fast enough.

Back aboard we shook hands, Tom and I. I told him what a wise sailor I thought he was and what a brave little engine he owned. If she had missed a lick, we both agreed, we could never have done it. We laughed and joked. There may be cosier, more gratifying sensations, but making a safe place, getting into port after a touch and go chance in a small boat is the warmest one I have ever found. We looked at the clock. It had taken us four hours to go two hundred yards.

We cooked a flock of eggs and fried a plantain. We talked it over. We went on deck twenty times to see how hard it was blowing. It was taking the pelicans that came up in the lee of the Island and turning them tail over bowsprit when they shot up into the windstream. It took a nigger goose a minute to get ten feet to windward. The tops were blowing off out in the bay. We were calm and placid on the *Ina*. The roar of the wind was like Niagara a mile off. The current was humming by the planking, but on the schooner we were as steady as a hearse.

"I dunno," Tom said, "But now that we're here and all set, this may be as bad as we'll get. I believe the wind is trying to go east right now. Tonight may be bad, but this storm is making westing."

He was right. That night was the last of the squalls. The storm was making westing. I'm sorry. There never was a better chance, but it did not come. It just flicked us with the hem of its robe. The gentleman himself went over Havana. He cheated the revolution of a few natives and then moved up mid-Gulf and slammed the Texas Coast. It was the worst hurricane in years up there.

We lay over a day and went on. There was another hurricane three days later, but we were nicely embayed in Angelfish Creek, thirty miles below Miami, and aside from a few 60-mile squalls there was nothing to it. We went on to Miami and loaded with pretty pink sea shells.

Marblehead's Active Season

(*Continued from page 35*)

A new winner turned up in the M-B Class when Reginald Foster's *Caprice* took the title after some fine competition.

The junior fleet was as strong as ever, including a new racing class, the "Yankee Clippers," designed by Samuel H. Brown.

The 1934 motor boat racing season provides a perfect example of how to get the most out of your motor. Every race entrant is obviously intent on getting maximum power, speed, acceleration and all around dependability out of his motor. The vast majority of all races won this year were won by engines equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. The National Outboard championships, the Gold Cup Regatta, the President's Cup Races, and a host of other important race meets too numerous to mention, were clean sweeps for Champions. To get the most out of your motor use the spark plugs champions use. NRA CODE APEM 34-01

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OF

YACHTING

Published monthly at Concord, New Hampshire for October 1, 1934.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Herbert L. Stone, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of YACHTING, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411 Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Earle D. Grimm, 205 East 42nd St., New York; Editor, Herbert L. Stone, 205 East 42nd St., New York; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Earle D. Grimm, 205 East 42nd St., New York.

2. That the owners are: Kennedy Brothers, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York; John Clarke Kennedy, 205 East 42nd St., New York; James C. Kennedy, Jr., 205 East 42nd St., New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

HERBERT L. STONE,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1934.

[SEAL] JAMES A. MCEWAN,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1936.)

Class Q, 25-Rating

Yacht *Owner*	*Eastern*	*Corinthian*	*Season*
Hornet, C. Raymond Hunt	.737	.829	.792
Cara Mia, Harold S. Wheelock	.802	.725	.772
Taygeta, Joseph V. Santry	.519	.490	.509
Venturer, Albert W. Finlay	.415	.581	.476
Spindle, Edwin W. Preston	.496	.471	.465
Falcon, Edward M. Abbot	.492	.423	.460
Sea Witch, Francis E. Waterman	.473	.419	.441
Lively Lady, Malcolm W. Greenough	.414	.412	.426
Robin, Chandler Hovey	.470	.315	.422

International Eight-Metre Class

Gypsy, Harry E. Noyes	.800	.933	.806
Ellen, Charles P. Curtis	.653	.592	.592
Armida, William T. Aldrich	.653	.539	.563
Decima, John S. Lawrence	.400	.406	.435
Au Revoir, Frank J. Mather, 3rd	.283	.056	.122

Thirty-Square-Metre Class

Starling, Lincoln Davis, Jr.	.817	.734	.760
Brilliant, Harry N. Bloomfield	.786	.697	.742
Michl V, Alfred E. Chase	.676	.633	.664
Gem, Waldo H. Brown	.565	.613	.588
Skjold VII, George Poor	.394	.484	.540
Bacardi, Ernest B. Dane, Jr.	.501	.482	.433
Bacchant, Jesse M. Morton	.260	.225	.275
Northern Light, Louis Curtis	.080	.226	.229
Sunflower, Henry Thorndike	.131	.118	.146
Sunflower, Lawrence H. H. Johnson, Jr.	.143	.075	.077
S.X., Arthur W. Stevens	.020	.057	.072

Herreshoff Class S
(13 Competitors)

Venture, Mrs. George S. Patton	.857	.727	.727
Curlew, George N. Proctor, 3rd	.764	.656	.724
Woodcock, Arthur Poor	.558	.668	.611
Gale, Kenneth & C. F. Brown, 2nd	.662	.505	.540

Triangle Class
(8 Competitors)

Teaser IV, R. Russell Smith	.871	.820	.816
Periwinkle, Frances P. Copeland	.743	.733	.747
Vagus, William T. Haley	.721	.605	.609

Marblehead-Buzzards Bay Class Knockabouts
(14 Competitors)

Caprice, Reginald Foster, Jr.	.659	.746	.747
Evanthia, E. Sohier Welch	.634	.751	.723
Comet, Parker H. Jones	.802	.683	.707
Navigo, Alden V. Haskell	.574	.584	.584
Jackanapes III, Frederick J. Shepard, 3rd	.753	.497	.555
Hapi, Harry K. & Pike Noyes	.787	.502	.546

Class T, 14-Footers
(9 Competitors)

Bandit, Arthur J. Santry, Jr.	.863	.771	.773
Sinbad, Mary & William Haskell	.682	.703	.644
Pekoe, Anne Conant	.635	.565	.620
Rita II, Paul Jacobs	.575	.658	.568

Brutal Beast Class
First Division
(4 Competitors)

Sea Bat, John D. McBeath	.619	.879	.795
Katydid, Anne Conant	.798	.508	.655

Second Division
(7 Competitors)

American Boy, Albert W. Clay	.905	.813	.827
Red Pepper, Robert Smith	.721	.810	.767
Mule, John Newman	.754	.386	.542
Neptune, Paul Haley	.398	.530	.461

Third Division
(10 Competitors)

Black Bird, Suzanne & J. V. Santry, 2nd	1.000	.704	.833
Black Cat, Barnet & Frank Gring	.632	.734	.634
Pokey, George & Mary Stephenson	.559	.593	.609

Fourth Division
(8 Competitors)

Dawich, Daniel R. Pinkham, Jr.	.845	.562	.839
Dandylion, Deborah Bankart	.671	.503	.518
Good News, John O'Day	.414	.478	.504
Barbette, Barbara Connolly	.219	.516	.411

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A Cruising Yawl from the West Coast

(Continued from page 60)

Study the enlarged detail of construction at the chine; the only explanation needed is that when the flannelette is laid on the lower edge of the side plank after that has been covered with thick white lead, it is held in place by tiny tacks, then covered with more white lead and the plank fastened. Besides the through fastening to the frames, the bottom plank is nailed up into the edge of the side plank (as shown) by slim galvanized bung-head wire nails spaced 3″ to 4″ apart; the heads are driven under and puttied. A copper or bronze nail will draw, but a rough faced galvanized nail freezes fast forever. With the chine clamp well fastened, a chine built in this manner is wonderfully strong, rigid, and lasting. And it does not leak.

When fastening the planks to the transom, don't saw them off flush but let them project about ½″ beyond; when the boat is completely planked, work the projecting edge into a half round; this is not only a handsome finish, but the fastenings are not so close to the plank ends. When finishing, the black is carried over the half-round, making a frame around the varnished transom face.

The other parts of the construction, deck, cabin, cockpit, clamps, seats, etc., are similar to other boats, and the construction has not been specified. In this article an endeavor has been made to restrict the description of hull, rigging, and sails, to ways of doing which I have found profitable. The plans show the construction and arrangement so clearly that a builder will meet with no trouble in following them. The materials are as follows: Deck and cockpit framing, cabin and cockpit floor beams, to be of fir, ⅞″ x 1½″ deep. All other framing, fir. Decking, ⅝″ fir. Cabin sides, ¾″ fir. Cabin top, cedar or fir ½″ thick, canvased.

SPARS AND RIGGING: The masts to have the rake shown. From the scales drawn on the plans, any dimensions not shown may be measured. Standing rigging to be of 3/16″ or 7/32″ diameter galvanized wire rope. Running rigging to be cotton or manila; 5/16″ diameter except the main sheet, which is ⅜″; the topping-lift, which is 3/16″ cotton; the jib sheet and jib outhaul, ¼″. The blocks are ordinary galvanized ones that may be obtained in any hardware store, the galvanized withes on mast and on bowsprit end, turnbuckles and cleats, must be bought at a marine supply store. The chain plates, bowsprit gammon iron, bobstay shackle, and other metal fittings, can be made from strap bronze, ⅛″ thick.

The spars are to be of spruce or cedar of the dimensions shown. Bowsprit is to be of tough spruce. The step on deck for its heel is to be of oak and to be bolted through blocks fitted between the deck beams; the heads of these bolts are to be countersunk and fitted with oak plugs.

I omit all description of caulking, painting, etc., but think that this type of hull looks slick and handsome in black (half drop black and half prussian blue) with copper paint below. Because of the flare of the sides, white is in shadow, and appears grey, but black is all the darker. The yacht was designed for inside ballast only; preferably lead. If that is too expensive, use scrap iron or what have you.

Should any further information be needed, I will be pleased to advise, without charge.

Motor Boat Happenings—Past, Present and Future

(Continued from page 45)

Forbes, L. V. Head and others are working enthusiastically over there for a Detroit program to include international racing in the new and splendid 225 cubic inch hydroplane class, the 12-litre hydroplanes, another race of boats from 1500 to 1700 cubic inches piston displacement and, possibly, a Harmsworth race for unlimited boats.

Already the Y.A.A. has placed on the I.M.Y.U. agenda a number of the things we desire for next year.

Among these are an elimination of the rule demanding the use of mufflers on our outboard boats in European races, the recognition of a new class of big boats of 28 litre (or 1700 cubic inch) cylinder capacity, another class of 4-litres and the same changes requested but denied last year in the operation of the Harmsworth race. The I.M.Y.U., of course, has nothing to do with the actual running of that event but it is run under its rules, and these matters will be taken up also with the Harmsworth Commission in England.

The Sound Championships

THE FINAL standing of the yachts racing for the annual class championships of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound for the season of 1934 is as follows, those yachts which did not qualify by starting in more than fifty per cent of the races being omitted:

N. Y. Y. C. 30-Foot Class

	Starts	%
Oriole	14	.727
Alera	14	.666
Variant	15	.636

8-Metre Class—O. D.

Valkyrie	13	.850
Roulette	11	.622
Jigtime	9	.516

6-Metre Class

Lucie	11	.788
Silroc	11	.676
Erne	7	.676
Jill	11	.663
Swallow	8	.603
Sprig	9	.589
Meteor	10	.538
Anis	10	.511
Bob Kat II	12	.486
Jack	9	.483
Challenge	8	.449
Mars	7	.282

Inter-Club Class

Kenboy	16	.896
Aileen	15	.778
Blue Streak	13	.758
Nancy	17	.755
Susan	21	.722
Bozo	12	.672
Alberta	19	.624
Jester	18	.581
Scram	11	.509
Gull	10	.500
Grey Fox	13	.483
Ariel	13	.463
Picaroon	17	.437
Vision Jr.	12	.402
Opal II	13	.391
Wild Cat	10	.337
Wahini	13	.274

Victory Class

Black Jack	13	.810
Reveille	15	.768
Flapper	16	.730
Avanti	11	.687
Gopher	13	.588
Naviator	10	.519
Blue Jacket	12	.474
Nike	15	.419
Whisper	14	.286

Atlantic Class

Marianna	12	.776
Nereid	12	.752
Bobkat	16	.686
Salty	12	.638
Ranee	9	.636
Dione	13	.631
Hera	17	.630
Frolic	14	.610
Patty	17	.608
Petrel	12	.608
Rumour	14	.589
Clown	12	.507
Dawnell	16	.435
New Deal	20	.424
Orza	12	.253

Star Class

Jubilee	15	.841
Nereid II	11	.820
Lazy Bones	9	.757
Grey Flash	12	.734
Pearl III	11	.722
Lure	14	.668
Themis II	13	.648
Jay	13	.606
Sunny	9	.594
Shucks	12	.535
Alpha II	10	.532
Orion	13	.479
Ghost	14	.411
Luba	16	.379
Juno	9	.366
Maia II	9	.298

Wee Scot Class

Nandi	11	.982
Wee Migs	9	.789
Wee Budlet	9	.727
Ruth	9	.519

Snipe Class

Tyro	12	.830
La Petite	12	.791
Imo	6	.759
Marlen	7	.662
Armade	11	.564
Taeping	6	.391

Handicap Class

Division 2

Gamecock	11	.741
Tien Hoa	13	.544
Paumonok	4	.385
Hawk	6	.273

Handicap Class Division "A," 1, 3 and 4, Pequot Indian Class and Dinghy Classes "A" and "B" did not qualify.

\+ + +

New London Opens Frostbite Season

ON Saturday, October 13th, the Frostbiters pried off the lid of their 1934–35 season, as guests of the Thames Yacht Club. With a twenty-knot breeze out of the northwest, New London harbor was in a fit mood for the ceremonies.

In the first race five "A" boats and three "B" boats faced the starter. But they had something else again to face once they were given the "go." That is why two "A" boats returned to moorings in tow, while no "B" boats finished at all, one of them being beached. The "A" boats to finish were *Vodka*, *Mothball* and *Kerchoo*, in the order given. That was all for Saturday. But Sunday brought perfect conditions.

The "B" boat races developed into an all-day's nip-and-tuck battle between *Jade* and *Mae West*. The former finally eked out a win by means of a sail-off after having been all-even with *Mae* at the end of the regular schedule. Sunday's summary follows:

"A" Boats

Boat	*Owner*	*Points*
Liza,	Rowe	47
Kerchoo,	Harrison	42
Vodka,	Hart	37
Twinkle,	Erdman	35
Mothball,	Dodge	34
Tadpole,	Alvord	27
Banchee II,	Devlin	22
Snowflake,	Hubbard	7
Jade,	Smith	44
Mae West,	Hill	42
Bingle,	Townsend	28
Ice Pick II,	Hall	23
Beta,	Moody	17

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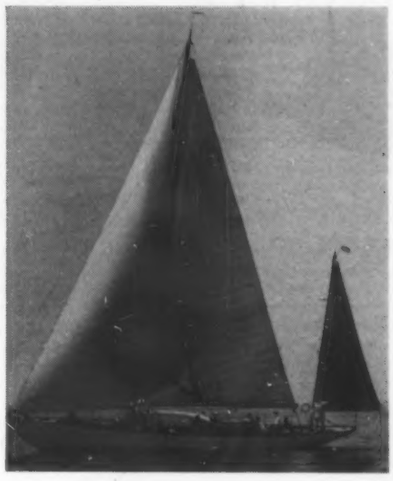
Economical Cruising Sails



Dorade used our mainsail in five ocean races — the Ocean Race of 1931, two Fastnet races and two Bermuda races.

It pays to have Ratsey "cruising sails" for schooners, ketches and cutters. They are made of properly selected duck, carefully sewn, and show greater driving power per square foot than ordinary sails.

After all — your sails drive your boat. They are like an engine. Good sails give greater speed than poor ones, and they last so much longer that their first cost when figured over several years, makes them economical in the end.

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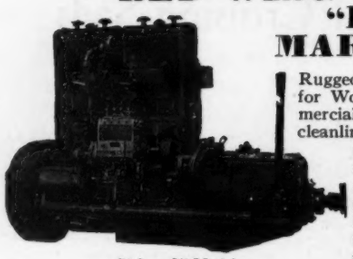

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KUHLS' Elastic Seam COMPOSITIONS

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This 27-foot runabout, driven by a 250 horse power Chris-Craft V-8 engine, is the leader of the Chris-Craft runabout fleet for 1935

Chris-Craft's 1935 Models

ANNOUNCEMENT of the new boats which will make up the 1935 line of the Chris-Craft fleet has just been made. The flagship of the fleet will be a new runabout 27 feet long. Powered with a 250 hp. Chris-Craft V-8 engine, the boat is capable of speeds up to 45 miles an hour. Many improvements in design, seating arrangement, finish, equipment and details are offered in this new model. She is a racy looking boat built on modern lines.

Another member of the new fleet is the 25 foot cruiser, the first of a completely new line of cruisers which are "different" as well as new. This boat is 7 feet 9 inches beam and draws 21 inches. With a 55 hp. Chris-Craft marine motor she is capable of a speed of 18 miles an hour, while with a 70 hp. Chrysler motor (optional equipment at a slight increase in cost) the maximum speed rises to 21 miles an hour.

This boat was designed in all her details by Jay W. Smith, president of the company, and is modern throughout. By a new method of floor construction, the cabin house is kept low and yet headroom of full six feet is maintained. The house, with its sweeping lines, is graceful in appearance; the raking windshield, with its two individually opening windows, slopes down to the forward deck. There is a comfortable helmsman's seat forward with the steering wheel on the starboard side. The toilet room is forward and the galley aft. Sleeping accommodations are provided for four adults. This boat is now in production and ready for delivery. She should appeal to yachtsmen who are planning to spend the winter in the warm waters of the South.

A larger cruiser of the same general type but 30 feet in length over all will also be built as one of the same series. The cabins of these cruisers have been carefully worked out to have a low, racy appearance. The sweeping lines and rounded corners assure this and also prevent any look of boxiness or topheavy upper works.

The moderate price at which the boats are delivered is made possible by the volume production of the Chris-Craft organization.

A new 25-foot standardized cruiser developed by Chris-Craft. Driven by a 55 hp. Chris-Craft motor, she travels at an 18-mile pace while a 70 hp. Chrysler drives her 21 m.p.h.

City Island Office Reopened

THE BRANCH office of Sparkman & Stephens, naval architects and yacht brokers, at 205 City Island Ave., City Island, N. Y., which has been closed for the summer months, has been reopened and will be open daily, including Saturdays, Sundays and holidays.

+ + +

Downing Joins Petre

ARTHUR J. DOWNING, naval architect, is now associated with the office of A. Preston Petre, yacht broker of Baltimore, Md. This association should be of benefit to yachtsmen and also to operators of commercial vessels in the district as it has been a number of years since there has been such a combination in Baltimore.

+ + +

Winners Used Texaco Products

A SUMMARY of the results in the recent motor boat regatta at Washington, D. C., shows that boats using Texaco products won five firsts, two seconds and a third against stiff competition. Among these winners were *El Lagarto*, *Louisa* and *Miss Saranac* in the President's Cup Race; *Betty V*, in the American Speed Boat Championship; *Madoshimi* in the 850 Class and *Well Done* in Class E.

+ + +

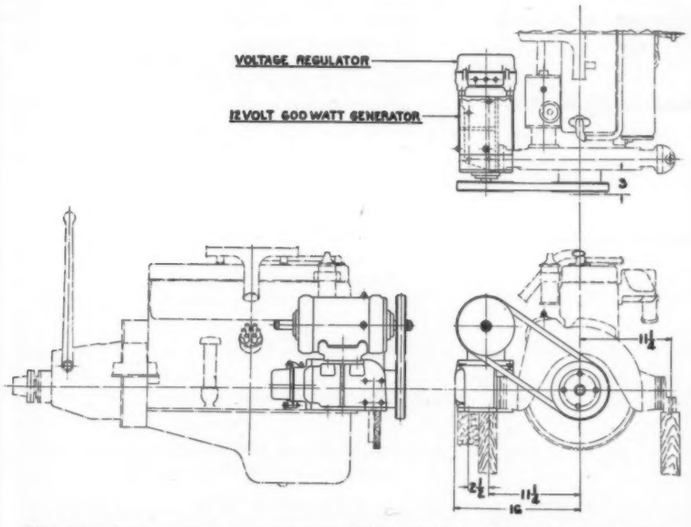
Florida Office Opened by Matthews

THE MATTHEWS Company, of Port Clinton, Ohio, has opened its Florida Branch office at Miami. It is located at 48 Columbus Hotel Arcade and will be in charge of Allen ("Scotty") Matthews. After January 1st, Scott J. Matthews, president of the company, will be also in attendance. The company has found its Miami office to be of great service to all northern yachtsmen who spend their winters in southern waters and invites all yachtsmen to consider it as their headquarters while in Miami.

+ + +

A Generator for the Smaller Yacht

TO MEET the demand for electric current in yachts of small and medium size, Chrysler Motors has developed a special 600-watt 12-volt generator which is used in connection with the main engine. This set is now available for the Ace, Crown, Imperial and Majestic engines. The new unit, though low in price, supplies an output sufficient for the needs of the medium sized boat. As it is mounted on an adjustable bracket bolted both



The Chrysler generator is a compact device which is adapted to use in the small and medium sized boat

to the engine and the engine foundation, it requires no additional room nor additional cost for installation as would be the case with an independent outfit. It is driven by a V belt from a pulley on the main motor.

The charging rate of the generator is controlled by the action of the voltage and current regulator. This not only protects the battery from overcharging but automatically accommodates the charging rate to the requirements of the battery. Attaching the unit to the main engine obviates, as a rule, charging the battery while at anchor.

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To insure permanent repairs, decayed parts should be cut away and Plastic Wood firmly pressed into place. When dry it will be hard wood. In the prevention of decay Plastic Wood is used to fill cracks, nail holes, knot holes, loose bolts, fill around pipes, masts, cabins, or where water may collect and is unable to evaporate.

Plastic Wood handles like putty, can be shaped, moulded, and when it dries it is hard, permanent wood that will hold nails, screws; can be sanded, planed, carved. Can be lacquered, painted, or varnished perfectly. Is water-proof and weather-proof. Get your can at any ship-chandler, paint or hardware store.

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